

THE LEATHERNECK

January 1932

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Tun Tavern
1776

"SUCCESS

lies in a man himself"



"If my own I. C. S. experience suggests a way to others, the reward will be a sincere satisfaction."

L. Berg

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

"Many men clever with their hands wonder why they do not get on better in the world. If they would realize the value of training the mind to direct the handy fingers, their problems would be solved."

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Louis B. Berg, Works Manager of the AC Spark Plug Company, a division of General Motors, is speaking.

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When he was 14 years old, Mr. Berg was core-making in a foundry. At 18 he was a machinist's apprentice in a railroad shop, and at 20 he was in the automobile accessory business. All the time he was learning the job at hand, and, by spare-time study, preparing himself for the bigger jobs ahead! One continuous series of promotions with large industrial organizations followed. He became associated with "AC" in 1927.

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City.....State.....Occupation.....

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THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on October 31	17,392
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—Total strength October 31	1,178
Separations during November	1
Appointments during November	1,177
Total strength on November 30	1,178
ENLISTED—Total strength October 31	15,911
Separations during November	516
Joinings during November	15,395
Total strength November 30	213
Total strength Marine Corps November 30	15,608
	16,786

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben. H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. James J. Meade.
Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.
Maj. LeRoy P. Hunt.
Capt. Edwin U. Hakala.
1st Lt. Elmer H. Salzman.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. James J. Meade.
Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.
Maj. Clifton B. Cates.
Capt. Brady L. Vost.
1st Lt. Elmer H. Salzman.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

NOVEMBER 2, 1931.

Brig. Gen. Frederick L. Bradman, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about December 3rd.

Major Roy S. Geiser, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on November 6th.

Captain Otto Salzman, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about December 3rd.

2nd Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads on or about November 17th.

NOVEMBER 3, 1931.

1st Lt. Willard R. Enk, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads on or about December 11th.

1st Lt. William R. Hughes, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about November 11th.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, orders from MD, AL, Pelipin, China, to Department of the Pacific, revoked.

2nd Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific, via first available Government conveyance.

NOVEMBER 9, 1931.

Lt. Franklin B. Garrett, on November 9th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Francis J. Cunningham, detached Nicaraguan National Guard to Headquarters Marine Corps, via the Army transport scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about November 11th.

1st Lt. William R. Hughes, orders to MB, Norfolk, (Continued on page 3)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

NOVEMBER 2, 1931.

Sergeant Roy M. Speer—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Corporal Howard S. Beck—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Donald P. Dever—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Sikon G. Martin—MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

NOVEMBER 3, 1931.

Sergeant Thomas B. Pettigrew—MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Edward P. Blaisdell—MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

NOVEMBER 4, 1931.

1st Sergeant Eugene Rousseau—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Sergeant Joseph L. Coleman—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Gunnery Sergeant Charles H. Hamilton—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Henry W. Hughes—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

NOVEMBER 5, 1931.

Sergeant Joseph A. Bryson—MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to Haiti.

Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Barney Purches—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

NOVEMBER 6, 1931.

1st Sergeant Earl C. Carlson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Sergeant Walter M. Cooke—MB, NOB, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Sergeant William H. Woods—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Sergeant Sam Bashekin—MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa., to MD, AL, Pelipin, China.

Corporal Ivan M. Cadonau—RS, New York, N. Y., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

NOVEMBER 7, 1931.

Corporal Clifford D. Whyngaught—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.

Corporal Leroy Hudson—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Ernest L. James—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

Corporal Stipio Gooding—MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Nicaragua.

Corporal Rudolph Covar—MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

NOVEMBER 9, 1931.

1st Sergeant Harland W. Bond—West Coast to Nicaraguan National Guardia.

Sergeant Dahlma V. Williams—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Sergeant Lucian C. Clifford—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Haiti.

Corporal Fitzhugh L. Childress—MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," to AS, San Diego, Calif.

NOVEMBER 10, 1931.

1st Sergeant Earl O. Carlson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sea School.

Sergeant James H. Regan—West Coast to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Harold Crawford—MD, NH, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va.

Corporal Raymond E. Harbrecht—MD, USS "Idaho," to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on page 3)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

KNOLL, Charles W., at San Francisco, 11-23-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

BALDERSON, Herbert P., at Parris Island, 11-27-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BLANKS, Hugh A., at Quantico, Va., 11-28-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

COVAR, Rudolph, at Quantico, Va., 11-28-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

HOFFNER, John, at Quantico, Va., 11-28-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

SCHILLING, Max C., at MB, Washington, D. C., 11-28-31, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

SCHRENK, John S., at Parris Island, 11-28-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

SCNEAR, Earl F., at MB, Puget Sound, 11-21-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Washington, D. C.

SIMMONDS, Albert Edw., at Newport, R. I., 11-28-31, for MB, Newport, R. I.

FAUBION, Rufus T., at Philadelphia, 11-26-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.

De COURTEY, Ralph M., at San Francisco, 11-22-31, for D. of S., San Francisco, Calif.

OLSEN, Thomas T., Jr., at Vallejo, 11-21-31, for Shanghai, China.

JEFFERS, Laury, at Quantico, 11-26-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

KENT, Arthur L., at Philadelphia, 11-27-31, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

O'CONNOR, Frederick, at Quantico, 11-27-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GODWIN, Alvie D., at Jacksonville, 11-24-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

MURRY, Hardy P., at Memphis, 11-23-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.

ANDERSON, James D., at San Francisco, 11-21-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

CROSNO, Dan M., at Puget Sound, 11-2-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

McDONALD, Ernest E., at Puget Sound, 11-19-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

McEVEN, William L., at Philadelphia, 11-25-31, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALNOR, John, at Puget Sound, 11-19-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

NOLAN, Philip Edw., at Parris Island, 11-24-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

FAULKNER, William C., at Vallejo, 11-18-31, for Shanghai, China.

LARSON, Paul, at San Diego, 11-17-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

FRENCH, Frank F., at Parris Island, 11-23-31, for Haiti.

GREGORY, James C., at Puget Sound, 11-25-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

MIANO, Giovanni, at Baltimore, 11-23-31, for Nicaragua.

DAVIS, Chester A., at Managua, 10-25-31, for Nicaragua.

DODICAN, Albert, at Philadelphia, 11-23-31, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

ELLIS, Clifford L., at Portsmouth, 11-23-31, for Haiti.

MILLER, John, at Fort Mifflin, 11-22-31, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

PHILPOTT, George T., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 11-21-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

RALEY, Harry E., at Managua, 11-17-31, for Nicaragua.

REED, LeRoy, at Portsmouth, N. H., 11-23-31, for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

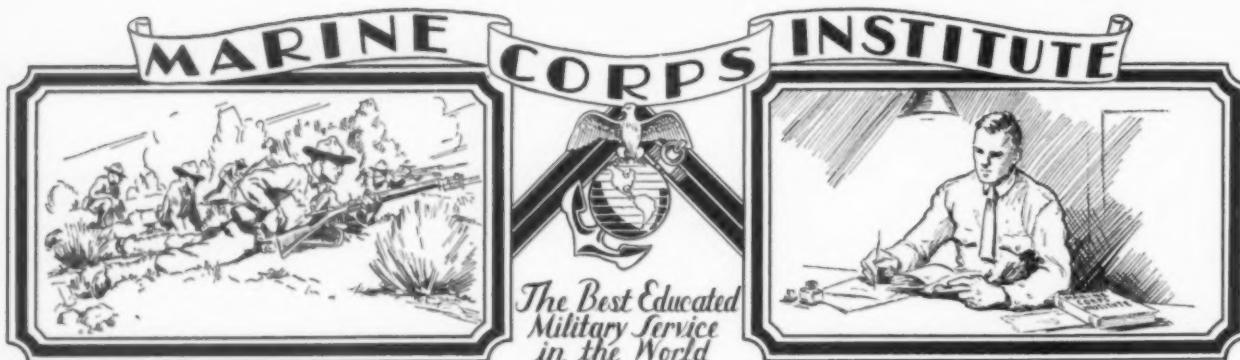
WHITE, Otto H., at Washington, D. C., 11-21-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps.

KLEINPETER, Robert E., at New Orleans, 11-20-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.

SOKIRA, Birt, at Birmingham, 11-20-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BOYD, Vernie E., at Vallejo, 11-14-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

(Continued on page 4)



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Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 1)

folk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Francis M. McAllister, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 14, 1931.

Major Ralph J. Mitchell, on November 16th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Howard N. Kenyon, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Asheville" to Receiving Ship, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Robert L. Skidmore, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Asheville," to report not later than November 18th.

2nd Lt. Albert F. Moe, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

NOVEMBER 20, 1931.

Colonel James J. Meade, on November 30th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Howard W. Kenyon, orders to Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., modified to MD, Receiving Ship, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Chf. Pay Clk. Lawrence A. Frankland, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Mar. Gnr. Glenn W. Black, on acceptance of appointment assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 24, 1931.

Lt. Col. Howard W. Stone, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Harold F. Wirgman, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Major Robert W. Voeth, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk NYd, for treatment.

Captain John W. Beckett, orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Ore., revoked.

Captain William P. Richards, detached MD, RS, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

NOVEMBER 25, 1931.

Lt. Col. Lauren S. Willis, detached Central Recruiting Division, Chicago, Ill., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Arthur Kingston, detached Recruiting District of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind., to Recruiting District of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa., to report not later than January 15th.

Major Charles A. Wynn, detached MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than December 7th.

Captain John F. Blanton, on reporting of his relief detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Clyde F. Matteson, detached Recruiting District of Detroit, Detroit, Mich., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Merton A. Richal, detached Recruiting District of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Austin G. Rome, detached Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, to MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 28, 1931.

1st Lt. LePage Cronmiller, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Pensacola," to report on board at Hampton Roads, Va., on January 5th.

1st Lt. Lucian C. Whitaker, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about December 11th.

1st Lt. Stuart W. Kings, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Pensacola," to MB, Quantico, Va.

Gm. Clk. Elmer E. Barde, on December 31st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 6th.

DECEMBER 1, 1931.

Captain Nathan E. Landon, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to Asiatic Station, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 5th.

Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton, detached Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif., to Asiatic Station, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 5th.

1st Lt. Howard R. Huff, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Sacramento."

1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl, detached MD, RS, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to Asiatic Station, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 5th.

1st Lt. David A. Stafford, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Harvey E. Dahlgren, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 5th.

2nd Lt. Alan Shapley, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Frank F. Wallace, detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 5th.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

NOVEMBER 11, 1931.

Sergeant Marvin A. Teer—MB, NOB, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Carl A. Nielsen—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Gilbert T. Pitzel—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Claude Mead—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

NOVEMBER 12, 1931.

1st Sergeant John P. Cato—MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to MB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Sergeant Otton N. Roos—MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

NOVEMBER 13, 1931.

Sergeant Francis W. O'Sullivan—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to USNH, Norfolk, Va.

Sergeant Joseph J. Pifel—MD, USS "Pensacola," to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Corporal Martin Sages—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 16, 1931.

Master Technical Sergeant Millard T. Shepard—MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

Sergeant Richard Duncan—CRD, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant James W. Brown—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

Corporal August R. Zutter—MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal William S. Reep—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

NOVEMBER 17, 1931.

Sergeant James R. Brown—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Harold S. Stevens—West Coast to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

NOVEMBER 18, 1931.

Quartermaster Sergeant Earl R. Smith—MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Quartermaster Sergeant Harry Clark—MB, Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

Quartermaster Sergeant Alfred B. McCord—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Quartermaster Roy E. Hagerdon—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Frederick G. Lewis—Nicaraguan National Guardia to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Ivan M. Cadonau—MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

NOVEMBER 19, 1931.

Corporal John C. Westley—MD, USS "Sacramento," to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

NOVEMBER 20, 1931.

Corporal Edmund R. Allen—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Melvin S. Shaffer—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va.

NOVEMBER 23, 1931.

1st Sergeant Norman B. Siegrist—MB, NS, Guam, to United States.

Gunnery Sergeant John Murawski—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Supply Sergeant Walter A. Sira—MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Nicaragua.

Sergeant Edward J. Gardner—MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 24, 1931.

Quartermaster Sergeant Guf F. Taber—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

1st Sergeant Charles S. Showman—Central Recruiting Division to Haiti.

Corporal Mox L. Stark—MD, USS "Chicago," to United States.

NOVEMBER 25, 1931.

Sergeant Major William Rider—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Major George E. Gough—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Sergeant Maurice C. Vallandingham—CRD, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant John E. O'Neil—CRD, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant James W. Barngrover—CRD, to MB, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant James Courtney—CRD, to MB, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant William H. Crater—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Corporal Charles W. Carper—CRD, to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Herbert A. Conse—CRD, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal William J. Davis—CRD, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Wade F. Mann—CRD, to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Charles E. Turner—ERD, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

NOVEMBER 26, 1931.

Sergeant Harry McC. Henderson—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Corporal Sylvester T. Lesch—Nicaragua to MB, Norfolk, Va.

Corporal Arthur G. Loudon—MB, USS "Chicago," to Nicaraguan National Guardia.

Corporal John Burns—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa.

Corporal Dan Sullivan—MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nev., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Roy E. Fixler—Nicaragua to NAS, San Diego, Calif.

NOVEMBER 28, 1931.

1st Sergeant Nicholas Reitmeyer—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," Annapolis, Md.

1st Sergeant William E. Safey—MB, USS "Reina Mercedes," to Haiti.

Sergeant James E. Young—MB, NTS, Great Lakes, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Martin C. Hall—MD, USS "Constitution," to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Corporal Harry M. Hill—AS, Nicaragua, to MB, NAS, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Earl M. Long—Navy Building Guard to MB, Washington, D. C.

NOVEMBER 29, 1931.

Paymaster Sergeant Ray R. Maynard—MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant John C. Delbert—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Charles R. Stickney—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Johnnie Vineen—MD, USS "Antares," to MB, NPF, South Charleston, W. Va.

Corporal Jack G. Williams—MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MD, USS "Chester."

Corporal Otto B. Wells—MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

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LIST OF STAFF SERGEANTS ARRANGED
ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

1. Larimore, Corey E.—May 7, 1923; Clerical.
2. Schmackel, Charles H.—May 7, 1923; Mechanical.
3. Zender, Harry—May 7, 1923; Clerical.
4. Foster, Abner E.—May 24, 1923; Mechanical.
5. Ludtke, Leonard—January 1, 1924; Mechanical.
6. Oliver, Harry M.—February 4, 1924; Clerical.
7. Feltwell, Ernest E.—April 16, 1924; Mechanical.
8. Hiortsberg, Alexander L.—June 2, 1924; Clerical.
9. Wells, Morton—November 12, 1924; Mechanical.
10. Noell, Charles A.—February 13, 1925; Mechanical.
11. Fullerton, Chester P.—October 10, 1925; Mechanical.
12. Tomlinson, Roy A.—February 10, 1926; Clerical.
13. Krabach, Frank A.—May 6, 1926; Mechanical.
14. Tishe, George L.—June 5, 1926; Clerical.
15. Balan, Tancu—December 2, 1926; Mechanical.
16. LaRoque, Arthur N.—December 10, 1926; Mechanical.
17. Powers, Robert W.—April 8, 1927; Mechanical.
18. Goodwin, Aser B.—June 8, 1927; Clerical.
19. Freeman, Robert C.—June 28, 1927; Mechanical.
20. Gilson, Allen J.—July 21, 1927; Clerical.
21. Eschliman, Charles—September 8, 1927; Mechanical.
22. Drouillard, Glenn D.—September 10, 1927; Clerical.
23. Theodore, Lawrence A.—September 10, 1927; Clerical.
24. Zuern, Alfred E.—September 12, 1927; Mechanical.
25. De Zarn, Creed H.—November 1, 1927; Clerical.
26. Fulton, Jess E.—December 1, 1927; Mechanical.
27. Uhlinser, Percy H.—December 1, 1927; Clerical.
28. Commander, Eusene C.—January 6, 1928; Mechanical.
29. Wells, William A.—January 26, 1928; Mechanical.
30. Davey, Ernal D.—February 25, 1928; Clerical.
31. Johnson, Ellis J.—March 1, 1928; Aviation.
32. Goldsmith, William—April 19, 1928; Mechanical.
33. Johnson, Carl H.—April 25, 1928; Mechanical.
34. Harris, Byron—May 24, 1928; Mechanical.
35. Woolf, Gerald E.—July 5, 1928; Mechanical.
36. Fox, William W.—August 6, 1928; Clerical.
37. Richardson, George C.—August 17, 1928; Clerical.
38. Hunter, Charles H.—August 26, 1928; Clerical.
39. Brooks, Harry LeR.—September 13, 1928; Mechanical.
40. Ghannt, Raides F.—October 10, 1928; Mechanical.
41. Parquette, Fred—October 22, 1928; Clerical.
42. Davis, Henry E.—October 26, 1928; Clerical.
43. McCabe, Edward J.—October 26, 1928; Clerical.
44. McArthur, Walter A.—October 31, 1928; Mechanical.
45. Pitts, Charles O.—November 2, 1928; Mechanical.
46. Lopardo, Nicolo F.—March 28, 1929; Clerical.
47. Tunick, Louis—April 6, 1929; Clerical.
48. Falls, George—April 9, 1929; Mechanical.
49. Rosebach, Gabriel—April 24, 1929; Mechanical.
50. Trevelyan, Ray A.—April 29, 1929; Aviation.
51. Calvert, Vernice S.—May 1, 1929; Clerical.
52. Courter, Joseph A. Sr.—June 4, 1929; Mechanical.
53. Lons, Carl C.—June 7, 1929; Aviation.
54. Purvis, Clyde E.—June 7, 1929; Mechanical.
55. Miller, Francis G.—June 22, 1929; Clerical.
56. Seckus, John—July 2, 1929; Mechanical.
57. Cooper, John F.—July 23, 1929; Mechanical.
58. Angus, Rudolph L.—August 3, 1929; Mechanical.
59. Mace, John W.—August 5, 1929; Mechanical.
60. Curry, Edwin D.—September 26, 1929; Clerical.
61. Slayton, Clarence D.—September 26, 1929; Clerical.
62. Carter, George L.—October 9, 1929; Mechanical.
63. Nelson, Joseph—October 15, 1929; Mechanical.
64. Kelsey, Fred H.—November 12, 1929; Clerical.
65. Henry, David B.—November 14, 1929; Clerical.
66. Word, William E.—December 9, 1929; Aviation.
67. Williams, Robert A.—December 9, 1929; Aviation.
68. Heritage, Gordon W.—December 30, 1929; Aviation.
69. Rausch, John J.—February 10, 1930; Clerical.
70. Scheffer, Walter C.—February 10, 1930; Clerical.
71. Roberts, Roy C.—February 24, 1930; Clerical.
72. Zehngelot, Herman A.—February 24, 1930; Clerical.
73. Finucane, Robert F.—March 1, 1930; Clerical.
74. Masters, Irvin V.—March 4, 1930; Aviation.
75. Hines, Swanner J.—March 8, 1930; Clerical.
76. Kelley, Lee S.—April 4, 1930; Mechanical.
77. Murray, Albert F.—April 7, 1930; Clerical.
78. Bates, Warren—April 30, 1930; Mechanical.
79. Hill, Lloyd M.—May 1, 1930; Aviation.
80. Hoffer, Orla S.—May 1, 1930; Aviation.
81. Kent, Norman D.—May 3, 1930; Mechanical.
82. Baisden, Thomas C.—June 2, 1930; Clerical.
83. Hardy, Earl B.—June 11, 1930; Clerical.
84. Hobbs, Ralph H.—July 4, 1930; Aviation.
85. Goter, Jean L.—July 23, 1930; Mechanical.
86. Orvis, Byron E.—August 13, 1930; Aviation.
87. Roberts, Lee E.—August 13, 1930; Aviation.
88. Darner, Lawrence R.—September 8, 1930; Aviation.
89. Cain, Marlin P.—October 23, 1930; Mechanical.
90. Day, James M.—November 3, 1930; Clerical.
91. Stetson, Stuart C.—November 3, 1930; Aviation.
92. Edelen, Guy—November 7, 1930; Clerical.
93. Taylor, Hollis W.—December 5, 1930; Aviation.
94. Ratliff, George W.—January 19, 1931; Clerical.
95. Pedersen, Jens—January 28, 1931; Mechanical.
96. McKenzie, Paul—February 17, 1931; Mechanical.
97. Masnet, William J.—February 26, 1931; Mechanical.
98. Puskarich, Mike E.—March 3, 1931; Mechanical.
99. Chandler, Thomas J.—March 10, 1931; Clerical.
100. Denburger, William T.—March 14, 1931; Aviation.
101. Holmes, Darrel B.—March 14, 1931; Aviation.
102. Owens, Quitman M.—March 14, 1931; Aviation.
103. Schwab, John C.—March 14, 1931; Aviation.
104. Wester, William C.—March 14, 1931; Aviation.
105. O'Brien, John W.—March 21, 1931; Mechanical.
106. Ramsey, Andy C.—April 1, 1931; Clerical.
107. Billings, Edwin O.—April 6, 1931; Aviation.
108. Klenke, William H., Jr.—April 6, 1931; Aviation.
109. Woodruff, William L.—April 6, 1931; Aviation.
110. Groves, Samuel—April 16, 1931; Clerical.
111. Watson, William F.—April 10, 1931; Aviation.
112. Hamilton, Donald—May 1, 1931; Aviation.
113. Peters, Emil S.—May 1, 1931; Aviation.
114. Shimp, William H.—May 4, 1931; Clerical.
115. Berlin, John F.—May 7, 1931; Clerical.
116. Foster, Waldo—May 19, 1931; Clerical.
117. Papas, Julius—May 23, 1931; Mechanical.
118. Cannon, George W.—May 26, 1931; Mechanical.
119. Cooper, Charles P.—May 26, 1931; Aviation.
120. Cortright, Louis A.—June 4, 1931; Aviation.
121. Gunnells, Isaac—June 4, 1931; Aviation.
122. Greer, Alexander J.—June 5, 1931; Aviation.
123. Pelz, Charles—June 5, 1931; Aviation.
124. Mitchell, William E.—June 12, 1931; Clerical.
125. Myrel, Edward—June 19, 1931; Mechanical.
126. Hammers, Ralph E.—June 19, 1931; Aviation.
127. Williams, Robert L.—July 7, 1931; Clerical.
128. Eakes, John T., Jr.—July 10, 1931; Aviation.
129. Dickey, Robert L.—August 24, 1931; Aviation.
130. Price, Harold L.—August 24, 1931; Aviation.
131. Trippe, Samuel M.—September 3, 1931; Mechanical.
132. Beauchamp, Frank J.—September 8, 1931; Aviation.
133. Rogers, John J.—September 9, 1931; Clerical.
134. Jacobs, Clarence E.—October 14, 1931; Mechanical.
135. Miller, John A.—December 1, 1931; Clerical.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

- FRANCIS, Alfred F., at San Diego, 11-15-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 JOHNSON, Marriion G., at Seattle, 11-13-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 LAMBERT, Orville C., at San Diego, 11-14-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 SHRUM, Cecil C., at Vallejo, 11-15-31, for China Wolf, Edward Jr., at Los Angeles, 11-16-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 BURROWS, Leslie J., at Samoa, 9-14-31, for Samoa.
 DOWDY, George M., at MB, Quantico, 11-21-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MARTAN, Russell P., at Pearl Harbor, 11-9-31, for MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 RINK, Wilford E., at Puget Sound, 11-17-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 SPEER, Roy M., at MB, Key West, 11-20-31, for MB, Key West, Fla.
 WILSON, Fred G., at MB, Pensacola, 11-21-31, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

- DYER, Lawrence S., at Quantico, 11-19-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WHITMORE, John F., at Washington, D. C., 11-19-31, for MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C.
 BENNETT, Harold, at St. Louis, 11-18-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 DARLING, William L., at San Diego, 11-13-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HARTNETT, Benjamin A., at Puget Sound, 11-14-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 HARRISON, James F., at South Charleston, 11-18-31, for MB, South Charleston, W. Va.
 HUDSON, Leroy, at Lakehurst, N. J., 11-19-31, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 ROSZELL, Harold E., at Puget Sound, 11-13-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 BRYSON, John A., at Yorktown, Va., 11-18-31, for MB, Yorktown, Va.
 CAMPBELL, Roy, at Pearl Harbor, 11-3-31, for MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 DALGREN, John G., at Quantico, 11-18-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GOODING, Stipia, at Quantico, 11-18-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RAUSCH, John J., at Washington, D. C., 11-18-31, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 WHYNAUGHT, Clifford D., at Portsmouth, Va., 11-18-31, for MB, Hingham, Mass.
 LICHTENBERG, Martin, at Washington, D. C., 11-18-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps.
 SCHOCK, Christ K., at Washington, D. C., 11-18-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps.
 WHITE, Newton B., at Greensboro, 11-16-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 CORRON, Wayne B., at Portland, Ore., 11-12-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 CATCHIM, Douglas S., at Haiti, 10-28-31, for Haiti.
 MUESING, Bernard C., at Great Lakes, 11-16-31, for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 SHAKER, Richard, at Haiti, 11-7-31, for Haiti.
 WAUGH, Lyman R., at Lakehurst, 11-17-31, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
 ELLIOTT, Ellsbury B., at San Diego, 11-8-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.
 HOENK, Ray A., at San Diego, 11-9-31, for RR Det., LaJolla, Calif.
 MCCAIN, Ronald D., at San Francisco, 11-12-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 MORGAN, Donald E., at Vallejo, 11-10-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 DEVER, Donald P., at Quantico, 11-16-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 GIRARD, Archie A., at Portsmouth, N. H., 11-16-31, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
 JENSEN, Arthur H., at Newport, 11-16-31, for MB, Newport, R. I.
 SEDA, Eugene, at Quantico, 11-15-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HELTON, Hurshel, at Cleveland, 11-13-31, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 MENARD, Russell J., at San Diego, 11-6-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 DONLON, Kenneth F., at Puget Sound, 11-10-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 HUGHES, Lewis R., at Hampton Roads, 11-14-31, for D. of S., Hampton Roads, Va.
 MESECHER, Lloyd C., at MB, Puget Sound, 11-8-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 SINKULE, Bolus G., at Keyport, 11-7-31, for MB, Keyport, Wash.
 FOTELL, William J., at New York, 11-12-31, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
 KALICEKE, Julius, at Washington, D. C., 11-13-31, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 KENNEY, Matthew R., at Philadelphia, 11-13-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WELLEMAYER, Wilbur M., at Philadelphia, 11-13-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 LUTTRELL, Dole W., at St. Louis, 11-12-31, for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 SANKS, Paul A., at St. Louis, 11-12-31, for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 CHANEY, Raymond D., at Shreveport, 11-12-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 MILLER, Andrew L., at Houston, 11-12-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 HUNDLEY, William J., at Quantico, 11-13-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MALYSE, Michael E., at Quantico, 11-13-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SWINSON, Michael E., at Quantico, 11-13-31, for Quantico, Va.
 HENRY, David B., at Philadelphia, 11-12-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 TOMPKINS, Carroll D., at Philadelphia, 11-12-31, for MB, New York, N. Y.
 BOLTON, Buck W., at Vallejo, 11-7-31, for China.
 IRWIN, Edgar E., at San Francisco, 11-9-31, for D. of S., San Francisco, Calif.
 RUMELHART, Leland, at Vallejo, 11-7-31, for sea duty via Mare Island.
 PERSONIUS, Glen C., at Quantico, 11-11-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RELL, George W., at Puget Sound, 11-3-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 DAY, James M., at Philadelphia, 11-10-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 OBERHOFF, William, at Philadelphia, 11-10-31, for A. P. M., Philadelphia, Pa.
 STIEN, Henry F., at Washington, D. C., 11-10-31, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

SCHAEFFER, Joseph A., at Cleveland, 11-10-31, for MB, Hingham, Mass.
 NILES, Oscar F., at San Diego, 10-29-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 TROTTER, George E., at San Diego, 11-4-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 DAUPHIN, Walter M., at NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 11-9-31, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
 SOLOMON, Samuel, at MB, Indian Head, 11-9-31, for MB, Indian Head, Md.
 DIAMOND, Joseph, at Philadelphia, 11-8-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 NORI, Eero, at Philadelphia, 11-7-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 SANFORD, Lee, at Washington, D. C., 11-9-31, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
 BURT, James D., at Seattle, Wash., 11-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 GUSZENSKI, Cortanti, at Quantico, 11-8-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FROST, Arthur C., at Puget Sound, 11-6-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 GOULD, Cyril A., at Nicaragua, 10-10-31, for Nicaragua.
 HOMEL, George E., at China, 10-14-31, for China.
 NOVICK, Frank P., at Quantico, 11-8-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 POOLE, John T., at Portsmouth, Va., 11-9-31, for China.
 SKELTON, Paul R., at Puget Sound, 11-4-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 THURMAN, Rosecoe E., at Nicaragua, 10-19-31, for Nicaragua.
 GIBSON, Marlon W., Jr., at San Diego, 11-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 MCGUIRE, Chalmers A., at San Diego, 11-1-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 THOMPSON, Leroy W., at San Diego, 11-1-31, for SDHS, San Diego, Calif.
 BIGELOW, Tracy "L.", at Puget Sound, 11-1-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.
 HOPKINS, Lee, at Seattle, 10-24-31, for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 MUDD, Claud A., at Key West, 11-7-31, for MB, Key West, Fla.
 POWERS, Robert W., at Portsmouth, Va., 11-6-31, for NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 WITT, Frank, at MB, Charleston, 11-6-31, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
 WATTERSON, Theodore L., at Los Angeles, 11-2-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 BARRETT, Roy, at Los Angeles, 10-29-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 MESEROLE, Marcus, at Pensacola, 11-4-31, for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 ANDREWS, Alva M., at Quantico, 11-6-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 DURMER, Jacob, at Detroit, 11-4-31, for MD, USS "Rochester."
 GROMMON, Foye R., at Detroit, 11-4-31, for MB, Boston, Mass.
 CARTER, Benjamin F., at Charlotte, 11-5-31, for Charlotte, N. C., Recruiting District.
 MATHES, Lee D., at San Diego, Calif., 10-30-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 BENNETT, Walter F., at Quantico, 11-5-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 CASEY, Eugene M., at Portsmouth, N. H., 11-5-31, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.
 IZARD, Earl, at Charleston, S. C., 11-2-31, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
 KALTENBACK, Raymond W., at Quantico, 11-3-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 NICHOLS, Leon O., at Puget Sound, 10-29-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 SCHOEN, Robert C., at Puget Sound, 10-29-31, for Puget Sound, Wash.
 MOULSON, Harold S., Jr., at New York, 11-4-31, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 TURNER, Paul, at Annapolis, 11-1-31, for MB, Annapolis, Md.
 GUNDERSON, Melvin O., at Seattle, 10-29-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 DAVENPORT, Floyd T., at Parris Island, 11-3-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 HAMMETT, Jessie H., at Pensacola, 11-2-31, for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 HOGAN, Marshall J., at Quantico, Va., 11-3-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BRAUNSTEIN, Samuel, at New York, 11-2-31, for MB, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.
 MILLER, Francis G., at Washington, D. C., 11-2-31, for Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 KINMAN, Leonard B., at Philadelphia, Pa., 11-2-31, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
 RYAN, Franklyn J., at Boston, 11-2-31, for R. S. NYd, New York, N. Y.
 JOHNSON, John G., at San Diego, 10-27-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 KIENY, Laurel A., at Sacramento, 10-30-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
 RYCKMAN, Willis L., at San Diego, 10-27-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 ULRICH, Carl, at San Diego, 10-28-31, for East Coast.
 LYNN, Alvin L., at Hampton Roads, 11-2-31, for Hampton Roads, Va.
 BRYANT, Almon C., at New London, 11-1-31, for MB, New London, Conn.
 DARR, Basil E., at Quantico, 11-1-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.



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The Director,
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VOLUME 15

WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 1932

NUMBER 1

Scamp Was Surprised

By Charles Tenney Jackson

MR. ABNER CALEY, the winter caretaker of the summer hotel at Round Springs, stood on the bleak windswept veranda reading the letter of introduction which Jim Rand, cameraman of the Argo News Film outfit, had brought from the national park commissioner. When he was through he turned the envelope around, gazed at the postmark, then at the leaden skies, then at the two frost-bitten picture shooters in the open flivver which shook and shivered by the hotel steps.

Scamp Franey, assistant cameraman, nudged his chief behind the wheel; his long legs were congealed from the shoe tacks up, and the prospect of dirty snow drifts and gray rock up the ridge back of the desolate hotel in this gale howling down from Canada did not cheer a man who had been easing himself around Florida and the Bahamas all winter.

"I ain't seen a real set o' red underclothes, Jim, like this old party sports, since you and me quit the cow business down on the Pecos six years ago to enter this fillum shootin' game for the thrilled but deluded millions that jam the movies each week to see what Argo has framed for 'em. This old gazook seems trying to decide whether we're two getaway men in a stolen car or hopeful young yeggs just startin' a career."

"I don't hear any three cheers and a welcome myself," said Jim. "What was that story we heard about Mr. Caley and a bear fight? I remember now—"

The wind must have wafted Jim's words to Mr. Caley for the bewhiskered caretaker suddenly waves a red-flanneled arm at them and shouted testily:

"Bear fight? Whoever told you about me bear fightin'?"

"There, now—" soothed Jim Rand, "just something we heard down at that store we passed when we was gettin' gas. The park commissioners told us to come up this way over the divide, Mr. Caley, because you were the only man that could guide us over into the winter feedin' ground of the elk herd. We came up here to shoot some movin' picture fillum on wild life—"

"Wild life?" roared Mr. Caley. "Well git out and come in. You struck it. But this ain't no bear fight. It's a scandal. Or mebbe it's a scientific problem. Be either o' you two gents a college professor or somethin'?"

"Anything," retorted Scamp. "You name it and I'll be it if I can warm my feet first. Thanks, stranger—" he got out of the car. Jim was already up the steps with two handbags. Then Scamp whooped at him.

"Look out there, now, Jim! Behind you—the big bum, don't let him hug you. On the level, is that a bear?"

The animal which ambled around the corner of the veranda would arouse any naturalist's doubts. It looked like an ancient laprobe hung over a busted barrel. Streaks of gray might have meant grizzly till they proved to be gobs of wood ashes clinging to patches of hair. A frozen potato peeling hung over one watery eye.

Jim turned around just as this brute uprose inquiringly on its hind legs. Old Man Caley, framed in red flannels in the doorway, began to swear and point at a distant figure down the long porch on the other wing of the hotel.

Jim Rand hesitated about his retreat. The cadaverous stranger down the windy veranda watched them as if he hoped and yearned for something rash to happen.

"Off my trail, you flatfooted reptile," said Jim. "If you and me had a bear fight all I'd be scared of is catchin' the itch. If that's a bear then I'm king of Siam."

"What's the matter with this red-eyed wreck?" asked young Mr. Franey. "I'm ashamed to name what it is."

"Insomnia," announced Mr. Caley. "It's Lazarus, the hotel bear they keep in the rock cage summer time with a 'Danger' sign up over him. I been tryin' to hibernate the ding fool ever since Thanksgivin'. First time in the five seasons I been keeper here that he can't sleep. Insomnia—"

"Insomnia?" murmured Scamp. "Well, if that misfit hung 'round my shack he'd go by-by till Judgment Day with a .38 startin' his pilgrimage. Can't sleep, hey? Why not?"

"I dunno," said Mr. Caley. "It's a mystery. And it ain't his fault. He's done his durndest and he can't doze off more'n two hours without gettin' the fidgets. Shoo, there!"

The two Argo men followed their host into the warm room. Mr. Caley shut the door in the bear's face. They heard a roar outside. Mr. Caley stirred up the fire.

"Sit down, gents. But it's no use o' me talkin' elks with you till that animal hibernates himself. I'm responsible for him, and the hotel folks allow me ten dollars a month for his board. Usually it's velvet, for he holes up till Easter. Mebbe it's too much jazz this summer, and all the flappers we had. They chucked so much gum in his den he's all starched up behind sittin' on it. Anyhow, this winter he just can't hibernate."

"Tell him a bedtime story," said Jim. "Try paregoric."

"Well, no bear could hand me that rookus," mused Scamp.

"It ain't his fault," retorted old man Caley. "He tried to sleep. I'll give him credit for that. Many's the time I seen him go crawl into his den and hit the hay tryin' to hibernate himself. No good—he couldn't doze off. So like anybody else he'd hike off somewhere and git into devilmint. Looks to me like he was kind o' haggard since Christmas."

"Here he comes—" grunted Jim looking out the window.

"There he goes—" added Scamp. "Side-windin' up the porch double-time for the other wing o' this tourists' holdup. Say, Lazarus can hoof it. Who's the guy just dodged inside?"

"It's the cook," grumbled Mr. Caley. "The minute Oscar Lunt sticks his head out o' his room Lazarus is after him. Boys, this house is plum full o' mysteries. Mr. Lunt was pastry cook here last summer. Well, I dunno about his cookin'. But when the season ended and the help and everybody went down the mountain afore we got snowed in, Mr. Lunt wouldn't go. He

just hung out as if he liked the scenery. I couldn't understand it. It was about that time this fool hotel bear began to act peculiar. He gits sort of a crush on Mr. Lunt. Lunt, he seemed to hate that bear worse than poison, and Lazarus got to followin' him around. If Lunt goes out to git some wood Lazarus is on top him tryin' to hug him. Well, all this made words between Oscar Lune and me. We don't speak. Lunt sticks up at his room in the other wing, and I stick to mine. What in tunket does a pastry cook want to winter up in this buzzard roost for? Me, I can't leave till this animal gits hibernated."

"Mr. Caley, I depend on you to help me get those elk pictures," said Jim. "It's worth thirty dollars for two days."

"I'd love the money, but—"

They heard a yell and a clatter of tinware up the veranda. Mr. Carley chewed off a chaw. "There they go. Why, a terrier pup couldn't frisk more eager for a chicken leg than this bear does after that dawn' fool pastry cook. It beats me."

"Why don't you pen him up?" demanded Jim. "Then this sufferin' would be over. I wouldn't nurse no man's bear."

"Then I'd have to feed him. As it is now he forages around and picks up half his livin'. Nobody's scared o' this animal. Summer visitors think he's a hellion who has to be shut up in a den but the natives know any old woman could run him off the place with a broomstick."

"Well, I'm interested," said young Mr. Franey. "A bear leadin' a double life like that, and in love, you might say, with a pastry cook. And this cook hates him, does he? Well, you two guys can go shoot fillum on the elk herd, but I'm goin' to inquire into this insomnia business. The West is gettin' to be a heck of a country when a bear can't sleep winters. To think o' me, a hundred per cent American, born and brung up in Pecos, Texas, livin' to see the great free open spaces all stewed up with gum so an animal can't sit down without gettin' plastered with it. Yes, sir, I weep for it. Every tourist ought to be stopped at the Yellowstone and turned back East."

"Young man," murmured Mr. Caley, "if you can git that bear hibernated for me I'll go round up all the elk in Wyoming."

"Brother," murmured Scamp, "leave it to me. I'll put this Lazarus asleep so fast that when he wakes up he won't know whether it's Fourth o' July or Labor Day."

Jim Rand looked his fellow traveler over solemnly. Somehow he remembered symptoms that meant trouble to come. He had bailed Scamp Franey out of police stations from Miami to Seattle and way stations between, while Mr. Franey was trying to set the world aright, and now he had misgivings. Scamp had his head out the door watching up the long veranda. There had been another uproar over that way and Scamp came back thoughtfully.

"There was a fight over a bucket o' spuds. The cook set 'em down on a bench and Lazarus upset 'em. Mr. Lunt kicked Lazarus in the slats, and Lazarus tried to hug him. I never seen such ungratefulness as this cook has for true affection. Now, as a naturalist and a lover o' truth I will umpire this mess. Many a wild animal and wild woman I ca'am down by lookin' 'em steady in the eye and battin' them over the ear. Show me this here mangy brute's love nest."

"It's around up the rocks," said Mr. Caley. "Smells pretty strong o' bear and old beef bones. It's been the habit o' this animal to amble back in there and never show up till warm weather hit this side o' the mountain. You can hump low and crawl in. Personally, I never did enquire into his private life."

Scamp took a turn up the chilly corridor of the hotel while Mr. Caley warmed up the beans and coffee. Nothing is more cheerless than a ninety-room summer hotel closed on a bleak winter day, so when young Mr. Franey came back from his tour with an air of satisfied abstraction, Jim Rand began his plaint.

"Now, look here—keep off this mongrel joke and his troubles. A lousy bear with insomnia is nothin' to us."

"Rock-a-by baby," retorted Scamp. "You and old man Caley pack over the ridge tomorrow before daylight and shoot the fillums on them elks. Mr. Caley needs a vacation anyhow."

"You said it," agreed Caretaker Caley. "Pitch into the grub. boys. Yes, sir—I'd like to go over to the elk valley with you



"Look out there, now, Jim! Behind you—the big bum; don't let him hug you."

picture shooters, but this bear has me fitchered. I'm responsible for him to the hotel company. I can't git a day off till he hibernates."

"Well, you go," said Scamp. "I sent down and seen the cook. He ain't no hard feelin's against you, Mr. Caley. He'd be glad you had a little vacation with Jim. I hollered him out through the winda, for this Lazarus bear was camped on his doorstep. Lazarus had one eye shut. I think he'd snooze off if he had anybody to rub his spine sympathetic like."

"You'd catch exzema or something," volunteered Jim. "He ought to run through a sheep dip before you try any bughouse mental treatment on him. Well, Scamp, I travel all over the world with you tryin' to keep your mind on business and you don't do nothin' but let me get the hard work while you meddle with the natives. I'll subscribe for a gross o' mange cure for this animal, but more than that I'm off him."

"I tried mange cure," said Mr. Caley. "Two bottles, and when I wasn't lookin' he up and drank them both. Ever since then he's acted strange down in his system."

"A summer hotel bear that was born in a garage and raised on lipsticks and hip flasks which he fished out o' parkin' spaces where the youth and innocence o' America chucked 'em after moonlight pettin' parties oughtn't to gag on mange medicine. No, this animal has somethin' on his mind, and if you was one o' them college psychologists and could paw inside his old bean you'd find what was worryin' him sleepless. Now, mebbe Mr. Caley's mange cure has started hair on his stomach."

"A dose o' strychnine," insisted Jim, "and a .38 for a chaser. Mr. Caley's been too good to this animal. Cuss and coddle and yammer about feed bills. You let me rope him once and drag him off a ways and peace will settle on this here camp. Then we'll run this cook off the mountain likewise."

"Leave him to me," retorted Scamp. "Mr. Caley, will you go along with my partner on this trip two days and let me tuck your pet in for the winter? I won't hurt him. I'll have him suckin' his foot from now till Easter."

"You fool around that animal and you'll be sleepin' yourself within six feet o' daisies you can't pick," warned Jim. "He smells now like smallpox, mumps and malaria. You lay off him."

"I'm goin' to jerk him out o' sin and error," said Scamp. "I'll scrape the gum off his side and dig last season's peanut shells from between his ears. You'll be surprised, Mr. Caley."

"Yeah," concluded Jim. "Come on and roll in."

Nothin' you do surprises me any more. Mr. Caley and me will pack over the ridge with his mules and our picture outfit. You stay and jack up that car and tighten her steerin' gear. I expect when we get back, to have a phone call from the county jail or the hospital. It'll be you, and mebbe the pesthouse if you and that—"

"Shore leave has expired for that bear," retorted Scamp. "He'll be surprised, too. Mr. Caley will be thankful I come along."

"Any gent that can git that bear hibernated the rest o' the winter will sure take a load off my mind," sighed Mr. Caley. "Well, young man, you're the doctor. You look trustful."

Jim snickered. When the two picture men had retired to a cold room he nagged Scamp more about kidding old man Caley, and Scamp suddenly grew thoughtful and climbed out of bed again.

Down the chilly corridor Jim heard subdued sounds as if his partner was again exploring the empty spaces of the Round

Springs Hotel. When daylight came Scamp was not in bed, but Jim was used to that. The junior member of the Argo news film outfit was liable to turn in just when the senior member was rolling out. But Jim and Mr. Caley saddled up, and got away in a cold frosty fog, full of peace and flapjacks as far as any outward sign was concerned. Even Mr. Caley remarked, when they had gone a mile along the rocky trail, how peaceful everything was.

"Listen!" said Jim and then kept his own counsel. Somewhere on this frosty silence he heard a faint noise. Not much. A mere rumble which old man Caley, battered up with earmuffs and prodding the mule ahead, did not get at all. And Jim Rand, after one uneasy look back across the ridge to the gray, forlorn front of the hotel, prodded his own mule on after the guide.

Not for worlds would Jim arouse doubts in Mr. Caley. But Jim thought he saw there, against a snow slope back of the hotel, some object that was moving swiftly to the skyline.

In a way it resembled a bear but it was moving faster than Jim thought the back-door demon of the Round Springs Hotel could do. Then there was something that looked like a streak

of smoke or dust behind it, but this vanished also over the ridge. When the breeze came right Jim wondered if he smelled hair burning or was it old man Caley's plug cut? Then, also, if that was Lazarus, there was no use believing Scamp had got him to go by-by, unless he was a sleepwalker, for this animal Jim noticed was hoofing some for parts unknown.

"Mush on, mule," murmured Jim. "What has happened back there is none of our party."

What had happened back there didn't interest the mule, either, so the Argo picture shooting outfit ambled on over the divide. Young Mr. Franey, junior cameraman of the news reel pair, was interested, however. That is, his interest was just beginning to awaken as his senses aroused. Mr. Franey realized slowly that he was in utter darkness. Then, too, his hair and eyebrows were filled with smarting dust, and as he lay on his back in the bear den he reached up and removed the dried and none-too-fragrant shoulder bone of a long defunct cow carcass from across his nose. Then Scamp sat up and felt of himself.

"Now, brute," soliloquized Scamp, and he

made a gesture to the dark, "we disagree. You go your way, and I go mine. I see you ain't sleepy. No, sir, and truth and square dealin' ain't in you. Well, I wonder how I get out o' this now?"

He got up and reflected. It was easy enough to remember that he had sneaked up the hill to the cave entrance with the half stick of dynamite and the fulminate cap along with the wiring and switch box which he had discovered in the hotel store room where the excavators of the south wing basement had left it last autumn. Stuff like that is innocent enough until you hook it all up with some live batteries and nest the explosive in the shale rock above the den's exit.

"It was my idea," explained Scamp earnestly to himself, "that if I laid this plant right and then goes and watches for that animal to come perousin' in this mornin' I could shoot down enough stuff in the tunnel so's he couldn't get out till they dug him out. He'd hibernate all right the rest o' the winter—the big bum—and didn't I see him a moment ago stick

(Continued on page 47)



Scamp struck one of his few matches and looked around.

Captain Jimmie Bones and His Devil Dog Marines

*To comply with numerous requests, we here-
with reprint from the August, 1927, "Leather-
neck" the ballad of Jimmie Bones and His
Command.*

'Twas winter time in Quantico
In nineteen twenty-two;
The slum was pretty rough that night,
And all the men felt blue.
The hall and sleet with ghostly feet,
Beat on the bunkhouse dome;
Some men doped out their time to do
While others thought of home.

Then from the starless night there slipped
In through the bunkhouse door
An old top sergeant whom no man
Had ever seen before.
The hoar frost glistened in his hair,
His eyes like star shells shone;
His gnarled mustache hid half his face,
And he was skin and bone.

He sat down near the glowing stove
And warmed his fleshless hands.
The chill of death was in his breath,
Like thunder his commands.
His voice was hollow like the tone
Of one who'd long been dead;
But when he spoke the silence broke,
And this is what he said:

"Pipe down, all you devil whelps,
And snap out of your dreams:
A tale I'll tell of Heaven and Hell,
And the Devil Dog Marines:
Just Captain Jimmie Bones, M. C.,
Their skipper wrote his name;
He was a fiend for fighting,
He had no care for fame.

"Have never seen so fierce a man
On land nor sky nor sea;
He had a scar for every war,
And fought in ninety-three.
When he was riled, he had an eye
That drilled a hole through men;
He spoke but once and no man asked
Him how nor why nor when.

"Now Jimmie was the headpiece of
A hundred brave Gyrenes;
He used to have a whole lot more,
Who died from eating beans.
But them what ate the chow and lived,
They sure were hard boiled guys;
They flicked the bullets off their coats
Just like so many flies."

The old Top Sergeant's voice grew low,
And at its ghostly gloom
Men shivered, and the vermin crawled
Upon the bunkhouse broom.
He stuffed a live coal in his pipe
And deeply did inhale;
He blew the smoke clean through the roof,
And then resumed his tale.

"They said the Devil made him mean
When he was in the skies,
And filled them all so full of hell
It blazed out through their eyes.
Then old St. Peter found the bunch
And gave them souls of white,
But hell still boiled up in 'em and
They couldn't else but fight.

"So Peter had to can old nick
And when to earth he fell,
He got himself a steady job
Recruiting souls for hell.
Well, Peter stamped Marines O. K.
And marked them all first class,
'Cause all that ever scared 'em was
To see a looking glass.

"Now some they come from Texas sand
So they was full of grit,
And some was from Montana plains
Where they'd been roughing it,
Some more they come from old New York
And wore a bowery frown,
Then some which was the toughest came
From good old 'Frisco town.

"They came from every state there is,
And every brave Gyrene
Had come from either east or west,
Or somewhere in between.
They came from north and they came from south,
They came from up and down,
They came from any old place at all,
And everywhere around.

"Now some of 'em wore khaki
And some wore forest green,
While some just wore their B. V. D.'s
And others just their jeans.
But everywhere they went they wore
The emblem of their ring,
To show they bossed the sky and earth
And sea and everything."

The old Top Kicker paused a space
To hear if some would scoff.
And then he strode across the floor
And bit a doorknob off.
Said he, "I ain't seen no real show
For nigh on forty year—
We used to eat these things for eggs.
But that ain't here no more.

"Old Jimmie Bones shoved off for France
In nineteen seventeen,
And shipped across the roughest crew
The world had ever seen.
Each one had 'First to Fight, tattooed
Across his chest in black,
And right betwixt his shoulder blades,
'Watch out, we're coming back.'

"Them hundred Devil Dogs sure was
A bold and daring crew,
They bit the soles right off their shoes
Whene'r they'd want a chew.
There wasn't one amongst that bunch
Of them U. S. Marines
Who couldn't spit three fathoms deep
And sink three submarines.

"And when it came to shooting guns,
Why, say, them men was there!
They'd shave a man a mile away
And never miss a hair.
They'd trim the eyebrows off a lark
A'soaring in the sky,
Or shoot the points off falling stars
As long's they had an eye.

"They'd cruised on all the seven seas
And rationed on hard tack,
They'd fought their way around the world
And half to Hell and back.
They'd been in every war there was
Clean up to Vera Cruz;
The only things they hadn't fought
Was Huns and too much booze.

"Now Jimmie Bones reached France O. K.
With that all-furious crew,
And every one turned 'round to say,
'No savvy parley vous.'
The French girls grabbed them by the hand
And washed their necks with tears.
The Frenchmen slapped them on the back
And yelled them deaf with cheers.

"Then Jimmie made a speech and said,
'I hear you got a war
Around here somewheres hereabout,
And that's what we came for.
But all I've got to say is this:
Enjoy it while you can,
I'm going to clean up Germany
If I lose every man.'

"The Germans heard that Jimmie Bones
Had crossed the sea to fight,
And when they got the awful news
Their feet got cold with fright.
So when they lapped his roughneck crew
From off an aeroplane
It nearly knocked 'em for a goal
And some went plumb insane.

"Said they, 'What is this thing Marines?
If they had said before
They had such devil dogs as those,
There wouldn't be no war.'
So that is how they got their name
Of Devil Dog Marines,
And ever since they chased the Dutch
Daschunds clean off the scene."

The old Top Sergeant rolled his eyes
As though to recollect,
And where he let his fierce glance fall
It scorched six feet of deck.
Said he, "No man has ever lived
That crossed old Jimmie Bones;
He had a power that lifted men
Or dragged kinks down from thrones.

"A general of the Allies looked
Out through his periscope
And seen ten million German Huns
A'coming on the lops.
He bit his short mustache and said:
'We're in an awful stew,
We only got a million men,
It looks like they'll break through.'

"Then Jimmie Bones piped up and said:
'You didn't count Marines;
I got some hell dogs that'll chew
The spikes right off their beans.
'Cause numbers don't mean nothing to
My well-behaving crew;
Why they ain't been to school enough
To count the men they've slew.'

"The general said, 'You win, my man.
Go take your wild Marines
And form a scouting party
Just to double up the scenes.

Then Jimmie Bones saluted stiff
And to the general said,
'We'll break through to Berlin, Sir;
If we don't we'll come back dead.'

"With that he yelled, 'Outside, Marines,
And snap out of your hop;
We're going out to gather up
The German lemon crop.
And if I see one of you men
So much as leave a rhine,
You'll rate the brig till kingdom come
And sixty dollars fine.'

"The hundred Devil Dogs fell out
And then they all fell in;
And each one closed a pop in ranks
By shoving up his chin.
The chief cook turned up missing when
The time for counting come.
But he was cooking shrapnel up
To make the crew some slum.

"Then Jimmie Bones, he gave a talk;
To all his men he said:
'We are shipping on a heavy sea
With reefs and shoals ahead;
But all I got to say is this:
Remember you're Marines,
'Cause water settles everything,
And that's what our name means.'

"He marched 'em by the left step and
He marched 'em by the flank;
He marched 'em by the two's and four's,
And in and out of rank.
He marched 'em by the route step and
He marched 'em by the restraint.
He marched 'em by every way there is
And every way there ain't.

"He marched 'em on company front
In quick and double time.
He marched 'em in a riot square
And in a skirmish line.
He ran 'em in a platoon rush
And then by single squad;
At each advance ten thousand Huns
Stretched out and hit the sod.

"They mowed 'em down with Browning guns
And with their Springfield sats,
And when they couldn't set that way
They stuck with bayonets.
And when they came to trenches they
Just shoved the banks all in.
And tons of Huns were swallowed up
And never lived again.

"The Germans shot a bunch of bombs
Of dead limburger cheese,
But all it did to Jimmie's men
Was to make 'em cough and sneeze.
Then Jimmie lit a strong cigar
From off a passing shell;
Three million Huns got one good whiff
And died from that vile smell.

"The hundred Devil Dogs shoved on,
Their eyes flashed like fire,
Which melted guns and cannons up
Like they was just lead wire.
They kicked about a million Huns
Into the river Marne,
And if they drowned or sunk or swam
They didn't give a darn.

"The Germans thought that judgment day
Had come to take its toll;
They got the Jula in their knees
And trembled in their soles.
And when they saw those Devil Dogs,
And learned their awful yell,
They knowed their judgment day had come
And they was picked for Hell.

"So what was left throwed up their mitts
And hollered 'kamerad';
But Jimmie's men thought that was Dutch
For talk profaning God.
So they stuck their bayonet
Right through them anyhow,
And buzzards came down from the sky
And ate 'em up for chow."

The old Top Kicker smote his chest
And loudly did he cough;
The bunk house shook from door to door,
And half the shelves fell off.
And when he cleared his throat the sound
Like distant thunder rolled;
Said he, "Pipe down and listen well,
This tale is not half told.

"Now Kaiser Bill and Hindenburg
Was in a game of craps;
He staked his royal crown against
A box of ginger snaps.
Old Hindy won the crown and said,
'This ain't no good to me,
I'd sooner have a bite to eat
Than all of Germany.'

"Said Kaiser Bill, 'I'll tell you what—
You lend ten marks to me;
I'll pay it back in a month or two
With French indemnity.'
Said Hindy, 'Where'd you get that stuff?
D'you see some green on me?
I bought myself some Liberty Bonds
From Mrs. Liberty.'

"Just then the Crown Prince busted in
And said, 'Oh, Papa dear,
I see some wild men coming who
Will wreck this joint, I fear;
I'll shoot a long range shot at them,
And if they still persist,
Then I'll take out a million men
And slap them on the wrist.'

"The Kaiser took a peek out from
A half raised window blind
And seen a hundred Devil Dogs
A'swimming cross the Rhine;
The river was a'running blood
From all the men they slew,
And every time they ducked their heads
They'd drink a quart or two.

"The Kaiser's hair stood up on end
And turned from black to white,
And when he spied old Jimmie Bones
His blood run cold with fright.
He grabbed the Prince's hand and said,
'Don't fool with that wild Yank,
He'll fill you full of bullet holes
Where papa used to spank.

"'What, Ho, the Guard!' cried Kaiser Bill.
'There ain't no guard no more.'
Said Hindenburg, 'The guard was shot
Out by the palace door.'
'Where is my ally, Gott?' yelled Bill.
'Von Gott, he ain't at home.'
Said Hindenburg: 'The Gott you had
Was in your crazy dome.'

"The Kaiser's eyes stuck out a mile.
'What shall I do!' said he.
I'll save me and my six brave sons,
To Hell with Germany.'
Said Hindenburg, 'It went to Hell
Long time before this thing:
Ten million Huns that you sent there
Are waiting for their kins.'

"The outside palace door crashed in,
There was a mighty roar.
'Thank Gott,' said Hindenburg, 'I'll see
That mush of yours no more.'
With that he grabbed his gat and blowed
The brains out of his head.
And Kaiser Bill knowed then and there
He meant just what he said.

"The Kaiser beat it for the door,
And flung it open wide;
And there he met with Jimmie Bones
A'coming just outside.
Behind him was his Devil Dogs
With gleaming bayonets,
And Kaiser Bill knowed they had come
To get a whole world's bets.

"Then Jimmie gave him just one look
That turned his gizzard pale,
And made him wish that he had spent
His life in some nice jail.
Said Jimmie Bones, 'So you're the cur
That kicked up all this row:
You got about an hour to live,
So don't give us no row.'

"The Kaiser's nerve went over the hill,
His brow dripped bloody sweat;
He got down on his knees and cried
And got the carpet wet.
His teeth they rattled just like dice
Do in a game of craps;
And every word that Jimmie spoke
Was like a note of taps.

"Then Jimmie Bones drewed out his gat,
And then he tossed it by:
Said, 'You ain't fit enough to live,
And not that fit to die.
You've served the Devil all your life,
But now you'll work for me?'
And then he thought up things to do:
Jim Bones can think of three.

"'You'll dig ten thousand miles of trench
From here to Singapore.
You'll double time around the world
A hundred times or more.
You'll do stoop falling till you're humped
And twisted inside out.
And crawl around jagged barbed wire till
You're naught but sauer kraut.

"'You'll stand a guard of twenty hours
Around the Arctic zone,
With fifteen minutes off to thaw
The marrow in your bones.
And every hour throughout the night
You'll answer reveille,
And every twenty years or more
You'll rate a liberty.



SO WHAT WAS LEFT THROWN UP THEIR MITTS.

"'And all you'll ever have to drink
Is German blood you've shed;
And when you're hungry you will gnaw
The bones of German dead.
You'll do a jolt in eighty-four
For ten or twenty years,
And under a hard-boiled non-com
You'll shed your dying tears.'

"Then Jimmie stopped and silence filled
The gloomy castle hall;
The Kaiser arose and tried to speak
Then fell against the wall.
Said he, 'I thought the devil was
A tough and ugly guy,
But you got Satan cheated with
One look out of your eye.'

"Said Jimmie Bones, 'Now that ain't all
I'm going to leave you do:
Them things is just light duty, but
There is heavy duty, too.'
The Kaiser throwed up both his mitts,
'You win,' that's all he said,
He gave a yell that was heard in Hell,
And then keeled over dead."

The old Top Sergeant paused awhile
To hear if some would doubt;
He sneezed a sneeze; the stoves grew cold.
The window panes fell out.
He rolled himself a cigarette
From sweepings off the floor,
And lit it with his flaming eye,
And then resumed once more.

"Now German spies sent word to France
That Jimmie Bones was dead;
And all his hundred Devil Dogs
Was slaughtered, too, they said.
The women weeped a lot of weeps
The men felt pretty bad:
And all of 'em were mourning 'cause
The shock it hit 'em bad.

"The cook was boiling coffee up
From just a chunk of meat
Said he, 'If they is dead or not
They'll be back here to eat.
The world will never see the time
Marines had met defeat:
They would have gone to Hell to cut
Off Kaiser Bill's retreat.

"A sentry sighted Jimmie's men
A'coming o'er the hill;
And dragging on behind 'em
What was left of Kaiser Bill.
And when they reached Old Paris,
They was met with yells and cheers,
And showers of sold enough to last
'Em all a thousand years.

"They hung a million medals on
Old Jimmie and his crew,
And when they took 'em off they had
A barrel full or two.
And ever after that each lived
Just like a billionaire:
They never answered reveille
Or heard a bugle blare.

"And all they done was bunk fatigue
From then for evermore;
And when they died, they went above
And knocked at Heaven's door.
Old Peter came down to the porch
And shouted, 'Halt, who's there?'
'United States Marines,' said Jim,
'First here, and everywhere.'

"So Peter let the whole bunch in
Along with Captain Jim,
And each one grabbed themselves a harp.
And sung the Marine Hymn.
And ever after that each stood
His guard on Heaven's green,
And nary a German has got past
The brave U. S. Marine."

The old Top Sergeant heaved a sigh
That raised the bunkhouse roof,
And those that sat too close to him
Were blown ten feet aloof.
He cut the sling from off a gun,
And took a three-foot chew,
And where he spat the floor gave way
And Hell came boiling through.

Then from the fiery pit there rose
A corporal of the guard;
His face was sunk, his flesh was iron.
His look was twice as hard.
Said he, 'The detail's still intact
Around the brimstone floods,
The Devil's peeling onions and
The Kaiser's peeling spuds.'

The old Top Kicker knif his brow,
Said he, 'All right, that's well;
But when you've finished with that job,
They'll start to coal up Hell.
And if them billion tons ain't in
Before they shut an eye,
I'll run 'em up 'fore Jimmie Bones,
And let 'em tell him why.'

The corporal turned and leaped head on
Down through that fiery mass;
The floor closed up, the bunkhouse swayed
With clouds of molten mass.
The gap arose, the lights went out,
Taps sounded, came the rain.
A chill swept through the room and he
Was never seen again.

The Anting-Anting at Busubusug

THE men of "L" Company, of the old —th Infantry, may have forgotten the date of their enlistment and that of their discharge, the cook's name and the colonel's, the fights at San Mateo and La Loma and Montalban, but it's golden eagles to musty doughnuts that they have not forgotten little "Thompsy" McAllister and his great anting-anting at Busubusug.

The double native word means a charm, and this charm of young McAllister's worked amazingly well; in all probability, it saved Company "L" from a wholesale massacre. And to say that Thompsy got even with the rest of us by not telling us just what his charm was, is to say much in a few words. Because Thompsy was sore; oh, how sore he was! He gave me the key to the mystery only a short time ago, when I stopped overnight at his home in New York State. Thompson McAllister was a Northerner.

The main difficulty was that he'd been brought up a hot-house plant, so to speak. He didn't know life, except as he had found it in a thousand books; of course, the books, no doubt, with the aid of his doting parents, had taught him life as it ought to be rather than as it really is in the raw. How he ever got by a recruiting office was a thing we never could guess. He was no weakling, but he was small, and barely old enough to join the Army, and he resumed his wearing glasses the moment our transport was out of sight of American shores. We had kidded him from the beginning, naturally—the old nurse stuff, mamma's boy stuff, that sort of josh, you know. He pretended that it had no effect upon him, but in reality it fairly set him afire.

Busubusug came after a long and bitter-hard campaign under steaming tropical skies, and not far from the end of our foreign sojourn. As a matter of fact, L Company was sent to the Visayan town, with rations for thirty days, to rest. Rest—what a grim joke the word became! Attempted ambushes at every turn; Mauser bullets tearing nightly through the walls and roof of the old Spanish Government building that served as quarters for both officers and men; poison on spears, on arrows, and in food; knives swishing through the darkness at any soldier who ventured out after nightfall—except McAllister, that is—all this we had, and more. Thompsy McAllister went where he pleased, without the least harm ever coming anywhere near him!

Then the stage was set for the climax. The one native whom we felt that we could trust, a renegade Macabebe named Braulio, came excitedly to the company commander and tried hard to make him understand that a great danger threatened us. Captain Payton was at a disadvantage; he knew little Spanish, and no Macabebe, Tagalog, or Visayan. Soon, however, he thought of Thompsy McAllister, whose time when off duty was usually spent among the natives—the company, you see, couldn't kid Thompsy when he wasn't there to kid!

Well, I was corporal of the guard that day, and the captain sent me to bring little McAllister to him. I found Thompsy smoking a dobie cigarette and thrumming a crude, twelve-stringed guitar in a native house of bamboo and nipa, and I

By Hapsburg Liebe

rushed him straightway to the captain's quarters. The brass-brown Braulio was still there and still trying to tell Captain Payton that disaster

camped on our trail.

"See what Braulio has to say, McAllister," the company's commander ordered.

The renegade Macabebe spouted a string of jargon that seemed meaningless to me, but Thompsy had gone pale when the native finished. Then Thompsy turned to the captain.

"Braulio says that 'General' Malinga has a horde of fanatical Moros landing from prahus on the other side of this island," said Thompsy, in his precise way—he talked like a book, always. "It would seem," he continued, very quietly, "that Malinga's purpose is to leave no man of us alive to tell the sorry tale."

"Is—that—so?" Captain Payton muttered, thoughtfully. "Thank Braulio for me, McAllister, and tell him not to go for a little while."

The company's youthful pariah jabbered obediently, and the Macabebe nodded. I noticed then that our "top" sergeant was in the room, and that he seemed much concerned over the news.

"Maybe we'd have time to get away," said Sergeant Alford. "I wouldn't like to see old Company L run, though."

"It hasn't turned its back to foe yet," the captain replied, a little proudly and very firmly. "We couldn't run, Sergeant, if we wanted to; there's no place to go, except to the jungle. So we'll stick here and fight. There's water, a whole well of it, in the building; and we have rations enough to last until they send for us to join the regiment at Catbagan."

He went on, rather grimly, after thinking for a moment: "But they're sure to burn us out, Sergeant."

"And then the kris," Alford said gloomily.

A kris is a flame-shaped sword, razor-sharp and almost as thin as paper; the crises of the Moros have a temper that equals the temper of a Damascus blade, and are quite the most murderous weapons in the world. As for this Malinga who called himself a General, we'd been told that he was an unholy mixture of Moro, Visayan, and Ilocano, with a disposition worse than that of a Gila monster, a hydrophobia skunk, or a side-winder rattlesnake.

Our superior officer paced the floor for a full minute before he spoke again. He brought up short, facing McAllister.

"My boy," he began, in a half fatherly sort of fashion, "I've heard that you seem to have some queer hold on the natives. It rather looks like we're facing an extremity here. Think you could do anything that would be of benefit to us?"

McAllister nodded. "Yes," quickly. "I can save all your lives, if I want to."

It's hard to imagine a mere, under-sized buck private's talking to his company commander in such a manner. A company commander with more ego and less tact would have slammed Thompsy into the guardhouse immediately.

"How can you do it?" asked Captain Payton, mildly enough. "Do you mind," said the little soldier, "if I do not tell you? I may say, though, that I am in possession of a great anting-anting. A charm, you know. With it, I can summon all the bal-bals."



I found Thompsy thrumming a guitar in a native house.

In spite of the evident seriousness of our predicament, the top sergeant and I almost laughed aloud. McAllister had been so very sober and important about it.

"What the dickens is a 'bal-bal'?" the captain wanted to know. "Oh," and McAllister smiled, "that's the native expression for hill god, quite common in several of the tribal dialects. Perfectly heathenish, of course, Captain."

"I should say so!" Captain Payton, too, very nearly laughed aloud. "Well, McAllister, I'm afraid we'll have to depend upon you to save us from beheading by the kris. But I'm compelled, in line of duty, to order you to show me this anting-anting thing before I give it my sanction."

Thompsy McAllister flushed like a bashful girl. "Why, sir, I cannot well show it to you! It's a—a power, you might say. However, under the present peculiar circumstances, I'll tell you something of it, if only you'll have the sergeant and the corporal get out, and if you'll promise on your word of honor that you'll keep the secret; will you, sir?"

He was so sore at the entire rest of the company that he didn't want us to have the tiny satisfaction of knowing just what his great "pull" with the natives was! Captain Payton smiled a little, and motioned Alford and me out of the room.

"Please excuse us," he said politely. Always a gentleman, he was.

We waited, the two of us, in the corridor, and for at least ten minutes there was a constant hum of voices beyond the closed door; and not a single word of that which the captain and McAllister said got through plainly to our ears. Then Thompsy and the Macabebe came out; and if ever I saw triumph in human eyes behind big glasses, it was in McAllister's.

"Every dog has his day," he observed stiffly, as he passed us with his chin well into the air, "and this is mine. For one thing, Captain Payton promised to keep the secret."

He went on with Braulio, and an odd pair they made. The top sergeant grinned at me. "Why did he say 'dog,' when he might have said 'canine'?"

"All the same," I said to the top, "we can overlook a simple thing like that, if only Thompsy does what he said he could do—save all our lives. Even if each man in L Company accounted for half a dozen Moros, they'd probably annihilate us in the end. I've got a girl back in old Virginia, Jim, and I want to see her once more."

"I've got three girls back in old Kentucky," said Sergeant Jim Alford, very soberly—"a wife and two little daughters, and I want to see them once more, too. If this rabbit foot, or whatever it is, works out right, I'll be the first to take off my hat to Thompsy."

McAllister was from that hour a sort of privileged person, a thing wholly unusual in soldierdom; not, however, that he took much in the way of undue advantages. As I marched the next guard relief around to the different sentry posts about the quarters building, I saw McAllister in the center of a gathering of half-naked natives in Busubusug's crooked main thoroughfare, and the natives were kowtowing to beat the band! Braulio, I noted, was still with him. There was not the slightest room to doubt that Thompsy had cast a spell, of one kind or another, over the Visayans.

At roll-call that evening, Alford faced about and saluted the waiting company commander, and reported all present or accounted for with the one exception of McAllister. Captain Payton seemed a trifle uneasy, but he ordered the company dismissed in his usual quiet manner. Mess call sounded, and we had supper, and then we gathered in our quarters—those of us who

were not doing guard duty—to discuss the prospective coming of the enemy; we all knew of that, of course.

When the time for taps came, and the corporal in charge of quarters had reported McAllister still absent, Captain Payton was genuinely worried, and he sent for me.

"You establish an outpost at the edge of the jungle, and sent out a patrol, as I ordered?" he growled, his countenance somewhat grim in the flickering light of a candle. I answered in the affirmative, and he went on: "I half promised McAllister that I'd let him do it in his own way, I know, but—I'm afraid something has miscarried. Notice anything unusual, Corporal?"

"Yes," I said. "I was on my way to report it, when you sent for me. Captain, if there's a living soul in Busubusug, other than the men of this company, the patrol couldn't find it!"

"Is—that—so?" with a deep frown. "Has Braulio gone, too?"

"Braulio hasn't been seen since late in the afternoon," I answered. "He was with McAllister then, and the two were

entering a big bamboo-and-nipa house; it's the house of the town's head man, and I understand his name is Juan Fuerza."

"Juan Fuerza—that's an alias of the notorious old *insurrecto* leader, Luk Ban! Why didn't some of you tell me this before?"

"We didn't know," I said. "It kind of looks like the natives are expecting a battle here, by their deserting the town."

My superior nodded quickly. "Exactly. Well, all we can do, Corporal, is to keep strictly on the alert and wait for developments."

I saluted and left him.

There was not a man in L Company who slept soundly for a minute during that long, black night, although we were not attacked. Dawn came, and still neither Thompsy McAllister nor the Macabebe had put in an appearance. The early calls, and then breakfast, came and passed.

Then Braulio returned, and the Macabebe's brown body showed through a score of rents in his thin clothing; they were the marks of jungle thorns, we knew. Braulio had a message in pencil on a leaf that had been torn from a tiny notebook; it was from McAllister to Captain Payton, and it requested the captain to take the entire company and follow the Macabebe.

Orders were snapped out, and almost as quickly obeyed. Within a remarkably brief space of time, we were following Braulio out of Busubusug and into a jungle that was more or less stifling with steaming miasmatic odors. Wild parrots screamed at us, and short-tailed monkeys chattered at our approach, as we went in stumbling haste through the thick bamboo and snake-like liana vines. Now and then we heard the guttural *acquoo!-acquoo!* of an iguana, or the swishing of unseen wings.

At the inner edge of a tropical forest, we began to climb a low mountain that rose, like a backbone, in the center of the island. We reached the crest about noontime, and—there lay Thompsy McAllister, muddy, bedraggled, his khaki uniform half torn away by thorns. Our hearts sank at the sight of him. Very little and very lone, he looked, lying there under a stunted tree. He was apparently asleep.

"Master!" cried the renegade Macabebe, going to his knees beside the youth. "Master!"

"All right, Braulio," muttered Thompsy, in English. He rubbed his eyes, and sat up wearily. We saw then that his face was swollen from a hundred mosquito stings. He looked around, and blinked at us.



Very little he looked, lying there under a stunted tree.

Nothing Exciting

By Christy Borth

NOTHING exciting was expected, evidently. There was the desert, gray, vacant. The sky, too, was empty. No feathered chorus saluted the corpse-white smear in the east. The hushed land humbly awaited its lord,—the sun. Suddenly the pallid smear parted, the majestic presence blazed: man's first god arose, his regal glance as direct as the yawn of a forge. In the distance Africa's naked crags wore a sheen of burnished copper. The village, not far away, was a blotch of lavender shadows. There was no wind, no air: the scene was a vision in a void.

A bugler emerged from the barracks, pursed his lips, raised his trumpet and the brassy shout spun aloft. Life began to circulate. The platoon formed a line, answered roll-call. Sergeant Bertrand strangled a yawn, barked instructions.

"Today is Mevloud, the prophet's birthday, Islam's Christmas. There will be celebration—possibly, excitement. Do not interfere in any religious ceremony. On guard against rioting, anti-French demonstrations."

He bit off his commands as if they were enemies' ears: the white dust floated and the column marched. Lavender shadows became white, low-roofed houses. Dominating them like an admonitory finger the mosque shot its slim minaret into the blazing void. Atop it, arms wide, head back, beard wagging sunward, the muezzin floated his whined invocation toward Mecca. The platoon dispersed, its members posted themselves at strategic corners and waited. Corporal Cailler, posted where he could survey the open space before the mosque, maintained a sphynx-like silence as he listened to the swelling din of tambours and shrilling reeds which, commencing at dawn, was now surging through the streets in vast, ever-increasing waves of hideously mingled sound. Bouchard, his companion, carelessly shifted his hand on the exposed metal of his rifle, whipped out an oath as he changed back. Beggars swarmed on the sanctuary steps. The sky was a cloudless inferno. The air quivered visibly. The reflected glare was as a white-hot blade. Like fevered pulse beats the drums increased their tempo. Trailing hot odors, white-robed Moors surged past, joined the shouting, gesticulating groups milling around throbbing drums. Mizamirs screeched, wailed like damned souls. The sun reached the zenith of his merciless brilliance, poured his vibrating sheet of flame into the seething cauldron. The streets responded; bedlam was at its insane peak; the dervishes had arrived.

Corporal Cailler ground his cigarette under his heel. "Voila! They come," he said. "These Sidi-Mohammed-Ben-Aissa dervishes are more than mere 'howlers.' They are more like Sudanese savages. We may have excitement. On guard, mon vieux!"

Veiled Moorish women clapped hands, shrilled from housetops as the frantic mob serpentine toward the shrine. At the procession's head the dervishes swayed drunkenly, uttered wild

shrieks, inhuman groans. Bouchard, remembering a visit to a madhouse, shuddered. One, writhing and squealing in frenzy, staggered close. His eyes were glazed, blindly staring. His leathery talons clawed his robe, his dog-like howls cut cleanly through the mounting breakers of clashing noises, he ripped his robe to ribbons, spun like a poisoned insect, leaped as if shot, and, with a shriek that lacerated the ears, collapsed like a thrown sack. He did not move again. Bouchard, lips tight and white, stealthily crossed himself. Cailler winked, whispered, "Courage! It's nothing."

Like a gigantic, black messenger from hell an enormous Negro strode among the holy men. His only garment a breech-clout, his muscles rippled in the sun's refulgence like lacquered serpent coils. The fish-belly pallor of his palms was visible under the tray which he balanced on grub-like fingers. The tray was heaped with millions of dazzling lights. With insane frenzy a group of dervishes flung themselves upon the fiendish offering, clutched double handfuls of the broken glass, rammed jagged fragments into their mouths, slobbered bloody froth and collapsed. Others slashed their bony flanks, hacked their skulls with razor-sharp yataghans, swallowed blazing cotton, molten wax. Some carried sluggish adders; these they encouraged to strike again and again until reptile and man crumpled into a heap of ghastly immobility. Men, crazed with fanaticism, followed. Above the milling heads of ecstatic hordes live sheep were tossed; they descended, disappeared and frenzied devotees stuffed bloody bits of wool and flesh into gibbering mouths.

"We may yet see some excitement," said Cailler.

The procession halted at the portal. The very atmosphere vibrated with a vague hint of something to come, as if dark forces were beating black wings to a climax. His breath whistling in feverish blasts,

Bouchard waited,—waited for something, for what, he knew not. He dared not look at the callous Cailler.

Again the gigantic black strode among the sprawling, blood-spattered figures of fallen dervishes. His tray danced with no diamond glitter: it flaunted a sullen glow. A dervish advanced to the infernal offering, withdrew two red-hot ingots and, standing rigidly erect, threw back his head. Bouchard saw his eyes. They were illumined by a light not earthly. It was as if they looked into paradise. Bouchard's wrist-watch ticked twice; between the ticks eternity passed. The irons were elevated, the light in the eyes blazed as the sun rises, there was a jerk, and a sound as of a glowing cigarette being doused in a puddle.

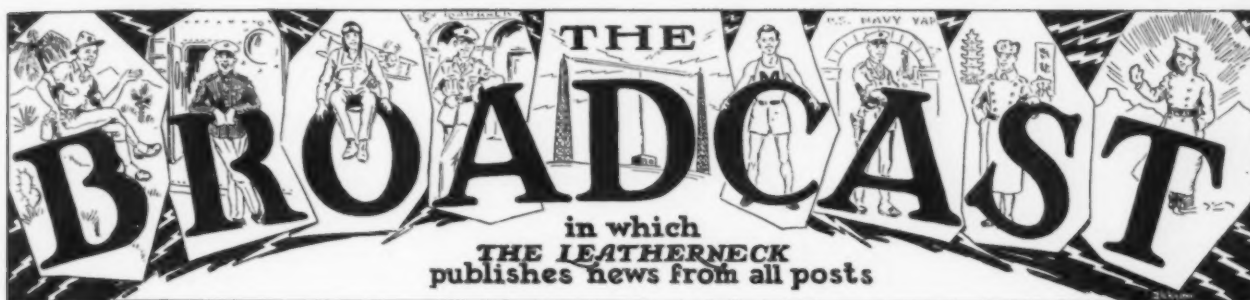
The mob spilled into the mosque, the orgy continued, the sun dropped below the horizon, Sergeant Bertrand marched his detail through the blood-smeared streets to the barracks.

Night fell, but its chill carried no balm for Bouchard. His entrails fluttered in the dark cavern of his torso. Valiantly he wrestled with his thoughts. He wanted to conjure up a pleasant memory of his own Burgundian homeland, but a pair of eyes obtruded. He had seen such eyes before; once, when his brother

(Continued on page 47)



"We may have excitement."



Detachments

Cruising to Heaven

On November 3, 1931, the U. S. S. "Akron" took to the skies with 207 men aboard, remaining aloft for more than ten hours. The following named officers and men of the Marine Detachment, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., were among those carried by the "Akron": Captain Donald R. Fox, First Lieutenant John W. Cunningham, Second Lieutenants Charles G. Wadbrook, Fred D. Beans and Stewart Boyle; Quartermaster Sergeant Dewey Lydick, First Sergeant Dennis W. Green, Sergeants Joe Fuska, Jr., Warren W. Cox, Paul W. Payne, William Seyler, George B. Baker; Corporals Forest S. Baugh, Harry D'Ortona, Frederick L. Parks, Lyman R. Waugh; Privates First Class Charles G. Lacey, "D" "J" Morgan, George H. Smith, Hudnell L. Nesmith, Hoke S. May, Paul E. Frick; Drummer William L. Shrout; Trumpeter Stewart F. Collins; Privates Lee A. Carpenter, James W. Brooks, Mitchell J. Douyard, James D. Bobbitt, Roy M. Gutshall, William C. Trammell, Raymond A. Britten, Elbert Oakley, Clyde D. Ogburn, Carl D. Kelley, Ira V. L. Petenbrink, Alfred W. McDaniel, Clayton R. Fore, James J. Cosgrove, Raymond P. Hall, Herman S. Tubick, Archie Van Meter, William G. Wood, Clyde R. Wood, Archibald Wilson, John Zajac, Joe Zyrek, Jr., Harry A. Mull, William H. Johnson, Stanley F. Savitski, Jesse F. Holmes, William F. Maye, Clement J. Stanislaw; Thomas W. Mitchell, Ernest C. Kaehler, John J. McGlynn, Arthur P. Saulnier, Richard J. Kotrla.

First of all, for those who are unfamiliar with the lighter than air craft, we will endeavor to explain a few details concerning the U. S. S. "Akron." It is 784 feet long, equipped with eight Maybeck engines, capable of driving this majestic of the air at a speed of 84 miles per hour. Which is making heaven in a hurry, if you ask me. The "Akron" has a compartment that will house five small planes. These ships are especially designed and may be launched during flight, or hooked up while the "Akron" is underway. Well, to make it short, just think of all the modern accommodations to be found on a large ocean liner; and those of the "Akron" will come up to these standards. Machine guns can be carried in the pits built in the ship, which can aid in her protection in the event of war.

The "Akron" took off from Lakehurst at 9:55 a. m.; and in addition to the regular crew and the Marines mentioned above, she carried approximately fifty

sailors, including some student officers. Our course was southeast to Cape May, N. J., where the smaller blimps are docked awaiting the completion of the new hangar at Lakehurst. We followed the coast until we were flying above New Jersey's famous summer resort, Atlantic City. We circled the city in about a fifty-mile radius, then back up the coast over Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, en route to New York.

While we were above Atlantic City dinner was served, and what a meal to eat 2,000 feet above the earth! Virginia baked ham, boiled sweet potatoes, fresh green string beans, tomatoes and mayonnaise, bread and butter, coffee and fresh oranges.

First Sergeant Dennis W. Green was the Marine mess steward. Owing to the fact that only ten men could eat at a time, it was no easy task, but Green handled the mess in excellent style. We had all we could eat and some of the fellows that are used to an afternoon nap parked themselves in the sail lockers, or along the cat walk, and just forgot that we were 2,000 feet in the air, where one misstep would mean a one-way ticket to the unknown. Nothing of the kind happened, however, and the gang seemed to be in the highest of spirits.

We saw about everything there is to be seen from the air. The men were arranged along the cat walk with four men at each port, and there wasn't a thing that the Marines missed. For proof, listen to this: Quartermaster Sergeant Lydick, in passing over some town, said: "Well, I see my old friend Jones is home today." I asked him why, and he answered, "I noticed the clothesline in the backyard. His winter underwear is hanging up."

We sighted the U. S. S. "Los Angeles" which had started half an hour earlier than the "Akron" on her trip to Washington. She was about half a mile behind us, and her motors hummed loudly.

Then on to New York, flying over Staten Island, the Statue of Liberty, to arrive over the great metropolis about 3 p.m. Thousands of people scanned upward and ran to their housetops and to the streets for a glimpse of the greatest ship that sails the skies. And, believe me, we felt honored to be aboard such a ship; and, of course, that is something to write home about.

We left New York and headed for home; arrived in Lakehurst at 5:05 p.m., and the boys were putting the "Los Angeles" in the hangar, so we cruised right on, returning an hour and a half later, and made ready to land.

The ship was made fast to the mobile mast about 8:00 p.m.; and we wish

to thank Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Rosendahl and his crew on behalf of the Marines for the most enjoyable and interesting trip we have ever made.

—Paul E. Frick.

Desert Snows

Since our last contribution to the columns of the Broadcast a change has come over MD, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada. Aye, several changes. But most important in the eyes of those who serve here is the snowy blanket that has been spread over the desert by Mother Nature. The boys have been slinging the snow today, the day after Thanksgiving, but the morning will come with a new covering over our sidewalks and steps. A real Arctic holiday season!

Speaking of Thanksgiving Day, we had a swell dinner here November 26th. Mess Sergeant Boyd Lofland laid the heavy hand on some exquisite birds from Fallon, Nevada, a nearby settlement. The birds eventually reached the Marine Barracks' menu as "Fallon Roast Turkey." Cooks Latimer and Morgan prepared the heavy end of the menu and it was a very successful serving. Military policeman R. B. Peterson doffed his cop's headgear to put on the baker's cap and prepared some excellent mince and pumpkin pie for the Turkey Day menu. Our messmen were on the job overtime to see to it that the command was well served. We name them: Joe Dargi, "Doc Yak" Blackburn, Dante Ricci, Charlie Rafferty and William B. Smith. Some of the lads were invited out and reported upon return that their hosts in Hawthorne, Fallon and elsewhere were all that hosts should be. Corporal Robert Bayless and Pfc. Lornie Leslie were the only two, otherwise, according to reports, who missed the grand feed. Bayless took off for Mt. Grant (11,000 elev.) early in the day before the snowstorm began and returned with everything on him but the reindeer—at 5 p. m. Leslie our friends relate, had a date with the blanket pressing machine early in the day and was, unfortunately, absent when Music Perry blew noon mess call—being in the post exchange stateroom and dreaming of the monthly inventory.

One of the coming items of news, if not already news, is the post basketeer squad. Starting out in the early training period a month or so ago Coach Max Craig had a tough job on his hands to mold into a machine ever so many individualists. By this time with two successful practice games on record the coach has reaped some reward. And we expect the reward to be greater as we swing into the regular 1931-32 schedule.

The squad at present consists of the following Marines besides the coach, who also handles a post in the quintet: Corporal H. C. Coslet, Pfc. Lornie Leslie, Louis Nelson, Pvts. George Howard, Paris Perser, Herb Eyestone, Charles Rafferty, Clarence Storm, and William Smith.

During the past Broadcast period Cpls. Geo. G. Miller, Robert D. Henderson and Pfc. Preston Robb joined the command from points East and West of Hawthorne. Miller is from Hingham, Mass. He should find our snowstorms the usual thing. Henderson is of the rifle shot corps of the Marines, Quantico RR. Robb is recently of 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco, Calif., and a grad of the class of '29, Q.M. school, Philadelphia. All are pleased with the new surroundings, finding the post all that it has been advertised to be. Speaking in the complimentary sense, of course. It is told around camp that Pvt. Mulholland upon first seeing Henderson drive up in civilian clothes and a new Ford coupe, slammed the main gate and gruffly questioned the newcomer as to his presence. To which Henderson replied: "So this is Paris." Yes, boys, this is Paris. Gay Paree.

Corporal Paul Compton is now navy mail clerk, acting police sergeant, and acting property sergeant. And he still finds time to shoot a game now and then on the new pool table in the recreation room! Two of our mounted men have taken up extra work also so it looks like the unheard of thing is spreading. Pfc. E. L. J. Dube besides riding his mount 5 out of 28 in the grim stretches of the magazine area, is doing laundry queen's duties with Pvt. Otis Dragge, post laundry boss. And "Roaring Roscoe" D. (for Dynamite) Mills, who spurs the turf speed demon, Taps, into this same area, has taken on the job of giving all the wall lockers a change of color. Salaam, boys, salaam!

Some of the finest duck hunting is being found around these hyar parts. Pvts. Archie L. Knight, Homer W. Fletcher, Walker Chapman (who recently killed a young buck) and Morgan of the galley have been out quite a few times lately and report the findings on the edge of Walker Lake any hunter's pleasure.

The garage crew now consists of Cpl. Geo. H. Elchinger and Pfc. Ernest H. H. Martens, Richard E. Johnson and John C. Sheehan. With the arrival of the new International awhile back the drivers swelled up with pride and greeted everyone with "Have you seen it?" Nothing at all, however, on Joe Yackley, the stable sergeant, and his second in command, Lester Klingler. Whenever the Fallon delivery wagon arrives with several tons of nice alfalfa and grain to be hoisted to the second deck of the stable building these two make a run for the barracks with the cry "Have you seen it?" and all the available persons immediately hunt holes.

Two new members of Yackley's mounted force are Pfc. John L. Perry and Archie L. Thrash. Thrash has replaced Melvin W. Banks, who recently completed his enlistment, put on his good conduct medal, and left for parts unknown.

Christmas is coming on and many of the boys are thinking of the folks at home and not forgetting that there may be a Santa Claus to Dad and Ma away

in the hills of Nevada. Some of the Marines with the community spirit are helping the citizens of Hawthorne for the big Christmas tree planning for the night of the 24th. First Sergeant William T. Farley has been selected by the chairman of the town committee to decorate the gym for the occasion. Chosen by the "top" to assist are Cpl. Hughie C. Coslet, Pvts. Otis J. Dragge, Allen S. Baughman, Roscoe Mills and Clarence Storm.

The Ladies' Choice Association, reported in other Broadcasts, still flourishes. A competitor in the fraternity field has arrived though. This new organization is known as the Alpine Club. Now just who the charter members are we can't find out. Much secrecy has surrounded its activities. However, it is known that Pvt. Ralph Nicholson, who reads a great deal about sweethearts' confessions, is interested. And the two chief yodelers about the barracks are Music Perry and Pvt. Storm. Maybe the announcement is coming later.

We close now with best wishes to the entire 15,400 of our Marine Corps, and any others who may read these lines. S'long.

Marine Corps Institute

Remarks humorous and numerous, groans, sighs and other manifestations of displeasure greeted the announcement that Saturday and Sunday, November 7th and 8th, were to be devoted to educating us on golf. We were educated all right. A Marine who is officially deprived of his Sunday siesta is likely to be a bit resentful, but the escape from the Saturday inspection partly compensated him. It was just another of those things that has to be done; it reminds one of the private who was up before the commanding officer to request liberty; the C. O. anticipated his request and said "NO!" before the fellow could get his mouth open. For some unknown reason the private grew antagonistic and said, "Give me liberty, or—." "Or what?" interposed the C. O. "Or I'll stay here," finished the insignificant one, weakly.

The first annual National Capital Open Golf Tournament (s'help me, that's the name!) was held under the direction of the Kenwood Golf and Country Club out in Maryland. The officials predicted a large crowd; they were not disappointed. The gallery was large both days, drawn by the magic names of Sarazen, McCarrlane, Armour, Farrell, Turnesa, and Creavy. The last-named player is the present holder of the P. G. A. championship.

Frost was on the ground Saturday morning when the qualifying round of eighteen holes was played. We were glad that Lieutenant Hall had had the foresight to prescribe overcoats. Two hundred and fourteen players teed off through the day. The high wind played tricks with long drives and helped to take out many really good players before the day was over. Only sixty survived to qualify with 79 or less on the par 70 course.

Sunday the play started at 7 a. m. and the Marines were right on the job. So were the golf fanatics, if I may coin a word. Golf, to us who had never witnessed a match before, seemed strange. In nearly every other game, the eyes of

the people are on every player in the competition. It was amusing to see how the greater number of players were unmolested and left to pursue their solitary way around the course, while the half dozen or so well-known players could hardly find room to walk. Especially amusing was the remark made by one young lady which the writer happened to overhear. It was on the sixteenth hole and the match at that juncture was very close. Coming on the green were Armour, Farrell and Joe Turnesa. We had gone ahead to clear the green; everything was set for Farrell to putt when a feminine voice exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Marine, isn't he gorgeous?" Coming at that time, the psychological moment, as some would say, when everything was quiet, it did sound like the height of something or other. Later I noticed the same young lady busily engaged in "snowing under" Mr. Farrell. As a whole, the gallery was quiet on the greens, but going over the fairways was somewhat of a trial; it reminded one of a fellow trying to round up a bagful of escaped flies. Corporal Lawrence, he of the stentorian voice, was a big help. He could be heard from the first to the eighteenth hole.

The score for the qualifying round was added to that of the thirty-six hole play on Sunday, which completed the title play. Tommy Armour, hero of the British Open, helped himself to a 68 in the forenoon but had a couple of bad breaks on the tenth and eleventh to finish second with 226. Willie McFarlane led the field with 216, his superlative putting giving him the advantage. The tenth tee was indeed a tough one for the Scot, as there he hooked a ball out of bounds for the first time in his career.

The tournament went off smoothly and well. The club officials were greatly pleased with our work and acknowledged it by inviting us to play the course any time we wished. Our confirmed golfer, Gunnery Sergeant Bill Kapanke, will no doubt take advantage of this. Go ahead, Bill, beat the course record.

Quoting from the Washington Star: "The Marines did a fine job of it during the tournament. Their deportment was superb and their efficiency in handling the crowds evoked much favorable comment."

We take it that it was another case of "Having the situation well in hand."

The "Globe and Laurel" was much in evidence the second week of November. The English cruiser, H. M. S. "Delhi," was docked at the navy yard for six days and much of our time was devoted toward entertaining the crew, especially the Royal Marines.

As is the usual thing when the U. S. Marines and Royal Marines get together, there is a spirit of rivalry. This was brought out when proceedings began for a rifle match between two ten-man teams, one from the ship and one from the barracks. The match was fired on the Camp Sims range in Maryland. Each man fired seven shots slow fire at 200, 300, and 500, and ten shots each at 200 and 300 rapid fire, possible team score being 2050. Our team made 1815 to 1522 for the Royal Marines. They wanted to get even by staging a tug-of-war, but their invitation came when all our huskies were on a funeral detail, so that left us one up. We also took their measure on the range last year. The

good shooting was done by Sergeants F. W. Smith, Madison, Mason, and Schwalke, and Corporals Brownell, Lawrence, Freeman; Pfc. Ross and Privates Allen and Hotard.

The crew of the "Delhi" will no doubt remember Monday, November 16th, as one of their most pleasant days in the States. A special program was arranged for their entertainment, and their expressions of pleasure gave evidence that it was a success. The early part of the evening was devoted to a banquet. It was a regular Thanksgiving dinner, though a bit premature. There was chicken, of course, ice cream, pie and cake, to mention a few delicacies. The compliments paid to Mess Sergeant Jounillieu made him blush with pride.

The detachment of Royal Marines presented two excellent pictures of themselves. One hangs in the library and the other in the C. O.'s office. A friendly gesture of good will which is deeply appreciated.

To top off the day and make the entertainment complete, a dance was given. Through newspaper and radio notices the largest crowd to attend a dance at the barracks responded. There were enough dancing partners for all and through the efforts of the dance committee the visitors were introduced and made to feel at ease. A prize waltz was given, open to members of the "Delhi" only. The winners were picked by popular applause, and we are sure that those who won will treasure their prizes as mementos of an enjoyable occasion.

Our regular dance schedule brought around another one on the 21st. These dances are getting so popular that an extension should be put on the hall. Guess we'll see the Q. M. about it; no, on second thought, they might check us. The dance committee can not be commended too highly for its work in preparing the hall for these functions, and giving such good entertainment to the personnel. Thanks, fellows.

Paddy Doyle, the venerable chairman, is getting to be widely publicized by a certain member of the committee. His observations while comparing the "old Marine Corps" with what it is today are often amusing. His comments are being carefully noted and will be compiled in a future column. Keep your eye open, old timers.

Speaking of old timers, I was on one of my frequent trips to Baltimore, via bus, and had the pleasure of meeting a real old shellback. If he had been in now he could sport nine hash marks! In the course of his talk he wondered if there were any who remembered the time in China when a group of Marines, fresh from boot camp, and as he said, "unable to hit the side of a barn if they were inside," formed a team and beat the Italian's crack rifle outfit. I thought this was a good way to find out. He went on to say that the scores were marked from the butts a bit differently for the Italians, who thought that all scores would be signaled the same way. However, each time a bull's-eye was made on the Italian side a red flag signified it; when a miss was made on the American side a red flag signified that also. It seemed that all our fellows could do that day was miss and at one time the "swabo" flutter over every target! This drew the attention of the Italians and so unnerved them that they were unable

SEND IN THE NEWS OF YOUR DETACHMENT TO THE LEATHERNECK

to concentrate on their own firing. The funny part of it was that the men who kept score were Italians and no one had put them wise in regard to the difference in marking. The Marines won by a large margin.

New arrivals, furloughs and discharges have been numerous this month. In this day of fast transportation it is of special note that it took a transfer party nearly two months to arrive from Mare Island. The principals in this act, which brings back memories of a covered wagon trek, are Pfc. Glenn A. Bollinger, late of Headquarters, Mare Island, and Pvt. Robert B. Ernst from the guard company of the same post. These men are now attached to the staff of the Business School. Ernst is a former member of the Civil Service School, who had been discharged as a sergeant a few months back. Bollinger is doing duty as instructor in Salesmanship.

The Registrar's office lost one of its members on the 27th when Corporal John C. Precour received a special order. He says he is going back to college. Well, here's luck, John. Corporal Triplatt was discharged, E. of E. on the 15th. The rapidly diminishing number of sergeants was again depleted when Lanciaux, instructor in French, obtained an own convenience discharge. Here is an opening

for one of you fellows out there who knows his French. Corporal Edwards of the barracks detachment shipped over on the 3rd. Corporal Fowler, music de luxe, was paid off on a special order and took off to the wide open spaces of South Carolina. Private Julius Jalickee reenlisted and is attached to the Academic School. (Times must be hard on the outside; take heed, you short timers.)

Corporal Morrow and Corporal Williams, members of the Registrar's office, are on furlough. Morrow is somewhere in Maryland and Williams is 'way up in Saginaw, Michigan. Private Lehmann and Private Cassabone took furloughs also, the former staying in the city and the latter spending the time in Front Royal, Va. Staff Sergeant Rausch is giving the girls a thirty-day treat out in Alexandria, Va.

More new arrivals are Privates First Class Warner and Rigdon from NPD., Portsmouth, N. H.; Pfc. Moore and Privates Friedman and Schwiger, Camp Rapidan; Corporal Thompson from the navy yard, Portsmouth, Va. All these men are additions to the barracks detachment.

Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, the fellow who writes those interesting articles in the "Leatherneck," is also on furlough. He won wide publicity in the Corps through his stories which more vividly portrayed the series of covers illustrating the Marines' Hymn. We hope that he enjoys a well-earned rest.

We promised you some statistics on the bowling league. You'll find them on the sports page.

Until next month then, au revoir.

Result of Rifle Team Match fired November 16th, 1931, at District of Columbia National Guard Rifle Range, Camp Sims, D. C., between a team representing the Royal Marines, H. M. S. "Delhi," and a team representing the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Course: One sighting shot and seven shots for record at 200 yards, 300 yards and 500 yards, slow fire. "A" and "B." Ten shots for record at 200 yards and 300 yards, rapid fire. "D."

ROYAL MARINES

	200S	300S	500S	200R	300R	Total
Color Sergeant Facy.....	31	28	28	43	40	170
Marine Heather	29	29	28	37	43	166
Corporal Homer	32	29	28	40	34	163
Marine Broom	26	28	21	45	41	161
Marine Ball	29	24	30	39	36	158
Marine Crook	28	28	19	41	40	156
Marine King	28	20	17	38	43	146
Marine Brown	23	23	17	44	27	134
Marine Morris	24	26	21	30	33	134
Marine Walker	23	26	25	22	38	134
	273	261	234	379	375	1522

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

	200S	300S	500S	200R	300R	Total
Sergeant Schwalke	32	33	31	48	50	194
Corporal Lawrence	34	33	31	45	49	192
Corporal Brownell	33	29	34	46	49	191
Sergeant Madison	32	34	30	50	42	188
Private Allen	33	33	31	40	49	186
Sergeant Smith, F. W.	35	31	15	50	49	180
Corporal Freeman	33	30	26	47	42	178
Private Hotard	30	28	33	38	47	176
Private Ross	31	31	31	35	41	169
Sergeant Mason	32	28	28	39	34	161
	325	310	290	438	452	1815

Royal Marines, H. M. S. "Delhi"..... 1522
United States Marine Corps, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. . 1815

—Earland J. Lakin,

Wisdom From Boston

The recent rumors that the oldest Navy Yard in the United States was to be closed has caused quite a bit of comment among the usually so sedate and reserve inhabitants of this historical and interesting city.

There are many in the Corps who have served here in the past that will probably be very much surprised to learn that the people of Boston really exhibited a genuine concern over the possibility of losing their Navy Yard. However, the old yard seems to be open for business as usual at this time. Among the recent arrivals to the yard are the "Schenck," "Herbert," "Badger," "Brasos," "Omaha," "Whitney," "Asheville," "Vega," "Tillman," "Taylor," "Arkansas," "Hamilton," and R-5. Most of the foregoing have installed talking movies. The "Asheville," instead of talking movies, installed an ice cream freezer to replace their old barber shop. Rumors have it that the chill of the ice-cream tends to freeze the roots of the hair and prevent growth, thereby eliminating the necessity of a barber shop. If such is the case, our "Scientifically-minded" element of the Corps will be interested in the report from the boys of the "Asheville," that is, if the plan is a success.

The same old routine of guard duty prevails, and is being performed with the usual amount of growls. Therefore, it stands to reason that we are a perfectly contented and happy lot.

A basketball team has been organized by Secnod Lieutenant Ronald D. Salmon, and bids fair to bring home fresh laurels for our detachment. Their present average is .650 and you may rest assured that they have met and conquered some formidable opposition. Their present line-up consists of Makawavitch, Parker, Treiling, Thacker, Cotton, Miller, Donaldson, Brewer, Wagner and Dockx.

Quite a bit of interest has been shown in the small-bore rifle practice and shows promise of smashing records in great style. Many of the names on this team may sound new to the old timers that have followed the shooting game, but we will mention them here because undoubtedly they will become well known (or even famous) before the season is over. They are: Easterling, Whitehouse, Treiling, Hittenmark, McLaughlin, Rowland, Ernul, Sinclair, Schmidt, Gilliam, French, Jones and Ownby. Sergeant Easterling, recently promoted to that rank, is coach of the team and if you don't believe he can shoot, just look up his record. If that doesn't convince you, just stand off at a thousand yards or so and let him practice up on you. Easterling was last season's winner of the Pershing Trophy for the highest individual score and you can take our word for it that we don't want him to shoot in our direction.

The list of new arrivals at this post is so long that it would be impossible to go into detail, and since Marines from all over the Corps are constantly on the move, transfers can hardly be classed as news. The Sea School, Portsmouth, Va., and Marine Barracks, Parris Island, have furnished most of our new drafts, but others have drifted in from almost everywhere. Perhaps our most famous arrival was Sergeant Easterling, the straight-shooting and much-married champion rifle shot of whom we are justly

proud. Among other notable arrivals were Sergeant Makawavitch who enjoys the distinction of having had charge of the first Marine detachment attached to the U. S. F. "Constitution" on her present cruise; Sergeant Leon Kohn, fresh from the Orient; Sergeant Jo-Jo Fleck from the "Asheville"; Sergeant Whitehouse (tropical and balmy ex-shavetail from the sunburned army of Port au Prince, Haiti); Corporals Williams, Donaldson, and Hollywood from the Bar Terminus, also from the first Brigade, Pour de Drinks Hay Tea; and last but not least comes Corporal Weaver, our music, trumpeter, and dream blaster. Weaver was an instructor of musics at Parris Island. More could be said about Corporal Weaver's arrival and the questions he asked, but perhaps we'd better leave that to Corporal Kravish, our Teeth-Gnashing Police Sergeant.

Many of the old timers who served here in years gone by will be glad to know that the unsightly and often muddy parade ground in front of the barracks has been transformed into a beautiful lawn with little hedges, evergreen trees, flowers and everything else that's pretty. You can take our word for it that the old home looks as though it had its face lifted. It may be the same old barracks but there certainly have been a lot of changes for the better during recent years. Do any of you remember the old cubby-hole that was used as a mess hall before and during the war? Never mind which war, for we suppose that the same rooms were used during all our wars. But at any rate the old "Guard Room" has been added to one of the mess rooms making a large and well lighted mess hall. The other mess room has been added to the galley. Tile floors and new equipment throughout have been added and the walls have been painted to perfection. All in all, we have a chow hall that is second to none in the outfit.

But all this talk about a good place in which to eat would hardly be complete without some mention of the chow and those who dish it out. We'll all take off our hats to Corporal "Jimmie" Brothers (we'll have to or we don't eat) our beloved mess sergeant. Needless to say, Brothers is doing a fine job of it and with the assistance of first, second, third, and fourth class cooks who know their slum, we're sitting on top of the dishwasher.

Among the recent happenings there are none that gave us more real pleasure than the decoration of First Lieutenant Evans F. Carlson with the Navy Cross. Lieutenant Carlson won this distinction while serving with the Guardia Nacional in Nicaragua. The citation read "For extraordinary heroism while commanding Jalapa in the bandit area of Nueva Segovia." Lieutenant Carlson led a detachment of sixteen natives to attack a band of one hundred or more bandits who were looting the town of Portillo. Four of his men deserted en route but he attacked with the remaining twelve, recapturing arms, ammunition, equipment and clothing, completely routing the enemy, killing two and wounding seven without casualties to his own men.

In keeping with the time-honored custom of the City of Boston to be first in culture, the Marine detachment has inaugurated an extension course and you'd be surprised at the number that are extending. Some for three years,

some for only two, some for China, but most of them for Boston.

Corporal William J. Kelley, who guides the destinies of the boys of South Boston, is becoming quite famous as a great hunter. He has been hunting for a dog that escaped from the "Byrd Expedition Ship" for the past several months. The dog is still running around wild.

Quartermaster Sergeant McCarthy has purchased a new Ford that looks like a million dollars. You know, a million dollars sadly invested.

Sergeant Kohn seems to be taking an interest in South Boston. Maybe he's helping Kelley in the dog hunt. We overheard Kohn say something about a dog the other day.

Pfc. Guy has been added to the Commanding Officer's office force and, believe it or not, he took first prize in the recent horse show before it was discovered that he had merely entered an empty stall to retie a broken shoe lace.—Bee-Nee-See.

Manhattan Melodies

Corporal Elmer G. Peters is, in addition to his regular duties as carpenter, painter, and plumber, actively engaged in the transportation business. Pete is the only man in the navy yard who can successfully transport four passengers on a motorcycle without a sidecar. Paymaster Sergeant Joseph J. Ayers, joined from the First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti, as the relief for Paymaster Sergeant Ray R. Maynard who is reporting for duty at Quantico, Virginia. Sergeant John P. Sheridan and Private First Class Edward Umlauf joined from MB, Norfolk Navy Yard for duty, and Sergeant William H. Crater decided that Quantico held no attractions for him as he rejoined recently from the post on the Potomac.

Corporal Edmund R. Allen was recently discharged at this post and immediately re-enlisted for another tour of duty with the corps, and at the expiration of a three-month furlough will be transferred to Hampton Roads for further transfer to the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China.

The following graduates of the Sound Motion Picture Operators School were recently transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., for further transfer to various stations outside the United States. Sergeants William T. Myers and Elmer A. Nagel, to Second Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua; Corporal John S. Durant and Private James A. Pritchett to MB, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; Private First Class John C. Freeman to MB, Naval Operating Base, Pearl Harbor, T. H., and Private Ralph E. Crawley to First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Sergeant Lucian C. Gifford was transferred to First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti, by staff returns, to report upon the expiration of furlough. Gifford was very anxious to return to the Port for some reason best known to himself.

Corporal Arthur G. Loudon joined from the Marine Detachment U. S. S. "Chicago" and was transferred to the MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., for transfer to the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, Managua, Nicaragua.

Sergeant Major Harry S. Remington, passed through New York recently en

route from Pearl Harbor to his new station at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Sergeants Major Joseph J. Franklin and John C. Ferguson, retired, were recent callers at the barracks. They are both enjoying good health and are employed in Manhattan Banks.

First Sergeant James Gifford, the top kick of the Barracks Detachment, has signified his intention to re-enlist here upon discharge in the near future.

Sergeant Garry H. Housecamp was recently discharged and immediately shipped over for duty here.

Sergeant John D. Lockburner recently reported in for duty from the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada. John reports a fine trip across the continent by bus.

Quartermaster Sergeant Elmer T. Pantier is a new member of the command he having been transferred from Marine Barracks, NOB, New Orleans, La.

Puget Sounds Off

This ill-omened day, Friday the Thirteenth, has deemed fit to initiate the Puget Sound Country into the waiting arms of Dame Winter. It isn't so cold, but the old famous "pizzle-drizzle" is coming down in sheets. Let the old wintry winds blow, for we have enjoyed one of the most glorious autumns possible in any clime. The beautiful Indian Summer stayed with us for more than two whole months; and what region is more favored by Nature to portray the vivid coloring of woodland hill and dell, the purple reflections of the setting sun on highland steeps, or the silvery enchantment of the Harvest Moon on tranquil lakes—than the Olympic Peninsula? You leather-burners who have pounded trail in the Magic Valley know what I mean!

Ye olde Marine Barracks and what goes with it have been having one little siege in the way of parades, ceremonies, and what have you, in the past couple of weeks. Navy Day, Marine Corps Birthday, Armistice Day and a big all-service parade in Seattle wound up the festivities. This parade ranks all by itself in the matter of punctuality. It was scheduled to start promptly at 8:00 a.m., AND IT DID! The Leathernecks detailed for the honor did more than their share to add the dash and color which always typifies the American Marine. The uniform was full-blues, white belts and slides, rifles and bayonets. The most significant thing regarding the parade was the lack of cheering and hilarity which usually goes hand in hand with celebrations of this nature. The vast throngs were strangely hushed, the marching legions representing a symbol of that Heroic Horde of 1918 found listed in the Missing Battalion on the first Armistice Day.

You hill-billies from Nueva Segovia and parts south ought to see the HORSE MARINE we boast of in our post. Caramba! El tiene una mala costumbre que aprendia en las alturas de esa Cual es?

You posts who boast of your athletic teams, shined up spivkits, white gloves and locomobiles haven't got a thing on this dugout. We without the least fear of contradiction state that we have the best preserved Marine in the entire

Corps, no other than OLD CHESTY. Hats off, men! I am not going to spread an acre of print in his behalf for he is as well known throughout the Marine world as "Sneakin' Pedro." As a bit of news Old Chesty is bound on his usual periodical furlough to Dusseldorf-on-Rhine in May. May the voyage be pleasant and all the leibkins awaiting you with outstretched arms, Chesty.—Mas Luego.

Dover Dope

We're back again on the air, ladies and gentlemen. And again we try to bring to you the news from Northern New Jersey.

As we type this article, First Sergeant Otto N. Roos is expected in any day now to take over the duties of Post First Sergeant. Our old top kick, John F. Cato, was transferred to the sea school at Portsmouth, while Sergeant Clarence F. McDermott took over the latter's job awaiting the arrival of Roos.

Sergeant Brown was paid off December 6th, after a six-year enlistment in the Marine Corps, but, much to our regret, did not ship over in the regulars. Like a true Marine, though, he did sign his name to serve four years in Class III of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Corporal Clanton and Pfc. Preble are due to be paid off the early part of the new year. We anticipate Corporal Clanton's shipping over, but will have to watch out for Preble.

Two new arrivals from Lakehurst—Corporal James and Pfc. Frick. They seem to enjoy the post very much. And why not?

Corporal George L. Lorman, our eminent Post Exchange steward and juggler of Post Exchange figures, besides he claims to be the best librarian here, wants to know why he wasn't mentioned in previous articles of the "Leatherneck." Well, George, you're in print now.

Corporal Mann is to take over the duties of police sergeant, vice Sergeant Brown discharged.

Amongst the members of the command we claim Pfc. Burkhardt, who can out-drink anyone in the line of milk. Lorman has a separate case of milk on reserve for Burky each day. That does not count the dozens of doughnuts and eclairs he puts away.

Someone wanted to know if the Dover dope we have is the guy that writes this article. You can never tell.

As predicted in last month's "Leatherneck," the Marine bowling team is picking up. It won't be long until the Marines will be topping the league. A lot of credit goes to Commander Bidwell, U. S. N., who takes such a great interest in the team. Due to numerous handicaps, we are unable to organize a football team this season. But watch the baseball team we'll put out next spring.

Well, we're signing off, and hoping you'll all be listening in for our monthly broadcast. S'long, but not good-bye.—Jack Goldstein.

Clippings from the Clerical School

After a long absence we again come to the front with some sense—more nonsense—with which to regale the "Leatherneck" readers at our expense. True, the "Leatherneck" is improving with every

issue, of late, and probably our absence from its pages accounts for it. Leathernecks, do you know that the new Gazette Section keeps you in touch with all the Marine Corps changes? Here you have before you: all promotions, transfers, reenlistments, deaths, rosters of promotion, and other valuable data. And all this is furnished you for the same price.

This class convened 1 August, 1931, with the largest enrollment in its history—twenty-six students. With the term more than half completed, six have fallen by the wayside; victims of sickness and in a few cases—incompetency. Twenty are still in line, determined to ride to victory.

Sergeant John A. Miller, instructor, with the help of his adept assistant, Corporal Lester Davis, has a knack of prodding even the laggards to greater efforts.

His criticisms, suggestions, and admonitions are given with great magnanimity. He lets you know that in accomplishing anything you are doing it for yourself only. His advices are: self-mastery, obedience, diligence, and concentration.

Pfc. Albright is the senior man and has many responsibilities and be it said in his favor that he takes care of them creditably. Pfc. Caine has a predilection for Camden and his partner in crime is Private Carmichael. Probably investigating rackets. Pfc. Sutphin, a good cribbage player, never gets beyond Oregon Avenue when on liberty. Private Allen is a handsome brute; adorned with a lovely mustache. Not averse to the fair sex. Private Bennett is the chief holdup man for the sergeant's questions. Knows all about oil'n everything. Private Corbett is a demon for shorthand—a scholar par excellence—the sergeant is responsible for this.—(Editor). Private Dearing—not the "harvester"—is vainly trying to grasp what it is all about. Private Geiser is supposed to be an equine (if you know what that is). Private Gilbert has a fondness for checkers and un-made bunks. Private Grace, though graceful, is a demon in action. Private Hill, an ex-drill instructor at Parris Island, is nevertheless quite amenable. Private Kight (Lightning) has the sergeant worried, as he (sergeant) is not quite sure whether the Quartermaster will authorize an air-cooling system for typewriters. The smoke from said Kight's typewriter, when in action, looks like an oil well fire. Private Lotwis, now a scholar, has the hideous past of a "pug" to live down. His sole purpose in life is to prove that the past can be lived down. Private Mapp—an extra "p" for good measure—is so busy affixing the superfluous consonant to his name that he can scarcely think of anything else. Private Nordstrom carries an additional handle of "Gustave." Admits that Minnesota belongs to the United States. Private Shriver is a deep one. Keeps everything to himself. His nonchalant attitude never betrays him. Private Stevenson—not of "Treasure Island" fame. "Stevey" for short. Good footballer. Punts beautifully, which is hard on typewriters. Private Turcotte, ex-music, small and petite. Has a matchless brain. T. N. T. when he gets started. Private Watson complains that by virtue of his name he is doomed to tail-end in most things. Reciprocates by heading the chow-line.—Corbett.

Quantico News

Brown Field Bull-E-Tins

With one year's work completed on the 10th of January we feel that Marine Aviation on the East Coast is now on a real paying basis and at least the most stable one that it has been since its founding. Heretofore there have been rumors of moving the Quantico Base from everywhere up and down the East Coast to Panama. The work on the new field that is to be located on the filled Chappawamsic Swamp and old Robinson Pond is more than 50 per cent completed according to the estimates of the Public Works and while in the rough it looks far from being a flying field, the big job of earth moving is about finished from the south side and with the leveling that is to come from the Tenth Regiment area and the sea wall that is to be built on the river side, the results thus far are most gratifying, the engineers state.

The picture of industry hereabouts is anything but a barometer of depression and unemployment and with the appropriation for the new building program that will give hangars, shops, a barracks, and administration building, coming up in the near future, it may be that the government will attempt to aid the jobless and house Brown Field in comfortable quarters in the same move.

The concentration that has been effected with the reset up of one No. 1 Field hangars on Field No. 2 has been a great help and the expected congestion of the added traffic brought from the old field has not caused any concern thus far in the way of any trouble. Brown Field is now "out of the mud" with an added roadway from the new hangars extending down past the small hangar on the north end of the field. Under the able supervision of Master Sergeant John Carl Turner, civilian workmen completed

the job in record time during the past month. John and his gang of "Civies" are also doing lots of other helpful concrete jobs about.

Major Ralph J. Mitchell joined the command as C. O. on the 16th of the month having arrived from Nicaragua only a short while back where he was a very popular Commanding Officer, it is breezed about by those who have lately returned from Nicaragua. Major James T. Moore is Executive Officer and Captain Byron F. Johnson who also recently returned from Nicaragua has taken over the job of Operations Officer with First Lieutenant P. E. Conrad as assistant.

First Sergeant Bill Barrick arrived from Haiti on the 20th of the month and will take over the Headquarters Company after his relief of First Sergeant Lee T. Bowen who is in the Naval Hospital in Washington, is through. Master Sergeant Horace Duke Geer returned from a 16,000 mile 90-day shipping over furlough on the 4th.

Somebody had a letter from Master Sergeant Morris "Sap" Kurtz in Nicaragua and he states that the Sandinistas have the Guardia on the run all over Nicaragua. He also stated that when one from the rank of Second Lieutenant on up are sent by rail from Managua to Corinto or Granada that an aerial patrol is sent along over the train. All others sent at sender's risk, we guess. From our experience with the Nicaragua railroad it would take an endurance plane to follow one of those fast mails from Managua to Corinto.

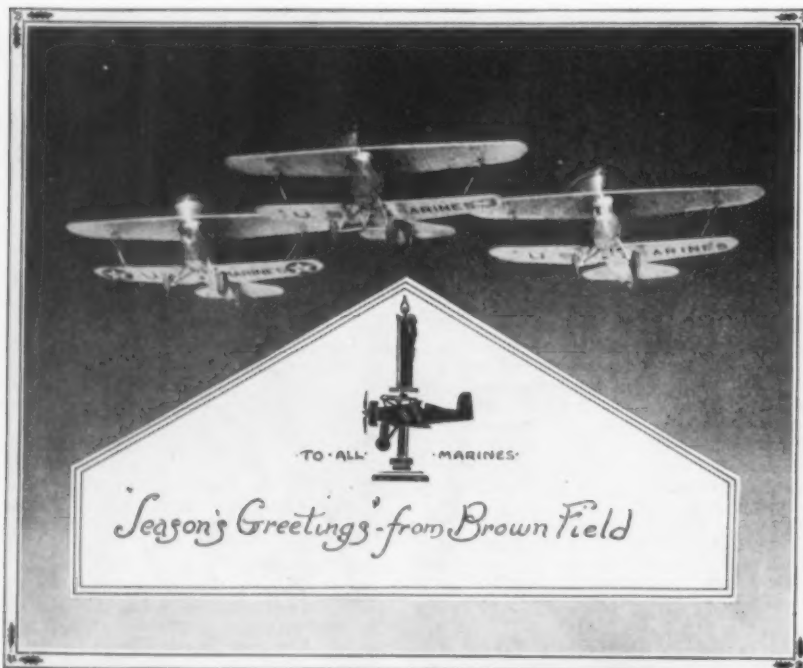
The personnel turned out en masse for the football games at Philadelphia on the 11th when the Legion trimmed the locals by 14 to 0 and it is said that many Aviation Marines were in the goal post party after the Coast Guard game when the Prohibition Navy threatened to tear down the Devil Dog goal posts and thought better of the venture after sighting in on the gang.

The untimely death of Second Lieutenant Joel B. Nott, Marine Corps Reserve, who was instantly killed in an unexplainable crash out of a Lufberry Circle at New Bern, North Carolina, on the afternoon of the 21st of November, was a shock to the entire field. Led by First Lieutenant David L. Cloud of VF Squadron 9-M, Lieutenant Nott was the second pilot in the formation in a left hand Lufberry about 1,500 feet altitude when his plane suddenly banked sharply to the right and went into a spin. The plane seemed to right itself at about 500 feet altitude and then dived vertically into the ground in the center of the airport. The board of investigation failed to assign any cause to the accident and it will be listed as just another one of those things that happen in aviation. Lieutenant Nott was a very popular officer and had many friends all over the field and Quantico.

In Lieutenant Frederick H. Smith's art "The Leatherneck" has a new brand of lay-out cut drawings that are not to be had outside the pages of the highest class magazines. The picture of the late Colonel Turner was one of Lieutenant Smith's productions and the greeting from Brown Field in this issue is some of his handiwork. Graduating from New Hampshire University in 1928, with a degree of Bachelor of Arts in Architecture, Lieutenant Smith was a designer with an Eastern manufacturing company until he got the flying bug and was sent to Pensacola in 1930 and got his wings early this year and was sent here for one year's active duty. Mr. Smith is a natural artist and his many contributions to come to the pages of "The Leatherneck" will give distinctive art to the lay-outs that he is so capable of sketching. Mr. Smith designed the Christmas card for the field and has done other bits of designing about in keeping his hand in. With the phenomenal growth of the Corps publication in the past few years, it will do well to have the services of a man like Lieutenant Smith.

Try and tie this one. Corporal Robert E. Coddington, acting First Sergeant of Headquarters Company, has turned in over 100 subscriptions for "The Leatherneck" in the past nine months and no "jawbone." Bob has done more for the magazine than any other man ever has in Aviation and we venture that no other man in the Corps has done near as good. Bob is not a pencil pusher in any sense of the word for he has two "letters" as a member of the Quantico football team and was a member of the track team that won the Ernest Lee Jahneke Trophy in 1929 when the Marine entry won the service relay in Washington. For six months Coddington has done the work of a first sergeant in a most creditable manner. His all around ability also is the cause of many other little jobs such as the recorder on trouble boards and Courts Martial cases. The depression seems to have a strangle hold on the promotions at this time and many good men are being kept down and Coddington is one of the deserving ones.

Lieutenant Commander George T. Dill left the field as Flight Surgeon on the 16th for the U. S. S. "Langley" and was succeeded by Lieutenant Ernest Ward. Dr. Dill was a very popular officer with both the officers and enlisted men. Dr.



Ward comes to Brown Field from Fleet Air, Pearl Harbor, T. H. While just a hole-in-the-wall location at the entrance of the field the local sick bay is the place for service regardless of the time of day or night Pharmacists Mates Zook, Lar-kins, and Dearmand put out the service with a smile and even give a little sympathy along with it.

This is the last line of blarney that we are going to hand you through "The Leatherneck," this year, and with it we wish all everything good for the coming years in the Marine Corps.

News Notes

Lieutenant Colonel Howard W. Stone, USMC, was reported for duty at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, from Headquarters Marine Corps on November 25th.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Lucian C. Whitaker, USMC, returned to Quantico on November 23rd, after having spent 10 days with relatives at Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina.

Parris Island

Ramblings

The list of events for the Olympic Games for 1932 have been received and we were surprised to find no "bare-footed cinder track" events. And we have such excellent teams here under the leadership of Head Coach DePishon and Assistant Coach W. Williams. Coaches DePishon's and Williams' teams consist of the following: Frisbie and Rogers; Griffin and L. Williams; Sass and Hunter, and Tyson and Lea. The teams have developed such possibilities that the coaches have abandoned public training and the last workout was held on the golf course at night following a dance at the Post Inn. The training and performances of the teams are clouded with much secrecy, but rumors reach us that some of them displayed beautiful form in this last night performance. It is also said in sporting circles around the Post that the team of Tyson and Lea was on the bench the last night due to Lea having a bum "dog."

A startling piece of news in connection with these teams are that their track suits carry the emblem of the Ball and Chain. We are wondering if the coaches are drilling them in some new event which has something to do with the lock-step. We are all hoping that the Committee of Arrangements will see fit to enter some cinder track events for barefoots in the Olympic Games as some of the contestants here sure look good.

If things keep growing from bad to worse these column writers for the 'Neck are going to have to get police protection. When Gunnery Sergeant Petrillo read our last mention of him he gave me an Afghanistan look and swore revenge. I say "Afghanistan look" because I believe that is the only country in the world that is not looking for us to pay their war debts.

Speaking of pressmen (John Demos-thenes the proprietor of the tailor shop need not become all ears for this is not the type of pressman you are interested in), a new organization has come forth on Parris Island known as the Semper Fidelis Chapter of the United Amateur

Press Association of America. The Chapter's President is Private Franklin G. Otis, who holds a degree in journalism. It is proving to be a very good organization for those interested in writing in any way. The Chapter has the distinction of being the first of the Association established in military circles.

Corporal Larry Sutton who has bit Parris Island to many a victory on the diamond has left our midst for the Sea School and the Special Service Squadron. Larry has long desired to bask in the sunshine of Panama and grow fat. However, word reaches us from Coco Solo that the rainy season is on and that Sergeant Carden is growing tired of dodging into a doorway every few feet until the scheduled shower is over.

Has anyone heard anything of a let up in the depression? Sergeant Buckley, while acting as topkick of Headquarters Company, sent his company clerk to ask a non-com if he was going to ship over. The answer was "Ask the Top if he doesn't know the depression is still on?"

And there is such rotten advertising as Smith and Company of the Morale office throws on the screen. For example, "Show for tomorrow night, 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' one-reel short." No indication as to which reel was short and who wants to see a movie with a reel missing, especially if it is in the middle of the movie. But then maybe I am dumb and don't see those things right. I'll admit I spent three weeks on the Island of Cozumel, known as the "Island of Swallows" before I realized that the reference to swallows had to do with birds.

Sergeant Jess Himes who used to play a bang-up game of golf has recently turned his efforts to the game of "hearts." Don't forget Jess, old man, that no matter how domicile they may seem they are all members of the tigress family and might bare their fangs at you any time.

Speaking of the fairer sex though—I was coming out of the movie hall some time ago and my eyes caught two objects at one time—one was of my old friend Sergeant Golden of the football squad attempting to get down the steps from the movie hall. He certainly appeared lame. Back of him about ten feet was a beautiful blond with another fellow. My attention was divided until Golden called for me to assist him. I helped him down on the sidewalk and while doing so asked him what the trouble was. He informed me that he had badly sprained his ankle at football practice that afternoon. I thought he informed me in rather a loud voice, but thought nothing of it at the time. However, after helping him quite a distance from the show, he told me he was all right and stepped out at a pace that had me dizzy. He then tells me that he had a date with the blonde but had called it off, using as an excuse that he had badly hurt his ankle. I say that Golden has all the qualities of a good quarterback—a quick thinker.

Gunnery Sergeant Miller says there is only one thing wrong with golf and that it interferes with fishing.

"Sharkey" Shumway remarked after the Bowdon State game that two or three broken ribs aren't so bad, especially when you have so many left in good shape.

First Sergeant Rosseau says that Parris Island is all right and that the only annoying feature that he has discovered

so far was some one trying to pull an Albie Booth in the late minutes of a night's sleep by attempting to drop kick a goal with a locker box. He informs us that that type of playing is not conducive to sound sleep.

Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops has reported for duty in the office of the Commanding General. He is the relief for the writer who has been tipped off that it is quite likely that he will soon be among the newly reconstructed old scenes of Managua.

We hear rumors that a recent change in traffic laws in Panama calls for all traffic to the right—just like God's country. And word reaches us from First Sergeant Quinn at Port au Prince that Haiti is modernized. What are we Americans doing to the world anyway—soon there will be no civilization in the raw—not even in the Pantamas Valley. Remember, Carden at Coco Solo, I have an appointment with you to look over Colon when I go south en route to Nicaragua.

And we hear from our old friend Gunnery Sergeant "Don" Carlos Martinez at "Diego" that all is astir there in preparation for the "attack" on the islands at Hawaii. He says the place is lousy with such signs as "Beware—this man represents a battalion."—Earl B. Hardy.

Giggle Gas

When the U. S. S. "Dupont" was here on Navy Day our friend Francis R. Shull couldn't figure out why they had port-holes in the starboard side!

The Post Exchange offers barometers at reduced prices. On these early Wednesday morning inspections we'd rather see them go up!

What is that famous expression about "stoops to conquer"? Well, anyways, he's here. Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops reported to the Post Sergeant Major's Office last week, and after giving him the once over we are convinced he will be able to conquer without stooping.

We met Sergeant Doyle Foster and Corporal Harold Blosser in Beaufort and they told us they had been all over town trying to get something for their wives. They didn't say whether or not they had received any offers!

Private First Class Cecil Martin has been sporting a protruding lip around here, which he claims he got in an automobile accident, but old Dame Rumor has it that he went to a dance in Yemasee and was struck by the beauty of the place!

A Journalists' Club has just been organized on the Post. Our clerks will now write better and bigger discharges.

Just before chow the other morning Private First Class Wheeler was heard to say to Private First Class Wigen, "Say, I had two apples in my locker when I went to bed last night, and now there is only one." Wigen evidently didn't see the other one. Now we know why they got a new safe in the Pay Office.

We'll bet Bandsman O'Daniell is now a firm believer in that old saying "A stitch in time saves nine."

In spite of Dr. Butler's statement that the depression on the "outside" is a dif-

ferent kind, it evidently offers no charms to Corporal Phillip Nolan, as he has just shipped over.

The way First Sergeant Frank Walcutt raves about losing a man from his band you'd think he was on a "commission basis."

When that motor cop pulled up alongside of Corporal Jake Limerick in Savannah and told him he was doing fifty, Jake should have had him put it in writing and sign it so he could make the fellows here on the island believe it.

If prisoners continue to try to escape from the Naval Prison it might be a good idea to let them read the papers!

Private Earle Gimber is still on the football team, but the longest run he has had to date has been in his socks!

Watch this column closely,
Maybe you'll be next;
And if such is the case,
Please do not be vexed!

F. G. Otis.

Haiti

Bowen Field

Tuesday, November 10th, the 156th birthday of the Marine Corps, was fittingly celebrated by an aerial show at this field in the forenoon, and horse racing on the adjacent Pan-American field in the afternoon.

In the aerial show were demonstrated several of the formations used in military aviation; also individual and formation dive-bombing, and the attack formation showing the manner in which planes attack ground troops in mass columns with machine guns and bombs. For this event a miniature building was set up on the field and the accuracy of the gunners sent it up in smoke.

Captain Harris, in a Corsair, demonstrated the manner in which a message pick-up is made.

A relay race of two teams of two planes each was next on the program. In this event a mail bag was transferred from one plane to its team-mate which finished the race. The team of Lieutenant Williams and Staff Sergeant Long won over that of Lieutenants Salzman and Scollin.

Lieutenant Salzman and Staff Sergeant Trevelyan took turns at bursting balloons in the air. The Aerological department (Bowman and Engleman) were kept busy turning the balloons loose from the ground. Who said those boys don't work?

Gunnery Sergeant "Herbie" Cooper made a successful parachute jump as the next event on the program. While he landed in a cactus field Herbie was none the worse for the experience.

The aerial show wound up with a four-plane speed race. Staff Sergeant Long took first place, and Staff Sergeant Ray Trevelyan, Captain Harris, and Major Davis, finished in the order named.

A large crowd was on hand to see the aviatin' personnel of VO-9M perform. All the units of the First Brigade were represented. The American Minister to Haiti; the Brigade Commander; officers of the Brigade and their families; the

Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti; officers of the Garde d'Haiti and their families; and a large gathering from the American Colony were among the guests.

A donkey tug-of-war opened the afternoon's program. This was won by the Second Regiment team. Then followed the horse races. In the first race of the afternoon, Smedley Butler, Woods up, took first place. Drewes, on Red, came in to take place money, and Lieutenant Walker's Mate, Olsok up, came in third, Nigger, Dan and Brownie were among the also ran.

The second race was quite an exciting one. Venuti on Whozit led all the way until going into the homestretch when that clever rider, Woods, brought Flash home to take first place.

Mrs. Edward Pawley took first prize in the Ladies Bending Race. Mrs. J. M. Pearce came in second and Miss Beverly Pollard took the third prize. The chairman of the stewards, Colonel Little, presented the ladies with their prizes.

The Polo Club Stakes was the next race. Stoddard gave Dokey a hard ride to win this one. The favorite, King (in reality no other than Lester) with Olsok up, came in second, and was followed by Red, Drewes up. Jim, Samoset and Prince I were the other starters.

Major Shepherd on his own horse, Ipicae, took first place in the next race. Able Johnson gave Jeff a nice ride and brought him in second. Stampede followed and Bay Boy, Consuela and Rastus finished in the order named.

The Welter Stakes, half mile, carrying 175 pounds, was next on the program. Olsok, on Mate, finally came into his own and won his only first place of the day. McMahon's 175 pounds was too much for his pony, Nag, but he managed to bring him in second. Blanton, riding Prince II, brought his pony in third while Grey Coat, Eclipse and Centaur also ran.

The Champion Stakes, one mile and a quarter, at catch weight 145 pounds was the last, and perhaps, the best race of the day. The Clown, ridden by Captain Pearce, repeated himself and took first place. Lieutenant Batterton, riding Nugget hard took place position and was followed by Bright Night and Silver Mark.

Pari-mutuels were run on all the races and every one with a four-bit piece had the opportunities to double, treble or lose their money, as heretofore.

The Special race that closed the program was a knockout. This was a grudge race on mules. The four starters were:

- (1) Pride of Port au Prince (Jockey) The Masked Marvel.
- (2) Pet of the Brigade (Jockey) Pearl Sandey.
- (3) Shuffin' Along (Jockey) I. Ridem Ruff.
- (4) Here's Howdy (Jockey) Primo Canero.

We can't say who was who in the list of jockeys but we do know that our own "Tex" Rogers brought his mule in to take first place. Captain Montague came in second with Lieutenant Farrell a close third. Tom Henry, in a typical Here's Howdy make-up, was disqualified because he erred in the opinion of the stewards, when he dismounted and led his mule into the home stretch.

A picnic lunch was served on the Pan-American field and let me tell you that

drinks were aplenty throughout the afternoon. Every kind of pop was on hand, ice cream in several flavors, and the good old cerveza flowed freely. The Second Regiment Band kept up a continual rhapsody between the races, so you know there was something in the air at all times.

So that credit may be given where credit is due let us tell you who the officials, etc., were.

The aerial show, as already related, was put on by the personnel of VO-9M. The stewards for the horse races were Colonel Little, Dr. Pollard, "Bank" Williams, Major Fagan and Major Davis. Captain Pearce was clerk of course and he had as his assistant Lieutenant Batterton. In charge of the pari-mutuels were Captain Halla, Lieutenant Farrell and Tom Henry. Lieutenants Drake and Brown took care of the tug-of-wars. In charge of the Ladies Bending Race were Major Shepherd and Captain Culpepper. Mr. "Tony" Kneer, and Captains Pearce and Riseley were the starters. The Refreshment committee consisted of Captain Peters, Lieutenant Kirkpatrick and Chief Marine Gunner Laitsch. To them all we owe thanks for a most enjoyable day.

And once again we can truthfully say that a good time was had by all.

* * * *

The basketball season opens on December 14th, and the first game of the new season finds Aviation stacked up against the Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company five. Lieutenant Scollin is coaching our squad and we are looking forward to a successful season. From last year's team we have Petras, Griffiths, Scollin, Davis and Harris. These are augmented with some good material in Beatty, Foersch, Fischer, Howells, Goldmintz, Perry, Carpenter and Bowman. With these men as a nucleus, Mr. Scollin will endeavor to put a winning five on the floor for VO-9M.

The Polo outfit has started another series. Captain Rogers and his Orioles are working their darndest to come out on top in this series. At this writing they are one up on the Cockatoos but two down on the Woodpeckers. Which means that they simply must get the best of those 'peckers if they are to come out on top.

The Polo Club Handicap Sweepstakes are to be run on the Pan-American field December 26th, and some one from around these parts is going to be \$1,050 richer after the race is over. Second prize is \$300 and third place drags down \$150. The other starters give their ticket owners a twenty-dollar bill each. So the boys are investing two bucks to try for the winning ticket. We'll tell you all about who won and why (if we can) in the next issue.—Schneider.

Static and Interference

Well, folks, here we are again, as happy as ever, and just a trifle heavy from our Thanksgiving chow and the thought of Christmas coming up. Boy, what a chow we had! Everything you can name and lots that still remains unnamed. This galley force sure slings a wicked potato. Mess Sergeant Woodall, cooks Sharp and Fulcher, coupled with Messman Bell and Messboy Thomas, who is none other than "KO" John F. Thomas, keep a warm spot in our tum-

mies. If you don't believe our chow is good, ask Motor Transport—the boys have seen the Christmas menu and are already fasting.

Since the New Year is coming, most of us can start thinking of our resolutions. Student Mack can resolve to never mention Penn State and Army. Student Mack is the boy who put two years in a barber college, y'know he's so collegiate. "Haywire" Johnson can get books that he understands and Egstein (the Bronx Indian), Travis, and McCarger can forget the liberty they made in New York a year ago. Methinks that were there a New York cop within hearing distance they would forget about it, tout suite.

Now for our basketball team. Oh, well, we're modest and to keep the other teams from becoming frightened, we won't say too much. But to watch those boys at practice, one would think they had made and erected the goals—they never miss. Well, that is, they don't miss many. The first game we play will be against the Second Regiment on the 16th.

The "Kittery" took most of our company when Pfc. Jesse L. Randle left with it. Meeks is aboard also. Pfc. King, the walking dictionary, tried to leave too, but found out he was a Haitian citizen and could not get the necessary papers from the Custom House. Guess he'll ship over here. We made two swaps since last month. Katz went to the Cape to relieve Taylor and Van Johnson relieved Kish. Egstein will soon be on his way to relieve the New York Spaniard, De Lillo. Moyer is busy answering his pen pal letters and doesn't seem to mind this shifting in his command.

Here are a few words from the line gang. The telephone gang is still tying up and plugging in. "Bughole" McSweeney has an eagle eye for bug holes in the cable and his one ambition is to catch one of these bugs that are causing so much worry and grief. "Tiny" Taylor and Roszell are the other two men of the line gang. Corporal Bulick and his bunch of telephone girls at the Brigade are busy at present trying to find their acey ducey champ. "Joe Bush" Noell, the commanding general of this gang, is also material man. He is scouting for material for his 1932 baseball champions.

Short timers keep this place in an uproar. No sooner does one man get aboard the palatial "Kittery" than another starts sounding off. Houtz, Webber, and Rogowski are next. So long, you three, see you next cruise.

"Are you going to the talkies to-night?" This will soon be the cry of all Haiti. Sergeant Burgess is working hard every day and reports that as soon as he receives a couple of generators and some films, she'll be ready to hum. It's like our small bore range—we have the range but no rifles. That's the h— of it!

We intercepted some good news the other day. We will soon have a NCO Club. Sergeants were having all night liberty which fact didn't go over so big with the corporals. They can now have 12 o'clock liberty if they stay in the club after ten. We believe that the powers that be realized this and are sure that the corporals will be out one hundred per cent. This gives us privates first class and privates a break. When the big monied men get through paying their

bills at the club, we can make as many liberties as they can.

Have you heard about our new Scott Super-hetrodyne, short and long wave, receiving radio set? We get music every morning, noon, and night. These early birds, Dixon, Petit, Morton, and Morgan listen to barnyard music long before the rest of us awake. We rise and go to sleep to the strains of a fiddle, guitar, and what not. Hope they take the hint and let us have our beauty sleep. We need it! A. P. Muddle, Jr., is working on his "Ham" set. For the benefit of those who do not know what a "Ham set" is, it is an amateur high-frequency transmitter. Muddle is trying to work Guam. We've worked most of the world and Gastonia, N. C., Hi Clemmer.

We have to close now and if any of our radio fans wish to know more about us, write and enclose an airmail stamp; we need them. Biking!—Harry C. King.

Sea Going

Keystone Log

Hello Gang:

Here we are again with some brand new news from the Flagship of the U. S. Fleet. There is enough to write of so at least we hope enough of this can



Corporal Betty Carpenter

be published to let you in on a few of the high spots of this guard.

Our greatest worry is that Christmas will soon be coming on and presents must be purchased for the sweet little girl back home. Personally, I think that it is advisable to cook up a heated argument a few days before and remain on the outs until after the holidays.

Since last writing we have celebrated three big days, namely, Armistice and Navy Day and Thanksgiving. The Pennsy had plenty of visitors on all three but Navy Day was much the more exciting. The ship's personnel outdid itself in the matter of exhibiting various phases of our daily life. Regular gun drill was conducted on the 5-inch battery

and turrets. The sailors and Marines alternated on the loading machine. Planes were catapulted several times during the day. Sergeant Mohan had a heavy marching order and landing force equipment, all small arms and automatic weapons used by Marines, displayed on the quarterdeck. Most all the population of San Pedro and Los Angeles were aboard and we are sure they enjoyed it all very much.

Armistice Day the Pennsy stayed at anchor and was open to visitors. Most of the boys have gotten over the big feed Thanksgiving, with the exception of Corporal "Zero" Alderman. It seems that he had too much Turkey.

Some of the boys are rather worried because Ellis wouldn't put out any information about his girl friend. Simmie Harp wonders how he happened to be put on the Time Orderly watch. Our new Sergeant is none other than the late Corporal W. E. Jenkins. Pfc. R. L. Kenaston is the most recent addition to the staff of Galloping Corporals. Trumpeter Howerin is now a Pfc. and all is well along the Potomac. We are all glad to see you make the grade, boys, but just remember that you were once enlisted men yourselves. We have been unfortunate in losing Sergeant Morgan, and Pfc. Thompson since our last writing. The Detachment wishes these men the best of luck in their new station.

A few weeks ago some of the fellows went to Hollywood with the intention of giving the Movie Queens a treat. Incidentally, Gunny Duckworth was with the gang. They met little Betty Carpenter, a nine-year-old stage and screen star. She simply knocked the boys over with her charming manners and her song and dance numbers. Can she sing and dance? We think her singing can't be beat and are sure a Georgia negro would be envious of her dancing if he should happen to see her do a tap. Betty now sports a Marine uniform and has honored us by being our mascot. You will see in this issue how proud she looks in her spotless uniform and the writer wants to compliment her for being a typical Marine. She has already started her Boot Training and is coming along fine. Each time she comes aboard she learns a bit more about the Marines. It would not be at all surprising to see her in a picture taking part as a hard-boiled Gyrene. Recently at a smoker held aboard the Pennsy, Betty was called on to display her talent. She calmly stepped into the ring and sang the Marine Hymn, a popular number, and followed with a red hot tap dance. The deafening applause accorded her was certainly well deserved. After her first public appearance aboard Betty was promoted to the rank of Corporal.

Corporal Betty and the rest of the guard send greetings to our pals throughout the Corps and wish you much happiness over the holiday season.—Sgt. C. W. Shelby.

At 'Em Arizona

Since our last appearance in these pages, our detachment has undergone quite a few changes. After sojourning for two years at Norfolk, we arrived in San Pedro the latter part of August. All Marines agree that this liberty town was not what it was cracked up to be, and took the First Sergeant's office by

storm, trying to get back to the East Coast. Since then, however, grandmothers are dying, aunts and uncles are falling ill, and everyone has the address of a few new relatives, all of whom seem to have moved to California recently; and everybody needs at least thirty days' leave to be with these relatives for the holiday period.

Two of our sergeants, when they cannot obtain liberty, hang over the life-line, gazing at Long Beach (verily, the depression is on them). After the First Sergeant aided the barber in giving us a regulation haircut, the old adage, "Clothes make the man" gave way to the new "Hair makes the man on the Pike;" the Pike being the Gyrenes' parade and hunting grounds. Clothes have been placed in cans and appropriate places, and all lockers have been converted into a gallery (should be Rogue's) with at least eight views of some damsel, each view a different expression of hunger.

The juice of the prune and idle thoughts console the blushing youth when the fair damsel goes astray. In our usual fog (the fish swim through it and eat apples from the trees), the answer to a maiden's prayer sallies forth. By slipping the field scarf over a billet hook, many a wink of sleep is captured between formations. But if the formation is with arms, out they dash without them, and if it is without arms, out they come with them. True love comes but once, and at this rate cannot last much longer.

On December 1, we took over the Third Division flag, that of Admiral Pringle and his staff. Evidently they are all gentlemen, for we still have the same routine and all is running smoothly. We have our Admiral's inspection quietly on the "Arizona," liberty the night before, no painting or jumping over the superstructure, as has been done in the past on some ships we have served our bit.

With a new year in sight and a past year to base conclusions, we are convinced that by utilizing the excellent material we have available, we shall soon be among the best detachments afloat. This is a regulation outfit and already has started to uphold a reputation for snappiness and quality. With no more news on hand, we shall sign off wishing every Marine a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—Hashmark Harry.

Around the Buoy

The "Argonne" continues to swing around the buoy and as usual very little of importance has happened. However, we look forward to the spring maneuvers, when we shall be able to get away from San Pedro for a few months; yet, even that looks bad now with the up-rising in the Orient. Maybe we shall see a little service in the near future. For the sake of humanity we hope not, but as true Marines we hope so.

Navy Day found us on the "top-side" with our displays and drill team. Very few people came aboard, although the battleships were swarmed with visitors. The truth is that from a visitor's point of view there isn't anything to see on the "Argonne," but as far as the crew is concerned it is the best ship in the Navy for duty. No condition watches to stand, all hands have bunks, liberty

is very good and to top it all off we have exceptionally good officers.

October 10th Private Harold W. Gould was transferred to San Diego after a short sojourn with this detachment. On the 13th Private Charles E. Meyers reported on board as his relief. Though having over 12 years' service for pay purposes, he is at present on his sixth enlistment. Three were in the Army, a Duration of War, one year enlistment, and after two years on his third enlistment he purchased his discharge and enlisted in the Marine Corps. Meyers plans to attend the Armorers' School in Philadelphia and buck for gunnery sergeant.

When the 20th of October rolled around it found us well prepared for the quarterly inspection by the commander base force, Admiral Henry H. Hough, who seemed highly pleased with the Marines and complimented Lieutenant Curry on the uniformity of his detachment with the remark, "It is the best detachment of Marines I have inspected." The remarks in his report stated, "Marine Detachment—An excellent detachment." Compliments inspire us to do greater deeds. Should someone fall down on the job we would probably give the guilty party the "deep six."

We have been rather fortunate in having the complement of this detachment increased by one sergeant, one corporal and one private. However, due to the shortage of available privates for sea duty, the commanding general, Department of the Pacific, ordered Sergeant William Casey and Corporals Edward A. Chapman and Leonard M. Kitsinger here



from Mare Island, via the U. S. S. "Arctic." On the 14th of November Corporals Chapman and Kitsinger reported on board for duty. Casey fell by the way-side and failed to report aboard the "Arctic" at San Francisco. Chapman and Kitsinger have long and varied service, the former holds campaign ribbons for duty in the World War, Dominican Republic, Haiti and China. Kitsinger was in four engagements during the Big Scrap and has spent considerable time on recruiting duty. With Chapman, Kitsinger and Casey (when he reports) we will have nine non-coms, seven of which are re-enlisted Marines.

Corporal Charles P. Polowski, Privates First Class Andrew B. Crowder and Charles E. Mitchler were transferred to Mare Island 30 October, they having joined from Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Texas," the 27th for further transfer to Mare Island via the U. S. S. "Hovey."

Being on the Flagship of the Base Force and always in port we often have members of other ship's detachments aboard while their ships are at sea. Sometimes they are stragglers, while others are reporting for duty. The past month we have had the following Marines for a few days: 1st Sgt. James W. Scott, U. S. S. "Colorado"; Pfc. Kenneth E. Boling, U. S. S. "California"; Privates

Lacy J. Allen, Harry C. Mobley, Clarence E. Smith, Jr., Peter S. Krisch, Charles W. Rowden and Michael Zelonka, U. S. S. "Texas," and Private Frank E. Williams, U. S. S. "Oklahoma."

"Colorado" Soundings

Here we are in Bremerton Navy Yard, the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Colorado," and what a port! Dances, basketball games, rifle range, and Seattle a short ferry ride from here.

Speaking of basketball, our outfit was inter-divisional champs last year and are now busy organizing a team to defend the cup. Sgt. J. E. Lawter is hard at work building up the squad. He is very optimistic about the team this year as he has good material and a number of men from last year's winning combination.

The hoop squad is made up of Pfc. R. L. West, S. Straka, S. Plona, B. Winquist, Pfts. B. C. Harris, L. Sullivan, C. Chastain and G. Grimes. And last but not least, "Sad Eyes" Stain, who will act as water boy, trainer or general handy man.

Recently a large number of men have been transferred. Many good friends have moved their sea bags to other ports. But it seems the one we miss the most is Private Snell, self-named "Private Zero," who was sent to mechanics school at Philadelphia. He had that something which people call pep and was always doing things to get a laugh. And he got them, too. Snell started the fad of smoking corn cob pipes with large red "E" painted on the bowl. Now the whole ship has adopted the idea.

Some of the other transfers were Cpl. W. E. King, Sgt. A. L. St. John, who gave us "de woiks" whenever we needed it, Pfc. R. Borquist, C. M. McGee. McGee was the tough one of the gang, but had to take on an occasional shiner to keep up his reputation. P. E. "Philo" Nelson's weakness was collecting stamps and he went after it regular Gyrene fashion with a whole locker full of the colored squares.

Of course, along with the departure of lucky ones, came promotions and pay. Pfts. J. L. Rolen, J. A. Terrill, R. R. Williams, J. McK. Bates, P. E. Caddy and M. J. Oderman were made privates first class. Corporal Paterson came aboard to join his old pals and buddies, Sergeant Coffin and Pfc. C. L. Smith.

Our new First Sergeant James W. Scott is certainly making a lot of friends in the detachment. He is a good mixer, pleasant when walking around the casemates and firm at the proper time. All of which makes him popular with the men.

Another change for the guard was in police sergeants. Sergeant Coffin now has the job, succeeding Sergeant Lawter, who had a gentle way of assigning work so that he was never very unpopular in that terrible task of police. Sergeant Coffin, who has a slight southern drawl, is taking over his duties with very little fuss and feathers. He has a way of quietly slipping up and giving you a job before you know it.

During the past few weeks the detachment has been hosts to the general public on two different occasions, Navy Day and Armistice Day. In one of the casemates, the Marines rigged up a complete display of field equipment, which

won the attention and admiration of the large crowds visiting the ship.

What a time the gang had coming up from San Pedro, with rough weather most of the way! Of course it didn't bother the old salts, but we boots got it bad, especially at the brig and out on the life buoy watch. But we feel fine now, after our initiation to the briny.

Such bad news! What a blow! What a blow! It has just been announced that no more men would be transferred until after the Hawaiian cruise about April first. The "Colorado" has its share of short timers, and what long faces. No more rubbing it into the boots. No more short timers sounding off. It is kind of quiet on the "Colorado."—Fred Elliott.

Big Mary's Greetings

Here's a Christmas greeting and best wishes for Marines, the world over, from "Big Mary's" gang. There is probably nothing so stimulating to friendship, good-fellowship, and warm-hearted companionability as dear old Yuletide. Already we sense its spirit. It inoculates new desires in us—a desire to be better friends, better shipmates—better in everything we do. Christmas then is certainly a worthwhile observance even though its sacredness may be ignored (as is often too true). So let's make this a big Christmas, a happy New Year, and a memorable year throughout.

With athletics claiming only a minimum of interest at present, the principal diversion or activity of the guard seems to be concentrated on social doings. They all seem to be stricken with a desire to go "society." From the suave Gaylord Porter to the flamboyant, rough and ready Georgia "cracker," Pfc. McGraw, they continue a menace to the glib but beautiful young girls for which California is noted. Even dear old "Rebel" John Whittington from our own state of North Carolina admits that they are attractive, but from my recollection of "No'th C'lina" girls with the bloom of peaches in their cheeks and the reflection of "Carolina Moons" in their eyes, I imagine John is being diplomatic. Yes suh! John, better forget them, you have twenty-eight years to do and there are no Marine posts in the Tarheel state.

If we seem to boast of our "Maryland" gang too much—stop us! But we are all thrilled, tickled plumb silly—and over what? An Admiral's inspection of all things! For two weeks we thought terrible things of both Captain Oglesby and Lieutenant Hill. We believed that they belonged to the old slave driver era. It was work, work, work; on our equipments, compartments, accoutrements, etc. Finally the big inspection and everyone feels a dozen times repaid. We excited one comment from the taciturn,

conservative Admiral McNamee that repaid us fully. It was—"Captain, everything is perfect; nothing could be done to improve." How many ship's guards have heard that? Whether "cleanliness is godliness," I don't know, but it is certainly an asset to a soldier.

To those beach soldiers who scorn a sea-going Marine's ability to make war with small arms, such as, rifles, bayonets, etc., we refer them to a record of our doings lately. Together with other ship's detachments, we have made numerous sorties on the strongholds of theoretical enemies on Catalina, San Clemente, and Santa Barbara Island. They have afforded interesting and valuable training and have proven that no matter where a Marine may be serving, he is adaptable to anything.

We are looking forward to the Honolulu cruise in February. Many of us have never been there before so we anticipate a great deal of pleasure, especially if we can induce Private "Alice" Smith to don her "hulu" loin cloth and compete with the original "hula" girls there; thus giving us an opportunity to see them at their best (or in their least), as "Alice" can sure draw it out—we venture to say. We'll tell you all about these girls later.—Fred Wilkinson.

"MOTHER" UNDERHILL SENDS CHRISMAS GREETINGS

To my many sons in the service—wherever they may be—in the Marine Corps or Navy, in the hospitals, in the brig, afloat or ashore—or the "outside"—Merry Christmas! and may 1932 bring you much happiness and prosperity. If I can do anything for you, write me and give me a chance.

Best of luck always.

Mrs. J. L. "Mother" Underhill.
Mare Island, Calif.

Northampton Broadcasts

Well, here we are back on the air. After being in the Norfolk Navy Yard drydock for the past five months, we are at last out to sea and every one is glad to get where he can breath fresh air again.

We are out to break the record of other ships made in Short Range Battle Practice, so keep your eyes on us and watch the outcome. We haven't quite the same gun crews but we still have our old C. O., First Lieutenant R. P. Coffman; and that means something.

We have quite a few new members added to our detachment, Private Hawks,

a rebel; Krammer, the Marines' gift to women; Clark (Lightning), the messman, and is he fast! Sankus, the Boston flash; Harlee, the boy who wants to learn the dot-dash code so that he can hold down his important position as telephone talker at general quarters; and Schmutzler, the ex-Marine who just shipped over after staying out about eight years.

Pfc. Rankin left the Detachment to go to the hospital for a minor operation. We hope that he will be back soon. Corporal Foley hopes to be leaving us soon with New York as his destination. His reason lives there and I think she is a brunette.

Kid Rohmiller is back on his old job of police sergeant, and now every one has to get up at reveille. Kid Roe is counting the days now, for he gets paid off in December.

Foley and Dunn bought a Ford, or that is what they said it was, and they found out that the thing had to be fed gasoline so they sold the — thing.

Quite a few Marines are holding their own in the ship sports. Gilbert and Moore were on the ship's baseball team, and Moore is now on the football team playing all the backfield positions. "Lu Lu" Lewis plays a very good game at left end, Stabler plays the other end. Private (Stumbling) Oldham would be one of the world's greatest linemen if he could only stay on his feet. Corporal White is probably out for the season with an injured knee (goldbricking for about six months) but he played a very good game while in action. Lofblad, the music, is the center and is holding down his position in fine shape. Sergeant Gilbert acts as timekeeper, water boy or what do you need.

The rest of the Marines in the Scouting Force might be interested in learning that we expect to have a Marine basket ball team that will show them lots of dust.

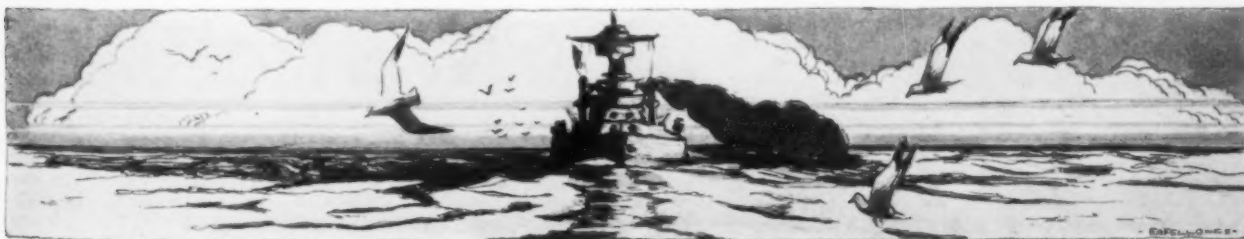
Private Wylie, the ship's light-heavyweight, is expected to bring home the bacon this year. He has the entire crew behind him. Although a newcomer in the boxing game, Wylie has defeated some good men and has only suffered one setback, last year's Scouting Force champion defeated him. Wylie will get another chance, for both men lost one bout during elimination.

We will all be glad to get to the Knickerbocker City, for the Christmas holidays and leave period, and expect to take Sand Street by storm.

Recruiting

Charlotte Recruiters

We recruiters of the Charlotte District would like to broadcast a bit in "The



Leatherneck." The personnel of this command includes Captain J. G. Ward, officer in charge of the Charlotte District; Dr. W. P. Dey, medical examiner and assistant officer in charge; First Sergeant F. Schuster, top kick; Sergeant B. F. Carter, clerk and assistant to the first sergeant; Sergeant Joe (Tiny) Swearingen, publicity sergeant. Most everyone will remember Tiny from his days on the All-Marine football team.

The others on the station are: Sergeant William G. (Big Bill) Reeves, skipper of the Chevrolet truck. This is Bill's second tour of duty in this district. Sergeant M. D. Burch is also on his second tour as a Recruiter.

On December 1st four sub-stations were closed and the non-coms in charge were transferred to headquarters for duty. They are: Wilson, North Carolina, Sergeant Newman in charge; Wilmington, N. C., Sergeant Page in charge; Greenville, S. C., Sergeant Attaway in charge; Asheville, N. C., Sergeant Charlie Swearingen in charge. Sergeant Swearingen went to Columbia, S. C., and relieved Sergeant Dunagan who was transferred to Charlotte.

At present while we are not accepting any first enlistments, we are scraping signs and painting up preparing for the grand opening. It might be interesting to learn that 75 per cent of the applicants on our waiting list are high school graduates or college men. How's that for maintaining the high standard of the U. S. Marines?—J. A. D.

San Diego

Company "D," Separate Infantry Battalion

Here we are! Just a small voice from a big base—San Diego, Calif.—but we're good. Did you ever see a machine gun and howitzer company that wasn't? Just at present we are part of the Separate Infantry Battalion, formed to scare the natives of Hawaii next winter, and we certainly plan to do that, plus showing up the Army at the same time.

Captain Victor F. Bleasdale, recently of Quantico, commands the company, and what he doesn't know about machine guns is really not worth knowing. 1st Lieutenant Guy B. Beatty is our very able executive officer, who has recently come from the Infantry Weapon School at the Rifle Range. 1st Lieutenant Raymond A. Anderson sponsors the Headquarters outfit and is also reconnaissance officer. 2nd Lieutenant Lewis R. Tyler, late of Washington, D. C., leads the 1st machine gun platoon, while 2nd Lieutenant Lawrence C. Brunton pilots the 2nd machine gun platoon.

So much for the Machine Guns, and now for the Howitzers. 1st Lieutenant Robert S. Viall leads the platoon, very ably assisted by Marine Gunner Tom Woody. Now, after looking over our officer personnel, don't you agree with us that we are most fortunate?

And we have some really Old Timers among the non-coms of this Company; gaze on these names: Sergeant "Pop" Dietz, Gy-Sgt. "Cap" Anderson, Sergeant Charley Stearns, Corporal "Patsy" Duggan, and last but by no means least, Corporal "Irish" Curtin, the Grand Old Man of Handball. Gy-Sgt. Cook is pla-

toon sergeant of the 1st Machine Gun, Gy-Sgt. Anderson of the 2nd Machine Gun, and Gy-Sgt. "Paddy" Walshe walks with the Howitzer. At the present time "Paddy" Walshe is laid up in the hospital with a broken collar bone.

We have been formed since 14 September, and have, in our opinion, at least made a most enviable reputation in that short time. We have participated in all the combat problems here at the Base, and have also spent two weeks at Captain J. E. Snow's Home for Tired Marines, otherwise known as the La Jolla Rifle Range. At the Range between building new lines, pits, digging holes and filling them up again and various other things, we found time to fire the entire Company over the "B" course; the result was really quite satisfactory. Our venerable sergeant, "Pop" Dietz, certainly showed up some of the younger fellows by popping well over the 300 mark. Keen eyes, "Pop"!

"Joe" La Chapelle, the well-known corporal about the Marine Corps, was with us for a short time, but left for Cavite and the San Miguel early in October.

Since we have been formed we have had three first sergeants, two of whom have left for better billets. 1st Sgt. J. G. Coyle started the Company out, but left the 1st of October for Aviation. 1st Sgt. Tom Woody then took over until the middle of October, when he was promoted to Marine Gunner, but fortunately he stayed right on in the Company. At present 1st Sgt. E. J. Myers, late of sea-going fame, is in the soft chair. We certainly aim to hang on to him this time.

Lt.-Colonel E. P. Moses is Battalion Commander, while Major A. De Carre is Adjutant. If you don't think this is, or will be, a right smart outfit, ask 'em.

Unfortunately, neither space nor fingers permit a full resume of this Battalion, but if ye editor doesn't give this the "deep six" we'll tell more later.

S'long.—B. W. Pierce.

Diego Wingmen

These Squadrons have increased in strength again due to the detail arriving from Nicaragua and the East Coast 6 December, 1931, on the U. S. S. "Chau-mont." These men were very welcome because practically all the operating squadrons are under strength. The recent transfers of the VS-14 squadron and details to the various schools on the East Coast, discharges and transfers to Nicaragua have cut this outfit to a mere skeleton of its former self. Our strength previous to these transfers was 208 men which is the smallest it has been in years. The detail from Nicaragua included a few sergeants, some corporals and a goodly smattering of privates first class and privates. We note with interest that the majority of these men have advanced at least one rank and on the whole it appears that foreign duty is highly profitable to deserving men. Three men also arrived from the East Coast; perhaps they look with favor upon the mild winter weather which we are reputed to have but which of late has been most decidedly missing. It will warm up in the future we hope, if only not to disappoint these men seeking the well-known sun cure.

At last we have moved to our new

offices and what seemed to be a step down has proved to be a step up, in fact, several steps. We did not at first look with favor upon these new offices because of the lighting arrangement and the distance from the central files system near the Commanding Officer's office of the Station. But we have more space, the lighting is as good and the view is wonderful. The view is exceptionally beneficial to us because it allows a clear vision of the field and when the crash siren emits its dismal wail we have only to look out of one of our spacious windows and view the crash without the usual telephoning and running.

The office is located on the south side of the Administration Building where the Naval Air Armory was situated. We are entirely isolated from the activities of the other administrative branches of the Station but this is not a handicap, however.

Many of the old NAP's will remember Staff Sergeant Knight. This man is now connected with the Department of Commerce and has a very good position inspecting aircraft in this vicinity for that Department. He recently visited this Station and announced his desire to become a commissioned officer in the Marine Corps reserve and to be assigned to a year's active duty at this station. Perhaps others will remember him as an instructor at Pensacola where he is reputed to have given many an officer and enlisted man "thumbs down" on his final check. Generally, he is well known and liked by everyone he has come in contact with here and we look forward to having him with us again as a reserve officer.

Frith, remembered by many, visited this Station the other day. He has been discharged from the Marine Corps for several years and has established himself very well with Western Air. There are several old-timers who won't easily forget his exploits in China and other places with the Marine Corps. Charles Frith was discharged in November, 1929, with the rank of staff sergeant.

Corporal Ernest R. Gayler of this organization was recently recommended for a commission. He has served at this Station for two years in the capacity of operations clerk. He is expected to be very successful when he takes his examinations and we should be very disappointed should he let us down. We heartily wish him good luck anyway.

—Walker.

China

Fourth Marine Notes

With the close of the summer season, Fourth Marine athletes turned their eyes towards fall sports and the baseball, track and swimming teams turned in their uniforms and donned the rugby, basketball and other gear used during the winter season. Rugby players started working out almost as soon as the baseball season was over and seventy men reported for the first practice under their new coach, Captain E. W. Skinner. The squad was soon cut to forty men and although no games have been played with any of the local teams as this goes in the mail, practice scrimmages between the first and second teams reveals the fact that the squad is, from all out-

ward appearances, stronger than last year, when they won both divisions of the Shanghai rugby football league and the Shanghai championship.

Two big fight cards were held at the Auditorium during the month of October, the best that have ever been staged in the Orient, according to local pressmen who should be in the know. The first card found only one member of the Fourth Regiment billed, Marine Jennings of the 28th Company, First Battalion. Fighting his first bout in Shanghai, Jennings came through his fight with Signalman Mason of the British Navy in quick order, kayoing his opponent in the second round to earn the plaudits of the spectators. The second card, however, was the best, even though Marine "Red" Walsh, light-heavyweight champion of the Orient, lost his title by virtue of a knockout in the seventh round to Frankie Remus of the U. S. S. "Houston," middleweight champion of China. Remus now holds both titles, together with a number he gathered in the States when he was fighting on the East Coast. Walsh, up to that fight, had never been defeated in the Orient and the betting was even that he would take the sailor. Remus started the fight by outpointing the Marine, but "Red" came back and nearly had the sailor with sledgehammer rights to the face in the third and fourth, but Remus weathered the storm and just before the bell he floored Walsh with a right cross to the chin that would have been curtains but the bell rang at the count of seven. The seventh round started like a whirlwind as the Marine refused to back-pedal or hang on until his head cleared and another to the chin ended the fight early in that round. On the same card, Fred Zavalitch, also of the Fourth Marines, scored his first knock-out since he arrived in Shanghai when he introduced a new style of fighting to "K. O." Dick Barnes of the U. S. S. "Houston" in the seventh round of an eight-round fight. Zavalitch is the type of fighter that the crowd likes and his victory earned the applause of the large crowd that packed the house.

Basketball in the Regiment started the early part of October as the companies of the three battalions met to decide their battalion championships. The First Battalion matches brought out some excellent play as 28th and 25th Companies battled through without dropping a game but a match between the two companies proved the superiority of the 28th Company and they were crowned champions. In the Third Battalion the games were going in regular story book style as baskets, thrown five seconds before the final whistle, won games and balls, in the air as the final whistle blew, dropped through the net to change the outcome. The 19th, 21st and 24th Companies were evenly matched and play was nip and tuck, but the 19th Company with five wins and no losses, won the title. Plans are now being laid for the Inter-Battalion tournament when 19th Company, 28th Company, and the winner of the Headquarters Battalion tournament will meet for the championship of the Regiment. At this time Service Company has a one-game lead on Headquarters Company for the Headquarters Battalion title but as there are still two games to be played, the outcome is still in doubt.

Volleyball has assumed a niche of its own in the Fourth Regiment and every

year men from the different companies vie for honors in this game. This year the companies of the Regiment are entered in the Navy "Y" invitation tournament together with teams from the Navy "Y" Chinese staff, R. N. Libia (Italian), two teams from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps (British) and the Marine detachment from the U. S. S. "Houston." At the present writing the 27th Company and Service Company are tied for the lead in "A" division of the league with nine wins and no losses, with the 24th Company a close second. In the "B" division the 28th Company and the Navy "Y" teams with six wins and no losses lead the league with Headquarters Company 4th a close second. Only four more weeks of play remain and with the contest narrowing down, only an upset will keep one of the above teams from winning.

The Inter-Battalion duckpin bowling tournament started during the latter week in October and although only one week of play has been witnessed, Third Battalion is slightly in the lead with the First Battalion second and Headquarters Battalion last. Inter-Battalion competition in this sport is new to the Regiment and the members of last year's Regimental team are scattered throughout the regiment so that the competition is evenly divided and before the season is over some interesting play will be witnessed.

Five members of the Fourth Regiment are now proudly displaying to their friends certificates and emblems from the National Y. M. C. A. denoting that they have qualified and passed the life-saving tests given by that institution, also showing that they have the ability to act as a life saver at any beach or pool. The men who passed the difficult tests are Privates J. F. Whitton, 24th Company; F. C. Patton, 27th Company; M. R. Ilchak, 28th Company; Corporal J. F. Mostek, 27th Company; and Private J. Aliks, Service Company.

—Frank Burton.

Fourth Marines Church

"Fourth Marines Church, Sunday, 10 A. M." can be seen in large, illuminated letters on Shanghai's Transmutograph sign—"Come and worship in the Church the Marines built" adds its appeal to the cosmopolitan population of Shanghai to spend a moment with our Maker.

A picturesque spot, indeed, is this unique, hospitable place of worship, where the many races in Shanghai join in a common thought. In the summer of 1928, Chaplain W. R. Hall, U. S. Navy, came to the Fourth Regiment resolved to imbue the service men with the teachings of the Gospel. Prior to his arrival, religious services were held in the billets, two services each Sunday for a handful of men. Chaplain Hall immediately saw that something bigger and better was needed to attract the majority. He conceived the idea of holding services in a local theatre where comfort

and soft music would erase the loneliness of a far-away land.

On Sunday, September 2, 1928, in the presence of 600 people, including many notables and the commanding officer, Colonel Davis, Chaplain Hall used as his text, "Why a Fourth Regiment Church?" In this, he praised the previous efforts and asked for suggestions from this congregation for a way to induce more loyal support. As a result of this appeal, today one may watch the long files of worshippers, both service and civilian, as they meet each Sunday in common accord for a bit of peace and understanding. Chaplain Hall's successor, Chaplain Truitt, is now carrying on to a congregation of Americans, Russians, French, Spanish, in fact, practically all the races of the world are represented.

The renown of this Marines' Church has spread far and wide. The list of ardent supporters is much too long to mention. The programmes are varied and popular. Concert artists lend their talents, the Fourth Marines' Band, led by First Sergeant Raymond Jones, plays its best for it, the Church Council sends invitations to the public for special occasions! Shanghai's Navy "Y" is a "big brother" to it! The Fourth Marines chorus led by Mr. Len Hall, the Male Quartette, and the Ladies' Quartette lend their voices to the services. Chaplain Truitt's splendid sermons have become a by-word in Shanghai, attracting the public to the Carlton Theatre where winter services are held, and to the beautiful, artistic Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel for summer services. A veritable nomad of religion, but wherever may be the spot, always a hearty welcome for all in this place of solace and comfort—the Fourth Marines Church in Shanghai!

—William Camp.

Shanghai Marines Dance

"When a Marine starts out to do something, he does it right," is the consensus of the Shanghai public now, especially those who were guests of the enlisted personnel of the Fourth Regiment at their first supper-dance given in the ballroom of the Canidrome on October 26. Eleven hundred officers, enlisted men and their guests crowded the floor of the finest ballroom in Shanghai, danced to the music of Teddy Weatherford's singing syncopators, were entertained at supper by the Canidrome night club entertainers, and whiled away the time until the wee small hours of morning.

For one night, the enlisted men held sway. Officers, their wives and guests were invited, but gold lace was conspicuous by its absence and after the colors were paraded and the Marine Corps' Hymn sung, caste, rank, and rating were forgotten as everyone present set in to have a good time.

Too much credit for the success of the dance cannot be given to the committee of enlisted men who arranged everything and to the ladies of the Regiment, led by Mrs. R. S. Hooker, wife of the commanding officer of the Fourth Marines, who cooperated with them in every way to make the event a signal success. The local papers gave due space to the announcement of the dance and members of the press who were present were very complimentary in their write-ups and

(Continued on page 45)

SEND IN THE NEWS
OF YOUR DETACHMENT
TO THE LEATHERNECK



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Sergeant Frank H. Bentfrow, Corporal Thomas P. Cullen, Corporal H. S. Griffin, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private William B. Edmondson, Private Robert B. Wolferam.

New Year's Greeting

The staff of "The Leatherneck" desires to take this opportunity to express to all subscribers, contributors and readers its appreciation for their splendid support during the past year, and to extend to each and every one the best wishes for a prosperous and Happy New Year.

With this issue we begin our fifteenth year of existence as the Marine Corps Magazine. That is a long time, nearly four cruises. During this period we have tried faithfully to produce a journal worthy of the service it represents. We hope we have succeeded.

For the coming year we promise to maintain the standard we have established. But even further than that we desire to furnish our readers with the kind of periodical they want. To do this it is necessary to ask for cooperation. We would like to have your opinion and your suggestions for improvement. If you would enjoy short stories, serials, more humor, or if you have in mind any alterations, inclusions or omissions, please feel free to drop us a line telling us exactly what you would like to see in "The Leatherneck."

During the past year we have received many suggestions from our readers. When it was practicable to follow these ideas we did so to the best of our ability. The introduction of changes of station of enlisted men, a list of promotions, the publishing of interesting letters, a monthly page of book reviews, a "Questions and Answers" column all owe their presence to such suggestions.

Further than the actual publication of "The Leatherneck" we have endeavored to be of service to our readers. We have located countless Marines for their friends and relatives. We have been instrumental in obtaining campaign medals for such of our readers who were authorized to receive them; through our office men in foreign lands have been able to send candy, flowers and other perishable gifts to the folks at home. We have tried to fulfil every request that has been brought to our attention. This service will be continued throughout the coming year.

In obtaining information for our subscribers the Marine Corps Headquarters have aided us mightily. They have spent no little time procuring addresses, names, stations and other similar data. Always have they responded cheerfully to our requests. We take this opportunity to thank them.

To our many contributors who have submitted stories, articles and art work we extend our sincere thanks. It is only through their efforts that the magazine can be materialized.

Once again, for we cannot emphasize too strongly, we ask that you let us know exactly what you most desire in the way of a Marine publication. Repeating what we have often said before, "The Leatherneck" is your property and we are only acting as your agents to include such work in each issue as you would like to see. Don't hesitate. Simply address your correspondence to The Editor, Leatherneck Magazine, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

The Past Year

"The Marine Corps," declares Major General Fuller in his annual report, "has functioned economically and efficiently during the year." The economy has taken the form of reducing enlistment expenses, closing recruiting stations, cutting down "literature and posters," and limiting inspections. But training has not suffered. Efficiency has been conspicuous in active service in Nicaragua, Haiti and China. Adventurous young men join the Marines with the hope of being sent abroad. The Fourth Regiment, with sixty-three commissioned and warrant officers and 1,145 enlisted men, has been stationed in Shanghai.

When General Fuller's report was written, their duty had been confined to "cordial relations with the Chinese people and their officials." But "routine training has been maintained to insure mobility and instant action should an emergency arise." The force in Haiti on June 30, 1931, consisted of thirty-nine officers and 635 enlisted men. With the exception of keeping student rioters in check at Aux Cayes, patrol duty had been uneventful. During the year twenty Marine officers with the Garde d'Haiti were replaced by Haitian officers.

Standing out in relief from the casualties of the Second Brigade when fighting the Sandistas in Nicaragua—eleven officers and men killed and four dying of wounds—was the humane work of the Marines in establishing aid stations in Managua after fire, caused by an earthquake on March 31, had burned thirty-two city blocks, and about one thousand of the inhabitants had perished. "A magnificent showing of fortitude, cooperation and initiative," asserts General Fuller of the conduct of the Marines. During the year 225 officers and men were withdrawn. The Guardia Nacional should eventually be a competent police. In concluding, General Fuller sounds a note that should make an impression on Congress: "The officers of the Marine Corps feel very deeply the discrimination against them in their relative rank with the officers of corresponding length of service in the Navy."—N. Y. Times.

Statement General B. H. Fuller

"In connection with the account published in the press on November 30th and again today concerning the alleged discrimination against officers of the Marine Corps, the Major General Commandant desires to state that this discrimination is the result of the existing law governing promotion, and that there is no conflict whatsoever between the Marine Corps and the Navy.

"On the contrary, efforts by the Marine Corps during the past five years to obtain remedial legislation have had the full approval and close support of the Navy Department and all influential officers of the Navy.

"There is no discrimination between officers of the same rank in the Navy and Marine Corps, but it does exist under the present law when length of service is considered.

"The Commandant's annual report, from which the press comments were obtained, states:

"The officers of the Marine Corps feel very deeply the discrimination against them in their relative rank with the officers of corresponding length of service in the Navy and a prompt adjustment of this condition is most urgently needed."

The Wise Guy

You see him swagger about the decks, a supercilious smirk on his face, an exaggerated roll to his gait and a satisfied "the-world-is-my-apple" bearing.

He talks out of the corner of his mouth in the jargon of current slang—at least he thinks it's current and up to date—but if you are any judge of slang or wit you will find that he uses the same old stereotyped phrases week in and week out.

He's an authority on any subject that comes up and frequently digresses from whatever the topic of conversation may be to foist his own weird impression of things in general on anyone who is foolish enough to listen.

He is sufficient unto himself. A big "I" man and needs no advice of any sort. He is the only man of his particular rating who knows his job. The rest of the boys are just taking up space.

He generally has someone on the pan, yet you seldom hear him tell a man what he thinks of him, unless it be a young recruit or an inoffensive mess cook. In a fair, honest fight he couldn't, as Jack Kennedy used to say, lick the salt off a pretzel; yet you can get all the dope on each and every member of the athletic teams, their faults and shortcomings, from him.

He will lick the boots of any one who can do him a personal favor—a handout at the galley, a favor from the yeomen, free service from the ship's conveniences that others pay for, and all that sort of stuff.

Yet you'll never catch him doing anything for his ship, wholeheartedly and willingly; not a minute of his valuable (?) time will he devote to any ship activity, but he's always right there with a mouthful of criticism and cheap wit directed at the efforts of fellows who do.

He's a pretty poor specimen to have around but he's a necessary evil and you'll find one or two of his type on every ship.

Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

As these notes are being penned the air is full of Christmasy thoughts and the voices of almost everybody speak out "Goodwill" and "Good Cheer"



Dawson Photo

"Doc" Clifford

despite the depression and influence of "Old Man Trouble." My thoughts have been carried back to the days when as a child I hung my stockings by the side of the old fireplace in the chimney corner and went to bed to make way for Santa Claus to come with his gifts without hindrance. Those were wonderful days, and since those days I have spent Christmas in many countries where the same spirit exists, and the same joys and happy wishes are expressed as those that persist even today in little old New York. Quite a round of good fellowship and friendship is to be found wherever you go, and no person or family should be left out in the sharing of receiving as none have been omitted in the appeal and almost compulsory insistence of the sharing in the giving at this season.

The New Year, 1932, has arrived, and with it finer opportunities for doing something of worth for those about us than ever we have been privileged hitherto. Miss Carter of Colorado puts it so beautifully when she writes:

"Man's greatest achievements have never been rung,
His loftiest goal never reached;
The most beautiful song has never been sung,
The grandest of sermons ne'er preached.
The visions of mind forever expand,
The strongest desires still await,
The breadth of endeavor has never been spanned
While the cry of the World is "Create."

Again Berton Braley puffs it so practically:

"For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned.
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done."

What is needed at the entering on the threshold of 1932 is simply a goodly number of real men:

"God give us men, a time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith,
and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who love honor, men who will not lie.

Men who can stand before the demagogue
And brave his treacherous flattery without winking,
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog;

In public duty and in private thinking.
For, while the rabble with its thumb-worn creeds,
Its large professions and its little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

God give us men!

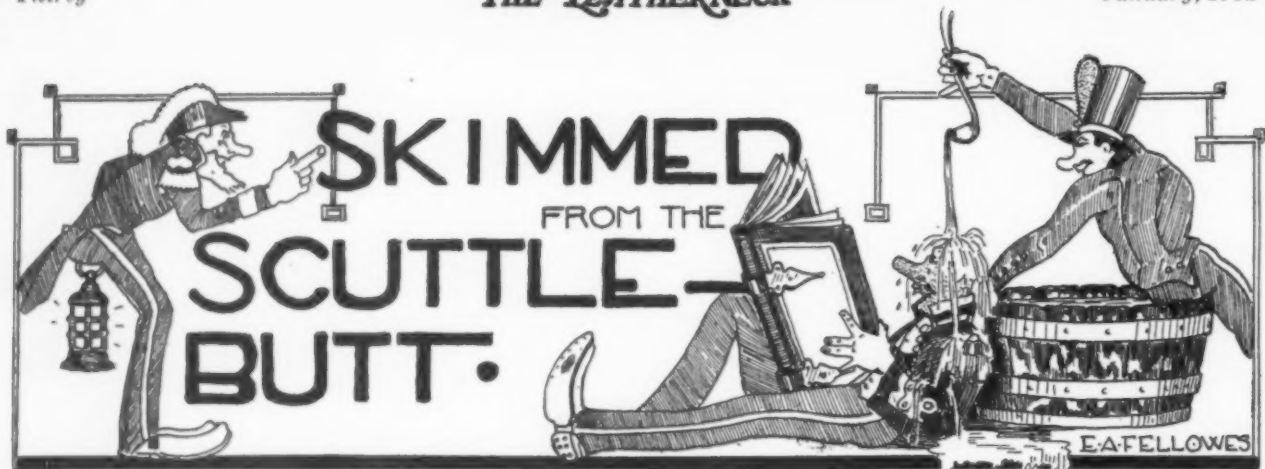
It has been a delight during the last weeks to visit the ships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, especially to meet the splendid fellows of the Guard Detachments on board the U. S. S. "Salt Lake City," U. S. S. "Louisville," U. S. S. "Pensacola" and U. S. S. "Chester." News of the latter will have to follow in later notes but of the others a few lines herewith. Chaplain H. G. Glunt, who did such excellent work with the Marines in Nicaragua, is on board the "Louisville" and in real touch with the needs of the men of his ship. It was a real pleasure to meet one, for the first time, of whom I had heard so much and whose hand-clasp at once spoke of thorough acquaintance with friendship for men. Lieutenant R. R. Deese has command of the Guard and, with such a group of non-commissioned officers as First Sergeant P. Luffe, who is now on his twenty-ninth year of service, Gunnery Sergeant E. F. Bell, Sergeants Crecion and Smith (one of the innumerable), Corporals Green, Police Officer Parsons, Company Clerk Rowe and Stevens, there is no cause for the "Louisville's" Detachment being anything short of one of the best.

Lieutenant S. W. King, of course, speaks with pride of the men of the "Pensacola," and no wonder when the always dependable First Sergeant Eddie Gorman of baseball fame, and Gunnery Sergeant John A. Gustafson are at the head of the roster. I never saw Gustafson looking better and more fit, and after eating with the fine group of Chief Petty Officers I found the ready answer to my first question to Gus, "Where do you eat?" Sergeant R. F. Neil, trainer of the whaleboat crew is also police sergeant, but Sergeant R. E. Andrews was away on leave. Three corporals are on the list, namely, M. L. Page, "Leatherneck" correspondent; D. H. Ekerman, ship's basketball trainer, and B. J. Earles. The music is J. F. Baldrick, who, I understand, is "gone on opera and classics," whatever they may mean by that, while C. L. "Don" Wilkinson, whose home is Charleston, West Virginia, is considered the Sheik and regular visitor at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in New York City. E. C. Kalvin is known for his constant attention to Galley details and Bill Lyne's artistic ability is shown in studies of "cows in grass plots" with the necessary instructions for deciphering the otherwise undecipherable.

The Marines of the "Salt Lake City" have quite a large amount of space accorded them in the "Rope Yarn," the ship's splendidly edited newspaper, the slogan of which is "A Bit of News to Brighten the Cruise." This is really more than a slogan, for every page really reflects credit on the staff responsible for its weekly issue. The Chaplain, C. Harold Douglas, is a tireless worker and has established a fine record by being the first to hold Divine service on six out of eight new cruisers now in commission. Lieutenant B. L. Bell is well known throughout the service, having a record for establishing a most happy combination of friendship with his Company in whatever place they may serve while at the same time maintaining that dignity and discipline which makes them the envy of all who see the men on either duty or parade. It will be remembered that Major L. E. Fagan, and the Lieutenant, commanded that excellently drilled and efficient Company for the Philadelphia Exposition. On the "Salt Lake City" the group of non-coms is headed by First Sergeant W. W. "Hamm" Harrmann, brother of the famous "Beef" Harrmann, with sixteen years' service record spread over Haiti, Cuba, Quantico, China, Philippines, Seagoing, Mail-Guard, and President's Camp. Gunnery Sergeant "Andy" Anderson of Quantico Fire Department fame and thirteen years' service keeps close tab. Sergeant D. "Don" Russell is Police Sergeant. It is rumored that Corporal C. L. Wood will fill Russell's shoes at the end of Don's present cruise.

Greetings to all and sundry arrived, as I write, from Otto Timm, Jr., a Marine on the "Old Ironsides" now at Savannah, Georgia. The card carries a picture of the ship in a storm and the inscription "U. S. S. Constitution, affectionately called 'Old Ironsides' Never met Defeat." A fine message from Commander M. M. Witherspoon, Brigade Chaplain in Nicaragua, where things are now in far better and improved condition, and an excellent work being accomplished. An article in "War Stories" which should be read everywhere by everybody, entitled "The Face on the Dugout Wall," a true story concerning some of the magnificent work of one of the best loved Chaplains in the Navy, our old friend and comrade, Father John J. Brady, now Force Chaplain on the U. S. S. "California." The last meeting of the Marine Corps League Detachment Number One was honored by a hurried visit from Miss Lou Wylie, who escaped from her arduous duties on the "Brooklyn Eagle," and her entanglements and associational engagement with U. S. Army long enough to bring to her "first love" the Marines, a kindly greeting and assurance of continued interest. We unanimously elected her to honorary membership in the Detachment. The "Leatherneck's" fine offer for Christmas and New Year demands the support of every Marine and surely will not be overlooked. A note reminds me that Marines have been awarded Medals of Honor for Service in China, Mexico, Civil War, Korea, Philippines, Haiti, Cuba, France, Samoa, San Domingo, Uruguay, Vera Cruz, Pensacola, Florida, Norfolk, Va., and the U. S. S. "Petrel."

(Continued on page 47)



THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

"Where's the car, Dad?" asked the son of an absent-minded Ann Arbor professor.

"Why, dear me, I really don't know," he said, scratching his head in an effort to recall the past. "Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it down town this morning."

"Well, now, that is quite remarkable," said the professor. "I remember now that after I got out I turned 'round to thank the gentleman who had given me the lift and wondered where he had gone!"—American Motorist.

An American in England was giving some illustrations of the size of his country.

"You can board a train in the State of Kentucky at dawn," he said, impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Kentucky!"

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."—London Tatler.

Cop: (Breaking out the w. k. note book) "What ship, sailor?"

Sailor: "The Reina Mercedes."

Cop: "How do you spell it?"

Sailor: "Make it the R-2."

—Base Newspaper.

"Speaking of animals remembering," said the tall, elderly man, "when I was a boy I once gave a circus elephant a stick of striped candy."

"Well?"

"After that, whenever that circus was to parade in the town, the barbers had to take in their striped poles."

—Boston Transcript.

Willie: "Ma, if the baby was to swallow a tadpole, would it give him a voice like a frog?"

"Heavens, no. It would kill him, most likely."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. It didn't."

—Farm Journal.

Judge: "Guilty or not guilty?"

Sam: "Not guilty, suh."

Judge: "Ever been arrested before?"

Sam: "No, suh. Ah never speeded befo'."—Sub Base Ballast.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

One day a learned doctor told his patient that he had to submit to a very serious operation.

"Is it dangerous?" inquired the patient.

"Not for the patient, as we put him to sleep. But it is a very painful operation for the doctor."

"How's that?"

"We suffer from anxiety. Just think! it succeeds only once out of a hundred times."—Tit-Bits.



Lady Visitor "Where did you land on your last parachute jump?"

Jumper: "I'd hate to tell you."

Maggie's sweetheart, a tight fisted Scot, had taken her out for the afternoon and that was about all. They rode some distance on the trolley, turned around and rode home again. Never was mention made of food or entertainment.

Back within her own gateway, Maggie, who had felt keenly the neglect, proffered Sandy a dime.

"For the carfare you spent on me," she said meaningly.

"Hoots, toots, woman," returned Sandy, pocketing the coin, "there was nae hurry. Saturday wad hae been time enough."—Exchange.

APPEARANCES

An Englishman visiting a friend in Nevada suggested one morning shortly after his arrival that they take a stroll to a mountain visible from his friend's home.

With secret mirth his host agreed, but after walking several hours the Englishman was amazed to find the mountain apparently no nearer. Upon inquiring how far the mountain was from them, he was astonished to learn that it was still twenty-five miles away. His host then explained to him that the air in Nevada is so rare that distances are very deceptive.

Returning home by a different route, they came to an irrigated field, and at the first ditch the Englishman sat down and, to his host's surprise, began to remove his shoes.

"What on earth are you going to do?" he asked.

The Englishman, gravely contemplating the ditch, replied: "Why, I'm going to swim this blooming river!"

Corporal (arriving on post with relief) —"Why didn't you halt me when you saw me approaching?"

Recruit—"Halt you? Halt you hell! You're fifteen minutes late already."

W. Va. Guardsman.

Jemima was a young negress, fresh from the cotton fields of the South. One afternoon she came to her mistress and handed her a card.

"De lady what gib me dis is in de parlor," she explained. "Dey's another lady on the steps."

"Gracious, Jemima!" exclaimed the mistress, "Why didn't you ask both of them in?"

"Kase, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do' steps done forgit her ticket."—Asiatic Fleet Magazine.

"Did you sell your vote?" inquired one man of another as they were standing in front of the polling place on election day.

"No, siree! I voted for that feller 'cause I liked him."

"Ah, gwan!" said the other. "I heard he gave you ten dollars."

"Well, when a man gives you ten dollars, 'taint no mor'n natural to like him, is it?"—The Christian Advocate.

NO BUSINESS OF HIS

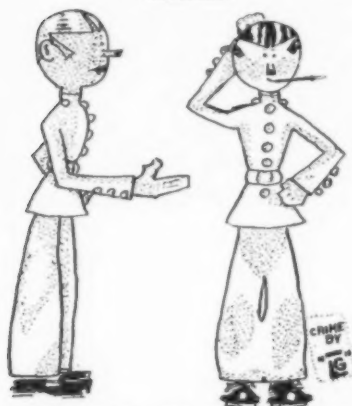
A nifty flapper with a short dress climbed into a barber chair and crossed her legs.

As the barber cranked up the chair his gaze was in the mirror opposite.

"Pretty short?" he asked.

"Well, maybe it is," she answered, "but I came in here for a haircut!"

—California Guardsman.



Friend: "Well, did you follow my advice and drink a stiff whiskey after a hot bath?"

Invalid: "I did my best old chap, but I couldn't finish drinking the hot bath."

Captain: "If this storm keeps up, I'll have to heave to."

Lady Passenger: "I'm not feeling well myself."—Newport Recruit.

A darky from Central Avenue demanded that a certain colored gentleman be arrested.

"Ah was in de parlor making lub to Clarissy w'en de old man done sneak up behind an' t'row me out," he stated.

"Well, what charge do you want to have him arrested on?"

"Well, boss, Ah's not exactly sure, but it's either assault an' bootery or contempt of courtin'."—Tit-Bits.

He had recently become very rich, and one of his friends asked him why he remained insensible to the advances of a very beautiful girl, who was a popular musical comedy actress.

He shook his head and murmured:

"She would ruin me!"

"You're right," said the friend, "a union with her would cost a great deal."

"It isn't only the union which would be expensive," answered the man wisely, "it's the rupture!"—Pele Mele.

Flux saved a man from drowning.

It was a suicide.

Flux dove into the water, fought the waves and conquered, with the man safely ashore.

"And then," said Flux, "he hanged himself from a tree."

"Hell, after saving him once, why didn't you do it a second time?"

"I thought he had hung himself up to dry."—Lustige Blatter.

Miss Cook: "There ain't no bread on the ship."

Chief: "That's all right, 'Shorty,' tell him to make some toast."

—U. S. N. Weekly.

VISIBILITY WAS POOR

Lady: "Here's the money for cleaning my windows."

Window Cleaner: "It's already paid for, madam."

Lady: "You mean my husband took care of it?"

Window Cleaner: "No, ma'am. It was the young man in the apartment across the court."—W. Va. Guardsman.

Recruit, little bit shop worn, tried to enlist. The examining surgeon garnered the great intelligence that the old boy was doing a bit of fibbing about his age. So the doctor put him through a little setting-up exercise, the first evolution of which was "knee stoops." Like a Florida palm in a hurricane the old timer settled gently to the deck. Coming up he wobbled about a bit and barely made it. Said the doctor "You're a little stiff." Replied the oldest, "You're a big stiff. I didn't come here to be insulted."—U. S. Coast Guard.

The youngster entered the music shop to buy a mouth organ. To every one that was shown him he said: "Too small! Too small!"

At last the shopkeeper lost his patience.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "try your mouth along this grand piano, and if you don't swallow it you can have it for nothing!"—Kabelgram.



My grandfather's an octogenarian.

Gee! How long did it take him to be one?

Clear-voiced girl (in crowded subway to her friend): "I wish that good looking man would give me his seat."

Five men got up.

—W. Va. Guardsman.

Two fair hitch hikers were overtaken by darkness and stopped an officer to inquire as to the nearest farmhouse that would provide a night's lodging. "Just take the road to your right," directed the stranger, "and you can't go wrong."

"Are there any other roads?" asked the co-eds in chorus.

—W. Va. Guardsman.

She: "Say, it's past midnight do you think you can stay here all night?"

He: "Gosh! I'll have to phone mother first."—Walla Walla.

1st Cabaret girl: "Where did you get your lovely pearls from, you don't mind me asking do you?"

2nd Ditto: "Of course not, darling, they came from oysters."—Walla Walla.

COOPERATING WITH SCHOOL

A school teacher once received a note like this:

"Dear Mam—Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last nite you gave him this ixample. If a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk 2½ times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. He left early this morning and my husband said he ought to be back late tonight, though it would be hard going. Please make the nixt problem about ladies as my husband can't afford to lose a day's work."

"Mrs. Jones."

—Kablegram.

"Waiter, this fish is awful! Why did you insist I order it?"

"Because otherwise, monsieur, it would have been served to us in the kitchen."

—L'illustration, Paris.

Several drummers were seated in the smoking compartment of the train. They were bemoaning the generally demoralized conditions of business, as they found it. Finally they turned to the quiet little man in the corner.

"And how do you find things, brother?"

"Never better since I've been on the road."

"For the love of Pete, and what's your line, may we ask?"

"Selling red ink."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Hiram Offun: It seems to me you are asking too much when you consider the fact that I furnish your meals.

The Cook: I beg pardon, ma'am. I dine out. I never eat my own cooking.

—Detroit News.

"That's certainly a very lifelike snowman you have there. I almost thought I saw it move."

"Maybe you did, mister, we've got my brother Jimmy inside."

—Toronto Goblin.



Do you work long hours?

No; only the regulation length—sixty minutes each.

Customer: You made a mistake in that prescription I gave my mother-in-law. Instead of quinine you used strychnine.

Druggist: You don't say! Then you owe me 20 cents more.—Pathfinder.

A doctor complains that there are too many germ-carriers in this country. What does he suggest that germs should do? Walk?—Punch.



TRADE WINDS (Author unknown)

I stood one day by the breezy bay,
A watching the ships go by,
When a tired tar said, with a shake of
his head,
I wisht I could tell a lie.

I've saw some sights as would jigger
your lights
And they've jiggered me own in sooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a
yarn
What wanders away from the truth.

We was out on a gig, the Riggajig
Just a mile and a half to sea,
When Captain Snook with a knowing look
He came and he says to me.

Oh Bos'n Smith make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the forward sail,
Accordion pleat the dory sheet
For there's going to be a gale.

I straightway did as the captain bid,
No sooner the job was through
Than the north wind, woof! bounced over
the roof
And murdering lights, she blew!

She blew the tars right off the spars
And spars right off the mast,
And sails and pails and anchors and
nails
Flew by on the wings of the blast.

Then the galley shook as she blew the
cook
Straight out of the porthole glim,
While pots and pans and kettles and cans
Went clattering after him.

She blew the fire from our galley stove
And the coal from our galley bin,
Then she whistled apace the captain's
face
And blew the beard off of his chin.

"Oh, wizzel me dead," the captain said,
And the words blew out of his mouth,
We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer
And blow a bit from the south.

And wizzle me dead, no sooner he'd said
Them words that blew from his mouth,
Than the wind switched around with a
hurricane sound
And blew straight in from the south.

And we opened our eyes with a wild
surprise
And never a word to say,
For in changing her track the wind blew
back
The things that she blew away.

She blew the tars back onto the spars
And the spars back onto the mast,
Back flew the pails and the sails and the
nails
Which into the ship stuck fast.

And 'fore we could look she blew the
cook
Straight into the galley coop,
Back dropped the pans and the kettles
and cans
Without even spilling the soup.

She blew the fire back into the stove
Where it burned in its proper place,
And we all of us cheered as she blew the
beard
Back onto the captain's face.

There's more of my tale, said the sailor
hale,
As would jigger your lights in sooth.
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a
yarn
That wanders away from the truth.

DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREE Harry A. Weber

Like a fragile, fragrant flower,
That blossoms for but a day,
So have I gloried and lived awhile;
But now I'm thrown away.

Oh, many's the home I filled with joy;
And spirit of Christmas cheer.
Oh, many's the kiddie who danced with
glee,
And many's the sparkling tear.

My bows were decked with tinselled
stars,
And glittering gossamer things.
My topmost twig was a dazzling gem.
My branches snow-capped wings.

I ruled the world for a day or two,
With the young and old at my feet,
I reigned with the sceptre of happiness.
'Twas short but oh, how sweet.

But now dethroned, discarded am I.
Gone are my trinkets and toys.
Now only in memory do I live;
A memory of tears and joys.

Lay gently 'way my gala dress.
Pack well each crystal ball,
For like my name, "Bright Evergreen,"
I hold you in my thrall.

And though my this year's reign be
short,
I have not lived in vain.
And e'er another year is past
I shall return again.

THE OLD NAVY By Doc Adams

The Old Salt spat at a passing rat, and
borrowed a match from me;
Then scratched a light where his pants
were tight, and spake quite fervently:
'I'll swear, by gum, that it strikes me
dumb—this kind of a dang navee
With not a sail, nor even a brail, and dog
watches drinking tea.
'Twas some years back that I took a
crack at serving Uncle Sam;
An' 'taint the same—except maybe the
name—as 'twere in them days, by
damn!

We went aloft if the Old Man coughed,
or if it began to blow;
An' got a root from a gov'ment boot if
maybe we went too slow,
A trick at the wheel took an arm o'
steel, an' lots of plain beef y' see;
But now it's did by a high school kid, an'
patent 'lectrictee.

We got our rum an' a slap o' slum almost
every day or so,
An' mouldy bits of ship's biscuits if stores
were a running low.
Today I seed how these youngsters feed
—the mess what they get each day,
An' strike me pink if I didn't think I'd
went in a swell cafay.

They give 'em ham an' a lot o' jam, an'
butter, an' toast, an' pie;
An' serve 'em prunes with the officers'
spoons—Now scuttle me if I lie!
It's kind o' strange, this turrible change,
what's come to an honest trade—
They print the log, an' instead o' grog
drink sody an' lemingade.

An' tell me true—like I'm tellin' you—
they wash almost every day,
Which shows how a sailor goes, clear
mad for a little pay.

It used to be that a man at sea was a
sailor. It makes me bile
To see the way which they cruise today
with radiums, gas an' 'ile,
An' not content to remain where meant—
on top—wher a ship should sail.

They go an' man a sheet-iron can an'
dive like a blasted whale.
They think they're smart, but frazzle my
heart, an' shiver my timbers too,
If under sea's any place to be fur a
self-respectful crew."

The Old Salt spat, donned his wilted hat
gave a hitch to those pants of his.
He'd said his say—so he creaked away,
all itches and rhumatiz.

For sailor-man, since flood began, and
Noah put out to sea,
Has raised his plaint—"AH—THE
NAVY AINT WHAT THE NAVY
USED TO BE."

ACROSTIC By Ernest Bloomer

May I have a word with you,
Ever friendly, ever true?
Reckoning back thru many days,
Remembering how, in many ways,
You have been so kind to me;

Cheered me with your pleasant smile,
Helped me o'er a weary mile—
Reading in the sunset glow,
In the whiteness of the snow,
Some sweet thought you've brought to
me

Telling of what is to be—
May He bless the day we met,
And may God be with us yet,
So that we shall ne'er forget—

Out of the Brig

By Lou Wylie

The Ex-Marine

There's calm in cheerful fire light,
But some may hear the note
Of bugles shrilly sounding
In the chill north wind's throat.

And in the north wind's stalking
Across the snow and mold
There're some who'll hear the marching
Of legions in the cold.

There're some who'll dream of mornings
When the monotony
Of growling guns to north of them
Answered for reveille.

The muttering throats of cannon,
The waves that never sleep,
The swaying decks of battleships,
The tears the dying weep.

The silver sounding bugle
Voicing its shrill command,
The pulsing lines of marching men
Across denuded land.

These things are not forgotten
Although the years may bind
Deep wreaths of quiet living
Across the restless mind.

These things men wear as guerdons
Who've played the warrior's role,
Though silent be the brave man's lip,
They're branded on his soul.

And though his homing feet may seem
On quiet ways, and fair,
Furled in his heart are battle flags
That conquerors only bear.

Dear Fellows: What with the first snow of the season howling about outside, and little enough heat in the radiator, this column is still able to keep up to the top notch in enthusiasm, because it went and got a good shot of a virus that has renewed all our interest and energy in behalf of the Corps. Not that it has ever slackened, but it does give sort of a tired feeling to one's bones to go



Lou Wylie

about shouting forever, without even getting an echo. The echo came last month, in the shape of an honorary membership in the New York Detachment of the U. S. Marine Corps League. And in case any of you fellows don't know why and what the league is, just you drop over to the Holly Club, 43 Pierrepont Street, which is not so far from the Navy Yard if you don't know your Brooklyn, and ask a few questions. John Angelo Cincotta is the commandant of the New York Detachment. He is an emotional little man with intense brown eyes and a love of the Marine Corps that is similar to that which burns in

a perhaps smaller flame in the heart of many in the Corps today.

Although he is a very busy attorney, he is never too busy to lay aside his papers, or shoo out his cash customers and talk about the Corps, or the League. And just to show you that he isn't spending his time in talking, there were 75 new members installed at the last meeting of the League.

What with this column having the honor of being the first woman member, just suppose we make it a regular all the year round party, and any time you happen to be in New York just drop around to the club, find out what the next meeting date is, and barge in.

It only costs \$4 to be a member for a year, but you don't have to have that much to be recognized at the club on a meeting night. The uniform admits you, and it won't hurt you a bit to hear some of those fellows whose metal was tried back in 1918 sit back and tell their experiences. Once a Marine, always a Marine, and it won't cost you anything to find out.

Some of the reasons that make us like New York are...Brooklyn bridge...the oysters sold in a little shop on the corner of Adams and High Streets...the way people crowd off subway trains and push you off, or crowd on subway trains and keep you on...the football games they play over at Sing Sing...the speak-easy owner and the ex-detective who goes about lecturing to men's clubs of churches...the way people in Brooklyn say "erl" for oil, and "Lor" for law...and try to make up for it by using the broad "a" and saying "towmawtoes"...the way janitors cut off the heat at ten P. M...and turn it on at 5 A. M...when you don't expect to get up for hours...the sailor in the restaurant who got indignant when asked to pay his check...and said that "object was no money to him" and stalked out without tipping the waiter...the way the most dignified army parties at Fort Hamilton end up in polo arguments...the Gilbert and Sullivan operas which have been running off and on all year...the man who drives up in a swank gray "Caddy" every morning to the Montague B. M. T. subway...and waits until his chauffeur alights and opens the door of his car...so that he can trot down the steps to the subway while his car whirrs away...out of traffic while he goes over to Wall Street, jammed up like a sardine in a box.

Just to be mean we have so far failed to make a single joke about New Year's resolutions. After looking back over some 20 years of making them or having made them we have come to the conclusion they are no joking matter. So that's that.

Over near Erie Basin, in Brooklyn there is the queerest city to be found in all of the United States. Hard times brought it into being, and you fellows who tire of the monotony of days spent in clean quarters, with good food, should drop over that way and look it over. With an irony that brings the tears, its founders call it "Prosperity City" and it is built on the refuse of the city dump. Tiny shacks built from rusted scraps of automobiles, and bits of drift wood fished from the basin, house more

than 200 shivering, starving men. Because they have no legal residence in Brooklyn or Manhattan these men receive no relief from the city. Once in a while two or three of them land a day's work unloading a ship. For this they are paid 65c per hour, and they lay in a stock of tobacco, bacon, bread and coffee. The Norwegian Salvation Army holds weekly meetings on a little knoll overlooking the dump. This has been christened "Gospel Hill." Many of the men are shoeless, some have only the clothes they wear on their backs. In one shack, furnished with repaired scraps of furniture from the dump, a full length picture of the crucifixion hangs above a wobbly table. Most of the men are merchant marine sailors out of jobs for the past year because of hard times. Their few savings have dwindled, their clothes have been pawned, and they have become outcasts.

Stories about "Prosperity City" in the Brooklyn newspapers have elicited some little help for the men. One woman took down an oil stove, but gave them no oil or money to buy oil with. Another sent along an assortment of old shoes that came in handy, and the column's girl friend, whose husband is at Walter Reed recovering from a polo injury, took down all his shirts, polo sweaters, socks and army blankets. But despite all the help that they have gotten it is still a pretty dismal life for a man who has had clean food and a clean bed to sleep in, and so we are passing it along to you...some day when you are very discontented with the Corps, and things in general, you might want to remember about "Prosperity City" and the men cowering there from the cold.

HE GAVE UP

Alice was speaking to her sweetheart: "When we're married, you'll have to stop gambling."

"All right."

"Then you'll have to give up this vagabond life you've been leading up to now."

"All right."

"Also, you'll have to give up drinking."

"Fine. Anything else?"

"Well, that's all for the moment."

"Just a minute; there's one more thing I'll also give up."

"What?"

"The idea of marrying you."

A certain gentleman who was very proud of his five-year-old son presented him one day to another man.

"My son is marvelous in arithmetic."

Second man to the young boy: "What does one and one make?"

"Two," was the prompt reply.

"And what are four and four?"

"Eight," said the child.

"Wonderful. And what are five and five?"

"Ten," said the child.

"And how about six and six?"

"That's craps."—Le Sourire.

First Chorine (quarreling in dressing room): Not only that, but you're getting uglier every day.

Second Ditto: Another thing that I can do and you can't.—Exchange.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The Mullah

A month ago I received Vol. 1, No. 1 of "The Mullah." I was a little curious so I read it, but I had not read far until my interest quickened. It was hot stuff. It told about the 6th Marine Brigade and gave some of us good sound advice.

When the next month rolled around, I waited with bated breath to see if "The Mullah" would again appear to aid in passing some lonely minutes. I waited and soon, "The Mullah," Vol. 1, No. 2, was on my desk. I grabbed it up quickly to see if it was any better than the first one. It was. It, like other things, improves with age. Now that my fears of an early demise of this little paper were set at rest, I sat back in my swivel chair and prepared to enjoy this message from Mullah, himself. It was well worth the time taken from my worrying labors to read his cheering message. The creases and furrows left my brow to decorate my mouth and cheeks. Let's hope that Mullah will continue to hold his own.

Barn Dance

Company "D," 20th Marines gave a barn dance at the Armory Annex on the 2nd of December at which everyone had a good time. Now that it has been shown that our dance floor is in a satisfactory condition, why can't we have some more of these old time festivities? How about a good masquerade square dance some holiday night?

What are the rest of the companies doing about the challenge sent out by Company "B" of the 23rd Regiment? Haven't we plenty of basketball material in reserve to make the challengers think that they are not the only ones who have basketball material? GET BUSY.

Now that plans are under way for the new recruiting season, let's all see if we cannot get some really good material for our Brigade. Let us not think only of Company "A" or Company "C" but let us work up material for the whole Brigade. If you have some good material for the Engineer Company, the Band, the Machine Gun companies, the Communication Company, or the rifle companies, try to get them in the company that they would fit, rather than induce them to enlist in a company where they would not be at their best. Now all together boys, the Brigade FIRST, the Regiments, SECOND, and the individual companies, THIRD. You may shout "Treason" at this, but as our fellow countryman said when our individual colonies were being cemented together, "If this be treason make the most of it." Company spirit is good, it is essential, so is Regimental spirit. Each Regiment should strive to have the best in everything, but the only way we can come out in front all along the line is to let the Brigade spirit supersede all the others. Come on, fellows. All together, three cheers for the Brigade. Rah! Rah! Rah!

From the Shores of Fifty-second Street

On November 20th, a detail of men from Co. "A," 1st Batt., 19th Reserve Marines, visited the Headquarters of the Marine Corps League, Detachment 1.

Needless to say everyone had a great time, what with the whole affair being MARINE with a capital M. Especially interesting was the talk delivered by that old-timer, "Doc" Clifford. Even the fact that this scribe had to make a speech couldn't mar the evening. And let it be here recorded that this fraternal organization is many jumps ahead of the others in that after-dinner speeches are made BEFORE the dinner—thereby making ALL speeches short. Bravo.

The meeting was conducted at the Holly Club and refreshments were served "down below." As for the quality of aforesaid refreshments, rest assured it was the "McCoy."

When a man ships over, it's more or less a matter of form. But when "Papa" Wood ships over, it's occasion for a celebration, for if there ever was a fellow who was popular, it's Sergeant William Wood, USMCR. Bill is truly an old-timer having served years ago under Colonel "Hike—'em Hiram" Bearss.

Therefore on the 10th of December, a stag affair was held with "Papa" as the guest of the evening. Chow, cigars and er—"coffee" were devoured with immense gusto and the stories that made the rounds were worthy of publication—but not in the LEATHERNECK.

The Rifle Team under Sergeant Wood is making headway towards the champion calibre. The best shots had such a hard time to make the coveted Seven that the substitutes are every bit dependable to step in at any old time to uphold the honors of this historical outfit. More of this anon.

Among the things you might deem interesting are the following: At Camp Perry, Ohio, this past year, a Kentucky mountaineer fired with an eight-foot rifle. (That's one method of "getting up on the bull.")...And at the same camp in September, 1921, First Sergeant T. B. Crawley, USMC, made 176 CONSECUTIVE bulls at 800 yards...Whenever a newspaper shows soldiers at present arms, the journals invariably note "...stiffly standing at attention." (Technically, they are probably correct because any phase of the manual is executed at attention)...There was a thrilling article on Colonel "Hike—'em-Hiram" Bearss in the Elks Magazine for December, 1931...Those sun-kissed two-reel comedies starring Gribbon and Summerville who are now shown in the Marine Corps...A concise article on the Marine Corps' activities past and present was written by Henry Cabot Lodge in the Herald-Tribune of November 29, 1931. It's worth getting...Commodore Porter, heroic Captain of the Essex in the War of 1812, was once mistaken for a Britisher. After the mistake was found, he

was tendered a grand procession through Long Island all the way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard...Experts in criminology could learn a thing or two from a splendid write-up in the Detective Story Magazine (Oct. 17) by Lieutenant Charles E. Chapel, USMC...During the War of 1812 a contractor named Elbert Anderson was furnishing supplies to the Army. On the barrels and boxes were stamped, "E. A.—U. S." Because one of the local inspectors was named SAMUEL Wilson, a wag interpreted the initials as representing, "Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam." From which we get one of the theories advanced as to the origin of "Uncle Sam"...If you can obtain one, read one of those MULLAH periodicals. They're laugh provokers...And if you care to read an article on The Story of Modern Military Power by Dr. B. N. Lougovoy, Consulting Technician of the United States Ordnance Department, send in a request to this scribe at the armory, foot of 52nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Its a featured bit in a recent issue of our company publication, "A No. 1"... Happy New Year, Mates!

William McK. Fleming.

Western Reserve Area

Hail to the newest Marine Corps Reserve Battalion! The First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines of Southern California are welcome to our midst. For the past three months, organization of the First has been carried on, and now it is a unit composed of four companies.

Major W. M. McIlvain, USMCR, is the commanding officer of the First Battalion and has established headquarters in the office of the recruiting district of Los Angeles at the Severance Building. Company "A", formerly known as the 307th Company, is quartered at the Black-Foxe Military Academy in Hollywood. Captain Allan I. Schmulian, USMCR, is commanding this unit, succeeding Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., USMCR, who carried on under adverse conditions for the past three years. Company "A" displays its abilities every Tuesday night and is in a fair way to be dubbed "Hollywood's Own."

Company "B" under the command of Captain John J. Flynn, USMCR, is located in the city hall of Pasadena. This beautiful spot was secured from the Board of City Directors of Pasadena by Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, USMCR, second in command of "B" Company.

Company "C" is under organization in Inglewood, a suburb of Los Angeles, under the guidance of Lieutenant Horace Card, USMCR, a former member of the old 307th Company. Company "D", a machine gun unit, is being organized by Lieutenant Ball with the able assistance of Second Lieutenant Peter Altpeter.

Colonel William C. Wise, commanding officer of the Western Reserve Area, visited this new outfit recently, and at a

(Continued on page 47)



Hudson-Mohawk Detachment

Hey, fellers, we have been at it again and this year, we have outdone all previous occasions; if you had been there, you would have said so too. The committee in charge certainly put on something big this time. Some of you have been at our "blowouts" but you missed the time of your life at this event. There is an excuse for out-of-town friends as they were probably earnestly engaged in a similar manner. Do you recall our Clam Bake at Wenzell's Grove at Schenectady a few years ago? Well, that is where we gathered on November 11 to celebrate the day the Hun held up both hands saying "Kamarad." Did we have a good time, I'll say we did. Boy! it would take up three pages of this publication to tell you everything. Mine Host Wenzell certainly left orders for a spread in our honor when he went after some venison but he need not worry about the success for Frau Wenzell gave perfect satisfaction, assisted by young Mrs. Wenzell and a corps of pretty girls dressed all in white; the way they fluttered around attending to our wants, was surely marvelous; it was hard to keep from giving them a Marine hug. But let me tell you something about what took place. When all had arrived, we took seats at two long tables and were served with the most bountiful repast we had had in a long time; even the two banquets at Buffalo and Canada last September did not offer a better comparison. It consisted of our old time "beef steak" supper and those who know anything of former occasions, will understand what that means; one of the boys was heard to say "Holy cats! they have given me half a cow." With that remark, there is no need to say any more of what the rest was. When we had finished the eats, and let me say that more than one had to loosen up before they were through, we listened to an experience told by Sergeant Legnard, who served in France with Company A, 5th Marines, of how near he came to being blown up by a big shell which struck the ground very near him but did not explode. He also told of a big Marine Sergeant carrying a young Marine on his shoulders, who had "got it" in the foot but shouted as he passed by "they got me, give them hell." State Department Commandant Culver pledged himself to making his department second to none. We were royally entertained by three sisters of Comrade Harrington, the Misses Frances, and Anna, with songs accompanied at the piano by Lyda. Could they sing? Boy, you should have heard them. This part of the program closed with all standing while the Chaplain recited a prayer for those who made the supreme sacrifice. Oh, yes, the Old Warrior was there and is writing this report. We missed Latons, Lambert, Beeg. Yes, Frank, we had some "apple" too. Each

lady present was given a souvenir in the form of a miniature sterling silver Marine emblem, pin shape. With a five piece orchestra, dancing commenced and continued until two A. M. Talk about "esprit de corps," there is no place like a gathering of Marines to find it and that is just where this detachment shines. Do not think our "Maurie" did not spread himself; he was here, there, and everywhere to see if all were enjoying themselves. Chris Cunningham could not stay in one place more than five minutes. "Chet" Bates, our Commandant, was rather quiet but we understood the reason. There is so much to say that I almost forgot to mention Bugler Walker who blew taps. Ed Schwind deserves credit for the manner he did the arranging; 4 and 20 at it again.

In the Meantime

National Vice Commandant is making an official visit in the Jersey sector this month. Let us hope he will go prepared with "Flit" to drive back the oft-quoted "sneakers." Because of the proximity of Armistice Day to our regular meeting which would have occurred on the 12th, we were obliged to put it off until the 19th.

The Meeting

Our regular meeting had been put over one week as Armistice Day was just one day ahead; so now on November 19, we are gathered at Schenectady for the second time in one month. A large attendance had not been expected but it was surprising how the members turned out. A few new faces and one candidate confronted us; Marcko Burton, who had served on the "Kentucky" and had seen service in the Philippines, China, Japan. The uniform committee, of which Vice Commandant Legnard is chairman, made a fine report. The committee on the Troy dance of October 23, reported a financial success. The Schenectady members under the leadership of State Commandant Grant Culver, announced the Troy members would be put in the shade as they, Schenectady members, were putting on another dance on December 11 at the Van Curler Hotel in Schenectady. It is claimed the event will outshine even our Annual Ball at Albany, which is still in the distance, but this is very much doubted as the Albany gang is too well known for their activities. A sample of our official League badge as adopted at Buffalo last September, was shown and every member strongly urged to purchase one. It is a beautiful decoration when worn on our uniform. We missed National Vice Commandant Ilch at the meeting as it is very seldom he is absent. The next meeting will be held one week later than usual, December 19, because of the dance occurring on the 11th, and will be held in Troy at the V. F. W. rooms, Laureate Boat Club. We then adjourned for refreshments. While being entertained by

"Sam" with several songs, the peace and quietness was suddenly disturbed by "Quack—Quack—Quack!" Pandemonium reigned for several minutes until the guard returned from investigating the disturbance, bringing with them Vice Commandant Walker. The sergeant of the guard reported having found Walker in a neighborhood poultry coop with a good sized duck in his hand. Upon asserting his innocence of stealing and claiming he had won the duck at a raffle, his word being verified by several, he was allowed to keep the duck for his Thanksgiving dinner. It pays to be honest in your actions.—H. C. Edgerton.

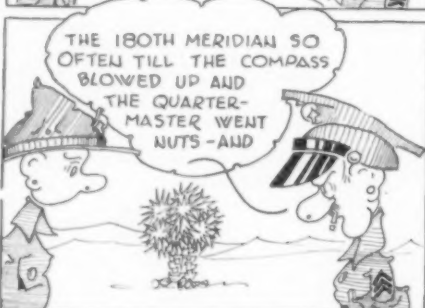
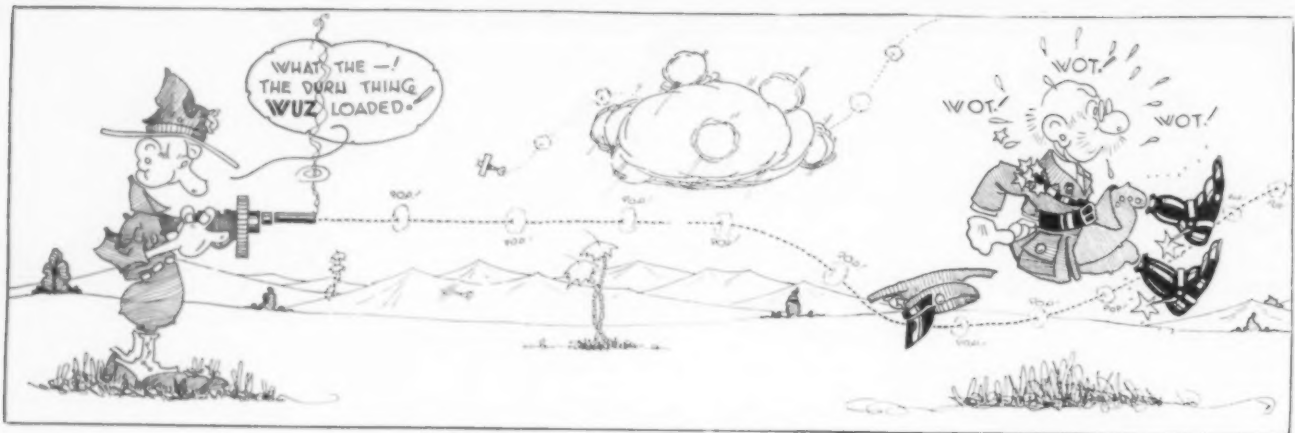
Sacramento Detachment

Just dropped in, unannounced but on time, to attend the second meeting of the Sacramento Detachment of the Marine Corps League. Commandant Lou Davis was in the chair aided by Senior Vice-Commandant Brown, a "red hot S. V.," by the way, and Junior Vice Commandant Gardner. The boys conducted their meeting in a very business-like manner, attended to a few things left from the first meeting, and joined one new member.

Naturally matters are very unsettled, but judging from appearances, it won't be long. In looking the boys over, we find Commandant Lou Davis, a real Marine, full of pep, and able to deliver a broadside at the right moment; Brown, his Senior Vice Commandant, a Marine through and through, six feet tall, straight as an Indian, looking you squarely in the eye when talking, and full of excellent ideas with courage to back them; Gardner, the Junior Vice Commandant, a quiet, modest chap, almost too modest to seem a Marine, but under this exterior bubbling with the spirit and confidence of the good Marine. The rest are not so well-known to me, but in time we shall know them better and give you the low-down on them.

Commandant Davis' biggest worry at the present time is keeping his Captain of the Guard; only by a very clever move was he able to stop the V. F. W. from stealing him. After the meeting, coffee and sandwiches, donated by Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Gardner, were served. During this luncheon, the boys announced their intentions of going after the national cup in 1932 and I would not care to bet against them.

In closing, I would like to mention to any Marine who happens to be in Sacramento at any time that a welcome awaits him from any member of the detachment. Sacramento is one of California's most beautiful cities, in addition to being the capital, and holds many interesting sights for the visitor. And unlike most cities of its size, the people are very hospitable and sociable to visitors at all times.—Thos. J. Kingsley.



THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR. Introduced by H. M. Tomlinson. Harper Brothers. Collection containing the works of 56 great writers, among them: John Galsworthy; Joseph Conrad; E. M. Remarque; Edith Wharton; Leonard Nason; Ared White, and many others who contributed to this anthology. \$3.50

THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. Scribners. A powerful, morbid story of Marines in the World War. (Edition illustrated by Capt. John W. Thomason \$3.00). Regular edition. \$2.00

MACHINE GUNNER'S POCKET MANUAL. Compiled by five infantry captains. Infantry Journal, Inc. A text book for machine gunners, involving fire control, computation of firing data, methods of fire distribution, sanitation and reference for full employment of that arm. Waterproof binding \$2.25. Plain binding \$1.75.

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S MILITARY HISTORY. By Lt.-Col. W. A. Mitchell, U. S. A. Infantry Journal, Inc. A study of military strategy from 1500 B. C. to 1918 A. D. With a supplementary analysis of Napoleon's campaigns. \$5.00

THE RISE OF U. S. GRANT. By A. L. Conger. The Century Co. A comprehensive study of the character and achievements of General Grant. \$5.00

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. By Joseph Crozier. Knopf. Espionage and counter espionage; a network of intrigue behind the German lines. \$3.00

FLYING DUTCHMAN. By Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould. Henry Holt and Co. The story and achievements of the man who brought terror down from the skies; Fokker, the eccentric genius. \$3.00

THE ROAD BACK. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown & Co. A sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," in which the demobilized soldiers find the world has gone on to leave them out of the scheme of things. \$2.50

JEB STUART. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. A flashing biography of a romantic leader of the Civil War. Profusely illustrated by the author. \$5.00

THE BATTLE AT BLANC MONT. By Lt.-Col. Ernst Otto, German Army (retired). Translated by Martin Lichtenberg, U. S. M. C. Published by U. S. Naval Institute. A German officer's explanation of the Blanc Mont affair. \$2.00

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. The story of Toussaint Louverture, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Continental treachery. \$3.50

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By Walter Mills (Houghton Mifflin). The Cuban insurrection and our war with Spain. \$4.00.

ON FORSYTE CHANGE. By John Galsworthy (Scribners). \$2.50. The further adventures of the Forsyte family.

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

Book of Sport

PLAY THE GAME, Edited by Mitchell V. Charnley (Viking Press), \$3.50.

Most anyone is interested in some line of athletics or sports, and in the Marine Corps it is encouraged to a great degree. There are but few Marines whose interest does not extend beyond that of a passive spectator into an active participant.

Mr. Charnley's handbook of sport embraces just about every form of competitive game. Each of the thirty-four articles has been written by an authority on the subject. Such men as Rogers Hornsby, "Red" Grange, Benny Friedman, Franklin M. Reck, Grantland Rice, and many others, coaches, athletes and sports writers, have contributed to this book.

The finer points of various games are discussed in detail, little things that are so often neglected, such as the position of a pitcher's foot when he delivers the ball, slipping from defensive to offensive on the rebound of a basketball, and the importance of the grip on a tennis racket. Various plays of football are analyzed, and the opinions of great stars are given.

Naturally, baseball and football predominate; there are sixteen articles on these two sports. But basketball, track and tennis are not neglected. The other events, listed as minor sports, are: swimming and fancy diving; hockey; wrestling; golf; speedball; boxing; handball; volleyball; fencing; soccer, and lacrosse.

Of course there are many of these activities that will be of little interest to the average Marine. Some require too much equipment difficult to obtain in the service. But most of them are such as are played daily throughout the Corps. Football is gone, basketball is here, and baseball only three months away. The book is an all-season guide to athletics.

And even if it is impossible to "Play the Game" actually, Mr. Charnley's compilation will prove interesting reading material through the winter evenings.

Wilderness Conqueror

LA SALLE. By L. V. Jacks (Scribners), \$3.00.

The epic tale of Rene Robert Cavalier, the Sieur de la Salle, has every element of a Shakespearean tragedy. The star of the French adventurer's genius ascends to a glittering height, and then burns out in the twinkling of an eye.

La Salle early abandoned his priestly training, and after sacrificing his titles and land, sailed to New France where he established a colony on the St. Lawrence. His firmness of character and honesty made him a greater friend of the Indians than of his French colleagues.

He made several expeditions into the territory held by the Illinois, whose attitude changed from open hostility to friendship. He dominated the redmen by his personality and they aided him in his search for the Mississippi. After years of hardships he at last reached the banks of the mighty stream, followed it to its estuary, where he claimed the fertile soil in the name of France. He immediately returned to Canada and embarked for France. An expedition was fitted out and sailed to found an empire at the mouth of the Mississippi. Before the rendezvous of Santo Domingo was reached, one ship had been captured by Spanish pirates.

Once more the fleet put to sea. They missed their objective and landed on the coast of Texas. One ship was battered to pieces during the debarkation, and another was lost soon afterward. Then the last returned to France leaving a frightened band of people stranded on an inhospitable shore.

Disease, famine, snakes, crocodiles and native butchers took toll for the next year and a half, during which La Salle vainly attempted to rediscover the Mississippi.

Then suddenly murder flamed in the brains of some of his followers and three of La Salle's men were killed in their sleep. Unsuspecting, the French conqueror approached his camp. The murderers, fearing his vengeance, were waiting in ambush with ready weapons. A puff of smoke, and the star of La Salle's genius was extinguished in a twinkling.

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Coast Guard Wins President's Cup

By T. P. Cullen

A bear and a bulldog were unleashed in Griffith Stadium on the afternoon of December 5 to engage in one of the fiercest tussles ever seen on any gridiron, before 8,000 thrill-drunk, gasping, quivering spectators. What a battle! What a battle! The leatherneck bulldog charged, fought and tackled in a manner reminiscent of Belleau days but the rum-chasing bear retaliated a la Prohibition and when a shrieking blast of the time-keeper's whistle halted the best fight since the big show across the pond, Prohibition had scored another triumph.

In other words, a hard-fighting, quick-charging Coast Guard team defeated a plucky, courageous, but over-anxious Quantico football team, by a score of 13-7, thereby winning the coveted President's Cup for the first time since it was presented for this annual rumpus by President Calvin Coolidge in 1924, and gaining with it the mythical Eastern Service Championship.

The Coast Guard entered the affray with the imposing record of eight straight victories and listed as one of the few undefeated and untied teams in the country, while the Marines had been defeated twice and tied once. The Coast Guard were expected to win by two touchdowns.

In the first quarter the Marines seemed determined to uphold tradition, strip the Guardsmen of their laurels and send them back to New London a thoroughly-spanked bunch of footballers, and consequently upset the dope and calculations of all the would-be football experts.

The Leathernecks got their big break on one of the flukiest plays I have ever seen. A long pass by Zeher was intercepted by Heffelfinger, and the Guardsman, about to be tackled, thought to shoot a lateral to a fellow player. Instead he tossed it into the arms of the waiting Ferrell, Leatherneck end, who scampered to the Coast Guard thirty-yard line. Then Young, Marine quarterback, went back about three centuries and pulled the hoary Statue of Liberty play out of the bag. It worked beautifully. Robertson took the ball from the heroically-poised Zeher, eluded several would-be tacklers, and though hit on the goal line by half of the Coast Guard team, fell over for the touchdown. This play saw Robertson leave the game with a broken rib. Zeher's try for the extra point was blocked.

The play of the Coast Guard backfield, including their ace, Maynard, was so bad in the first quarter that the Bear's coach replaced the entire quartet early in the second period. The substitutes added

but little to the offense of the Guardsmen, however, who just couldn't seem to get going during the first half. The Gyrenes apparently diagnosed their plays before they started as every time a Coast Guard ball carrier reached the scrimmage line, a Leatherneck was waiting for him, though Roland did shake loose for a 25-yard run.

I would like to have heard the talk that the Coast Guard coach gave to his players between halves though I'm sure that the censors wouldn't have let me



Next Year?

publish it. He must have said plenty and without mincing words, as the Bears came out to start the second half "rarin' to go."

Their enthusiasm was short-lived, however, when Crowe, right guard and captain of the Marines, recovered a Coast Guard fumble early in the third period on the Bears' twenty-yard line. Zeher and Young worked the ball to the Guardsmen's 11-yard line in four tries, just short of a first down. Heffelfinger then punted to Young on the Marines' 44-

yard line, who fumbled, Murphy recovering for the Coast Guard. Then Maynard went to work. Time after time this husky stalwart hit the Leatherneck line for huge gains, often dragging Marine tacklers for three or four yards before he was finally downed. Cawley helping him occasionally, they tore the Marines' line to shreds. Just as the whistle blew for the end of the third period, Maynard dove over from the 2-yard line for the Bears' first touchdown. Cawley's placement added the seventh point.

After receiving the kickoff, Zeher and Lieutenant Joe Bauer, who had entered the game, started a series of forward passes and line plunges that took the ball to the Coast Guard 32-yard line where the Marines finally lost it on downs. Cawley cut through right tackle for twenty yards on the first play but the ball was called back and the Coast Guard penalized five yards for offside.

Then T. Edwards started his long run of 61 yards for the Guards' second touchdown. Finding a hole at right tackle, he eluded the secondary defense, darted for the far corner of the field and with Lieutenant Bauer, Marines' safety man, chasing him all the way, galloped across the goal line.

Duda blocked Cawley's placement kick for the extra point and this exploit was the signal for the most sensational advance of the day. Starting from their own 32-yard line, Bauer and Zeher opened up with a series of passes that bordered on the miraculous. Everybody knew what was coming, including the Coast Guard and spectators, but no one was able to stop them. Time after time Zeher or Bauer tossed the ball into the arms of unhampered receivers. The Marines completed no less than 10 of these passes, only two being grounded. Never once did they try to rush the ball but depended on the aerial route alone to get them across for one more touchdown. They finally advanced the ball to the 2-yard line. Afraid to risk a pass over the goal line, they changed their tactics. They tried the line. Zeher plunged, was stopped cold; the final whistle blew; the game was over.

COAST GUARD-MARINE LINE-UP

ALL-COAST GUARD	POS.	MARINES
Herko	L. E.	H. Ferrell
Shonts	L. T.	Snedhouse
W. W. White	L. G.	Kleponis
Walker	Center	Hostad
Bunyan	R. G.	Crowe
C. White	R. T.	Poppo
Mazzotta	R. E.	Adams
Nemeth	Q. B.	Young
Maynard	L. H.	Robertson
Heffelfinger	R. H.	Zeher
Cawley	F. B.	O'Neill

Score by periods:

All-Coast Guard	0	0	7	6-13
Marines	0	0	0	0-6

Touchdowns—Robertson, Maynard, T. Edwards.
Point after touchdown—Cawley (placement).



Zeher rips through for five yards.

Substitutions—All-Coast Guard: L. Edwards for Heffelfinger, Roland for Nemeth, Spaniol for Cawley, T. Edwards for Maynard, Gibson for Bunyan, Cramer for Herko, Wineke for Shonts, Banker for Walker, Libby for L. Edwards, Murphy for Cramer, Nemeth for Roland, Heffelfinger for Nemeth, Cochran for W. W. White, Maynard for T. Edwards, Cawley for Spaniol, Libby for Heffelfinger, Cramer for Murphy, T. Edwards for Cawley, Shonts for Wineke. Marines: Shess for Robertson, Stuckwisch for Crowe, Murphy for Kleponis, Duda for Hostad, Bauer for O'Neill, Williford for Young, Gann for Hostad, Tipton for Shess, Brandt for Poppel, Moret for Adams. Referee—Kelley, Holy Cross. Umpire—Brewer, Maryland. Field Judge—Daniels, Georgetown. Linesman—Thompson, Georgetown. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Highlights of the Game

At the conclusion of the game the spectators rushed out of their seats to form a circle around Mrs. Herbert Hoover as she presented the cup to Lieutenant Eddie Roland, captain of the victorious Coast Guard team. Roland didn't know whether to laugh or cry when he received the cup; he murmured something that was supposed to be "thank you," then let off steam by throwing his arms around Les Maynard who was standing beside him. Was he happy!

To Les Maynard, great halfback of the Coast Guard, went the gold watch presented the outstanding performer of this annual contest. The judges must have debated quite awhile before they awarded him the laurel, however, as Cawley of the Coast Guard and Zeher of the Marines played bang-up football all during the game.

Between the halves, two members of the rival services, Private First Class W. A. Goodoff of the Marine Corps and Motor Machinist's Mate George A. Roehlk of the Coast Guard were presented with life-saving medals awarded by the Treasury Department for heroic deeds performed during the past year. A gunnery sergeant from the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va., accepted the medal in behalf of Goodoff, who is at present serving with the Marine Detachment in Tsingtar, China. The presentations were made by Under Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills.

Lending an atmosphere of distinction to the occasion were the many notables present from Washington's official life. Mrs. Hoover presided in the absence of the President, who was detained by cares of state. Seated with Mrs. Hoover were Secretary of the Navy Charles F. Adams and Mrs. Adams; Major General Ben H. Fuller, commandant of the Marine Corps, and Mrs. Fuller; Commander J. H. Bayliss, commandant of the Coast Guard's New London post; Captain Russell Train, naval attache to the President, and Colonel Campbell Hodges, military attache.

Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley and Mrs. Hurley and Under Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills were in the box adjoining Mrs. Hoover's. Nearby was a party headed by Admiral F. C.

Billard, commandant of the Coast Guard, and Mrs. Billard.

When the Coast Guard, three battalions of them, marched on the field they were promptly greeted by a rousing cheer (Bronx) from some seventy-five Marines from the Washington Barracks who were perched atop the East Side bleachers. The Coast Guard returned in kind when the 1,500 gyrenes from Quantico made their appearance.

Duda must have thought the sky fell in on him when he blocked Cawley's try for placement in the fourth quarter. He stopped it with his nose. But what care he? After all, it was for the dear old Corps and a shining example of SEMPER FIDELIS.

Did you ever seen ONE cop stop 2,000 men. It's been done. As the blast of the timekeeper's whistle ending the game echoed across the field, 2,000 Guardsmen made a dash for the goal posts at the North end of the field. Their intentions were apparent—the goal posts were to be carried away in triumph. But Old John Law barred the way. Darting from one post to another he heroically defended those two sticks of wood. He entreated, implored and begged them to be on their way, seemingly to no avail. But Right is Might, and finally, with the aid of his night stick, a meaning glance at his pistol, and a few of the very latest in cuss words, he persuaded them to depart without the coveted two-by-fours. Maybe it is just as well that the Marines didn't win the game.

No President's Cup Game would ever be complete without Sergeant Jiggs II. Trotting around the field behind the band, he winked at the Marines, growled at the Coast Guard, smiled at Mrs. Hoover and laughed out loud when Robertson went over for the first touchdown. What a mutt!

The Coast Guard "Bear" took on the appearance of a mule when he was trotted out to strut his stuff before the game. He could neither be coaxed or forced to follow the Guard band around the field. Unlike most of the Guardsmen, he was decidedly bashful.

P. I. Upsets Wofford

Flashing a dazzling offensive, coupled with a smashing defensive game, General Lee's Blue Devils threw Old Man Dope for a huge loss today, Saturday, November 7, by defeating Wofford College by a score of 18 to 0.

Gotko, Bell, and Pierce scored the touchdowns that upset the vaunted collegians, picked by sporting circles to smother the Marines. The Blue Devils scored in all but the second period as the game developed into a rout, entirely in favor of the Gyrenes. Led by Evans, left guard, whose work all afternoon was sensational, the Blue Devil line repeatedly smashed the visitors' offensive at the line of scrimmage.

Shumway kicked off to start the game and by brilliant running, the collegians brought the ball to the Marine 11-yard line where Bell broke through and nailed Brown for a loss. Heartened by this, the Devils stiffened and took the ball on downs. After a plunge had proved ineffectual, Pierce kicked to Bouknight who fumbled on his own 22-yard line and the ever-alert Hartley fell on the loose ball. Gotko taking advantage of the break, went over on an end run for the first score. From this point on, it was a Gyrene day for this was the only time that Wofford brought the ball within hailing distance of the goal. Pierce called for defensive play in the second quarter, and aided by his beautifully-placed quick kicks, all attempts of the visitors were smothered.

After receiving the kick off opening the second half, Pierce stood on his own 30-yard line and shot a short pass to Bell, who zig-zagged his way to the Wofford 14-yard line before Brown nailed him from the rear. This was a beautiful demonstration of broken field running. Pierce scored after two plunges through the center. Toward the end of this period, the Blue Devil offensive started again and brought the ball to Wofford's 38-yard line as the quarter ended. At the resumption of play first Pierce, then Bell made short plunges that brought the ball to the one-foot mark. Here the Wofford forwards strengthened and by a beautiful defensive stand stopped three plunges by sheer desperation, but to no avail; for Pierce on the fourth down, shot a short pass to Bell, who received it over the goal line. This heroic stand, reminiscent of Florida's stand against Georgia in 1930, brought the crowd to their feet in admiration. This ended the scoring for the day.

Wofford, although outplayed by a wide margin, never stopped trying and Brown



Preparing to force the Coast Guard line.

and Willis kept the Marines occupied with their short passes and running. But the powerful line outcharged and outplayed their opponents to such an extent that these sterling backs were bottled up at all times. Evans, whose work was superlative, Herman, Hunt, and Shumway led this great defense. Gotko, playing his first game since he was injured, showed once again that art of running to the "nth" degree. He played but a short time and Campbell filled his boots capably in the second half. Bell and Pierce again were outstanding, the former, teaming with Gotko as a constant running threat and the latter, running his team in beautiful fashion, and throwing passes like a Friedman. O'Brien, in the thankless place of blocker, again performed a la Brill, and made possible the stirring long runs of Bell and Gotko. This backfield is fast gaining recognition in the South as one of the best balanced quartets of the season as they perform behind the most powerful line that has ever seen action at Lee Field. Coach Larson has developed a line that would hold its own in most places.

The lineup:		
WOFFORD	POS.	PARRIS ISLAND
Myers	L. E.	Hartley
Nantz	L. T.	Allen
Humphries	L. G.	Evans
Jackson	Center	Kerr
Berry	R. G.	Paize
Carroll	R. E.	Hunt
Alexander	R. E.	Shumway
Monroe	Q. B.	Pierce
Funderburk	L. H. B.	Bell
Bouknight	R. H. B.	Gotko
Willis	F. B.	O'Brien

Score by quarters:		
Wofford	0	0 0 0—0
Parris Island	6	0 0 6—12

Scoring—Touchdowns: Gotko, Pierce, Bell.
Substitutions—Wofford: Legett, Fox, Montsommery, Widenhouse. Marines: Peasley, Paulsboe, Herron, Smith, Herman, Thomas, Sadler and Humphrey.
Officials: Referee, Rogers (Citadel); Umpire, Harvey (B. C.); Field Judge, Chadwick (Citadel); Headlinesman, Gardner (Maryland).

Norman Park Loses to P. I.

Under a blazing sun with the weather more suited for baseball than football, Parris Island continued their winning streak at the expense of Norman Park College by a score of 12 to 0, Saturday, November 14th. Due to the excessive

heat, both teams played spotty ball, with the Blue Devils' attacks more sustained and periodical.

The echoes of the opening whistle had scarcely died away when the Marines pushed over the first score, due chiefly to the individual brilliance of Bobby Gotko, who started the ball rolling with a stirring run of 41 yards to the collegians' 28-yard stripe. Bell chipped in with a twenty-yard off-tackle smash, and Gotko climaxed the drive by scoring around end. Pierce's attempt to kick was blocked by Young. From this point the play saw-sawed back and forth with the advantage all in favor of the Marines, until in the fourth period when Gotko scored just as the final whistle blew after a brilliant drive from their own 39-yard line. Gotko failed to convert his kick and the score remained at 12 to 0.

Statistics show that the game was not as close as the score indicates. Parris Island rolled up a total of 19 first downs while limiting their opponents to 4; and completed 4 out of 9 passes to Norman Park's 3 out of 10 tries. Three times the collegians' line stiffened to hold inside their own 10-yard mark and take the ball on downs. Gotko broke loose twice in the second period for scores, once from a 39-yard run, and then a 60-yard jaunt, only to have the play nullified by a penalty. Green and Robinson of the collegians were towers of strength on the defense, the latter giving a grand exhibition of tackle play. The Blue Devil forward wall kept its record for fine play intact, Sadler and Shumway being particularly effective at the flanks.

However, the spotlight of the game was turned on Gotko. Aided by superlative interference on the part of his teammates, Bobby tore the opposing line to shreds and sped around the ends for a total of 215 yards in twenty-seven attempts, for an average of 8 yards per try. Gotko played but a portion of the fourth quarter, in addition to the first and second in piling up this amazing total of yardage. Gotko also played a whale of a defensive game to star as the most valuable man on the field. A word must be added for Sadler, who played his first hard game this season and stood out in a line of stars. Sadler

played part of the game in the collegians' backfield making life miserable for the backs and formed the receiving end of a Pierce-Sadler forward pass combination that functioned well.

The lineup:		
NORMAN PARK	POS.	PARRIS ISLAND
Thomas	L. E.	Hartley
Brandon	L. T.	Hunt
Young	L. G.	Evans
Poole	Center	Herman
DuBoise	R. G.	Paize
Robinson	R. T.	Allen
Miller	R. E.	Shumway
Matthews	Q. B.	Pierce
Smith	R. H. B.	Gotko
Blanton	L. H. B.	Bell
Bolden	F. B.	McKenna

Score by quarters:		
Norman Park	0	0 0 0—0
Parris Island	6	0 0 6—12

Touchdowns: Gotko (2).
Substitutions—Norman Park: Devance, St. John, Scott, Green. Parris Island: Kerr, Beck, Smith, Davidson, Sadler, Bartlett, Paulsboe, Peasley, Golden.

Officials: Referee, Harvey (S. C.); Umpire, Gardner (Md.); Field Judge, Chadwick (Citadel); Linesman, Smithberger (U. S. M. C.).

Marines Extended to Win

Georgia State College exploded a bombshell in the Parris Island football circles Friday, November 20th, by making one of the most remarkable comebacks and forcing the Islanders to the limit to chisel out a 25 to 12 victory.

After being completely outplayed and scored upon three times in the first half, Georgia State staged a fine comeback at the outset of the second half by scoring twice within three minutes and forcing the return of the first string Blue Devils. Nix, star Georgia halfback, received the kickoff and raced to his own forty-yard stripe before Paulsboe downed him. After two plunges had made first down on the Marine 39-yard line, Nix raced the remaining distance to score. Immediately afterwards, Nix passed forty yards to Katz, who fumbled but the referee called it interference on the Marine 8-yard line. White plunged over on the fourth down for the second score.

Intent upon saving his first team for the gruelling battle with Bowdon State, Coach Larson started his reserves. In the first quarter Paulsboe quick kicked to Georgia's four-yard line, and Kerr recovered Smithwick's fumble on the eight-yard line. Giagiari plunged over on the resulting play. Paulsboe failed to convert. In the second period, the Blue Devil first team, led by Bobby Gotko, scored twice more. Gotko brought the ball fifty yards in five plays at the start of the quarter and Bell and Pierce tore the opposing line to pieces with their savage plunging to place the ball on the four-yard stripe from which point Pierce went over. A pass to Gotko was knocked down as the attempt for the extra point failed. After the ensuing kickoff, Bell and Gotko alternated in bringing the ball to the 15-yard mark, where Gotko made the score 18 to 0.

After the visitors had thrown a scare into the Marines, these same players cut loose again with a drive that placed the pigskin on the Georgia 9-yard line as the third quarter ended. Pierce passed to Gotko at the start of the final period to place it on the foot mark, and then plunged over for the final score of the day. A pass, Pierce to Gotko, added an extra point.

It was just a case of teamwork being triumphant over individual stars. In Nix and Smithwick, Georgia presented two



Mrs. Hoover, General Fuller and other notables witness the passing of the President's Cup.

great backs, but they lacked the support that the Blue Devil line gave their backs. Pierce, Gotko, Bell, and O'Brien worked in perfect harmony behind a line that gave them excellent interference, the first three running and plunging, while O'Brien, 145 pounds of dynamite, gave a beautiful demonstration of blocking. The line played its usual steady game with Evans in a leading role. Peasley and Paulsboe packed the punch both defensively and offensively in the starting lineup.

The lineup:		
GEORGIA STATE	POS.	PARRIS ISLAND
Singleton	L. E.	Hartley
England	L. T.	Henderson
Walter	L. G.	Smith
Shaw	Center	Thomas
Clyatt	R. G.	Golden
Caudell	R. T.	Kerr
Katz	R. E.	Shumway
Brooks	Q. B.	Paulsboe
Cluett	R. H. B.	Herron
Nix	L. H. B.	Vautour
Buntin	F. B.	McKenna

Score by quarters:		
Georgia State	0	0 12 0-12
Parris Island	6	12 0 7-25

Scoring—Touchdowns: Giargiari (sub for Herron), Gotko (sub for Vautour), Pierce (sub for McKenna), (2). Point after, Gotko. Georgia, Nix, White (sub for Buntin).

Substitutes—Marines: Herman, Evans, Paige, Hunt, Allen, Sadler, Larson, Gotko, Pierce, Bell, O'Brien, Peasley, Giargiari. Georgia State: Donohue, Push, Horn, Edwards, Williams.

Officials: Referee, Gardner (Md.). Umpire, McDowell (Citadel). Field Judge, Chadwick (Citadel). Linesman, Smithberger (U. S. M. C.).

Marines Swamp Bowdon

The Parris Island Marines capped the climax to a very successful first season of football at home by beating Bowdon State College on November 26th by a score of 32 to 6. General Lee's Blue Devils ran wild during the first half to pile up 26 points while holding their opponents scoreless. Bell and Gotko, who have made enviable records as running halfbacks, starred in this relentless first half drive, Bell scoring three times and Gotko once. Until forced to leave early in the second quarter, Gotko, ailing captain of the Marines, electrified the fans with his dashes through the bewildered visitors.

Less than a minute of play had elapsed in the first period, when Bell ran from his own 40-yard line to Bowdon's 39-yard line, and Gotko started off right tackle, reversed his field and scored without an enemy hand placed upon him. Pierce passed to Bell for the extra point. Immediately following the ensuing kick-off, Gotko again ran wild and placed the ball on the 11-yard line, where Bell duplicated Gotko's scoring play. The try for point failed. The second period was a duplication of the first, with less spectacular runs, and more of a steady relentless line-smashing attack featuring Pierce and Vautour tore the opposing line to bits and Pierce plunged over for the third score. Again a steady pounding by Pierce and Vautour brought the ball to the six-yard line but Bowdon stiffened and took the ball on downs. Here Neenan, visiting quarter, tried a bit of desperate, insane football, and standing behind his own goal tried a pass to Shivers, but Bell, coming like a whirlwind, intercepted it and ran over for the fourth and last score. Pierce's dropkick was good for the extra point.

In the third quarter, the Blue Devils showed their best drive of the day and marched steadily from their own 20-yard line to score their fifth touchdown.

Alternate plunges by Vautour and Pierce, and passes from Pierce to Bell just over the scrimmage line made this 80-yard march possible. Pierce in particular, gave a great exhibition of field generalship in calling plays. Bell waltzed over from the 10-yard stripe to score on this thrilling parade. Again the interference of the Blue Devils was so expert that not a hand was placed on him as he drove off tackle.

At this point Coach Larson sent his second stringers in so that he might rest his deserving first team for the intersectional battle with Miami, and for the balance of the period and part of the last quarter, these rookies held Bowdon even. But late in the last frame, a series of plunges by Downing, who was a thorn in the Marines' side throughout the game, plus a long forward pass from Downing to Davis placed the ball on the one-foot mark. The Blue Devil reserve line held for two downs before Spier plunged over on his third attempt. Downing's kick was blocked by Kerr.

The fast charging Downing made it impossible for the collegians' attack to get started and Paige and Hunt broke up many runs behind the line of scrimmage. Sadler and Shumway, once again, vied with each other to see who could get the most tackles in the Bowden backfield, and were so successful that Downing resorted to futile plunges between the center trio in a vain effort to find some loophole in the Marine defense. Downing and Davis played fine ball for Bowdon and gave a great show of defensive football when possible, but all was useless in the face of the determined drive of the Marines. With but one more game on the schedule of 1931, it is safe to say that General Lee's Blue Devils will round out one of the most successful first years a team ever had. More than great credit is due to Coach Larson for the excellent team he has welded together in the short space of one season.

The lineup:		
BOWDON STATE	POS.	PARRIS ISLAND
Wimberley	L. E.	Sadler
Cowden	L. T.	Allen
Gregory	L. G.	Paige
McKay	Center	Herman
White	R. G.	Evans
Hardy	R. T.	Hunt
Reavis	R. E.	Shumway
Neenan	Q. B.	Pierce
Head	R. H. B.	Bell
Shivers	L. H. B.	Gotko
Morris	F. B.	O'Brien

Score by quarters:		
Bowdon State	0	0 0 6-6
Parris Island	13	13 6 0-32

Scoring—Touchdowns, Parris Island: Bell (3), Gotko, Pierce. Bowdon State: Spier (sub for Morris). Points after: Pierce, Bell.

Substitutions—Marines: Hartley, Grua, Smith, Thomas, Golden, Davidson, Bartlett, Paulsboe, Peasley, Campbell, Giargiari, Vautour, Herron, Bowdon: Kintz, Downing, Spier, Davis, Mires, White, Martin.

Officials: Referee, Rogers (Citadel); Umpire, Gardner (Md.); Field Judge, Smithberger (U. S. M. C.); Linesman, McDowell (Citadel).

—H. S. Griffin.

Boxing

Parris Island Bouts

November 10th, the Marine Corps birthday, was brought to a fitting close by a smoker held in the Post Lyceum at Parris Island. Promptly at 7:30 p.m., Brigadier General Harry Lee, beloved commander of this post, started the evening festivities with a short address in which he touched on the exploits of the

Corps since its original detachment appointed by Congress, 156 years ago. Although most of us were shocked to hear that we are that old, our second and third childhood came to the fore and allowed us to enjoy the fun, bent and hoary though we be.

A wrestling bout between Patrick and Hargrave began the athletic side of the smoker. Patrick won by a time advantage of one minute and twenty-nine seconds. The first two boxing contests were between prisoners from the Naval Prison, the first with Reagan and Jesse going three rounds to a draw; and Beasley giving Swinehart a boxing lesson in the second, to win handily. "Kid" Szolwinski danced around Cato, in the third bout, and won a four-round judges decision. Both these boys are light and fast and the crowd gave them a good hand for the action they gave. In the semi-final bout, Jones hammered Gilmore and gave no doubt as to the winner, taking all four of the rounds by a wide margin. In the final and most interesting bout of the evening, Colombo, who is fast gaining recognition as a good man, won his third straight fight by beating Petrie on a judges' decision. Colombo dropped Petrie for a count of nine in the first round and took it by a wide margin. Petrie then made the scrap interesting by evening the score in the second and both boys shot the works in the last two, with Colombo having the edge. Chief Pay Clerk Walter Sherry promoted his first smoker since his attachment to this post and from all accounts did an exceptional job. All his men fought well and fast, and he deserves a great deal of credit for coaching them. He also refereed the boxing bouts and First Lieutenant Robert G. Hunt handled the wrestling. These two officers are turning out fighters and wrestlers of the first water and the entire command joins us in thanking them for their efforts. The judges, Captain George E. Monson, USMC; Second Lieutenant Henry R. Paige, USMC; and Quartermaster Clerk Landreville Ledoux, performed their usual excellent job and not one dissenting voice was given their decisions. Joe Humphries, pardon, Master Technical Sergeant Steinsdoerfer (the two are so much alike it is hard to remember which is who), announced each bout to the satisfaction of all present. We are all waiting for another such smoker and once again thank the sponsors for presenting us with a great program of entertainment.—H. S. Griffin.

Quantico Smoker

Six boxing bouts enlivened the smoker held at Quantico on November 18th, by the post athletic association. Approximately 800 men attended the affair. Four knockouts featured the fights.

Fred Tebo, Post Reclamation, gained a technical knockout over Messinschlesser, Service Company, in the third round of a scheduled four-round bout, 135 pounds each. Hal Yon, Maintenance Company, 155 pounds, gained a four-round decision over Al Moore, 155, Barracks Detachment. Ed Strouse, Signal Battalion, stopped Charley Stoppani, Aviation, in the final stanza of another four-round bout. In the semi-final windup George Hodge, Field Hospital, was awarded a close decision over H. D. Anderson, Post Remount Station. For the feature bout

of the evening Paul Rupakus, Aviation, won a technical knockout over Gene Harrington, Signal Battalion, both tipped the scales at 147 pounds.

Referee—Major Harvey Miller, of Washington, D. C.

Judges—Captain T. H. Cartwright and Lieutenant Paul Moret.

Announcer—Gy. Sgt. Jim Crowe.

Golf

First Lieut. J. L. Moody, Jr.

Many officers and enlisted men of the Fourth Regiment take advantage of the excellent golf courses around Shanghai to improve their game and the tournaments staged by the different clubs usually include some Marine representative. The crowning achievement in that realm of sport, though, came during the month of October when First Lieutenant J. L. Moody, Captain C. B. Cates and First Lieutenant L. B. Cresswell entered their names for the Amateur Golf Championship of China. The qualifying rounds, played on the Kiangwan Golf links, found all three officers well down on the list of the low twenty-four and they teed off at the Hungjao Golf Club for the first thirty-six holes of play.

Lieutenant Moody, although predicted in the local papers as being a possible winner, was really a dark horse in the competition and when he scored a 154 to end the first day's play in second place he was accorded considerable space in the columns of the local dailies. The second day's play was thirty-six holes on the Seekingjao links and Lieutenant Moody battled the field to be tied for first place at the end of the first eighteen holes, overcoming the handicap of playing on an unfamiliar course. On the last eighteen holes he looked like a sure winner but a tricky wind on the tenth hole raised his score three points and he finished the tournament against the best in China in third place. He was presented with a handsome golf bag for his achievement and his name was engraved on the perpetual challenge trophy along with the first two places. Lieutenant Cresswell placed eleventh in the running and received a trophy for being the first American to place after the first four. Captain Cates was fifteenth in the running.—Frank Burton.

Olympic Games

The United States has shown a deep interest and taken a prominent part in the Olympic Games since their revival in 1900. At Antwerp in 1920 the Naval Academy crew won the world's championship in rowing, in competition with a crew composed of the best oarsmen in England, and with it won the universal admiration and well-merited commendation not alone of their own country but of the civilized world. It is the policy of the Bureau of Navigation to urge the officers and men of the Navy to take part in all contests requiring physical skill, manliness and courage not only for the physical and moral benefit derived, but for the example and inspiration to all young men both in and outside of the service.

TRACK

100 Meter Run	
200 Meter Run	
400 Meter Run	
800 Meter Run	
1500 Meter Run	
5000 Meter Run	
10000 Meter Run	
3000 Meter Steeple Chase	
Marathon Run	
10000 Meter Walk	
110 Meter High Hurdles	
400 Meter Hurdles	
16 Pound Shot Put	
16 Pound Hammer	
Discus Throw	
Javelin Throw	
Running Broad Jump	
Running High Jump	
Running Hop, Step and Jump	
Pole Vault	
Decathlon (ten events)	

OLYMPIC RECORD

10.6 sec.	
21.6 sec.	
47.6 sec.	
1 min. 51.8 sec.	
3 min. 53.2 sec.	
14 min. 31.2 sec.	
30 min. 18.8 sec.	
9 min. 21.8 sec.	
2 hrs. 32 min.	
47 min. 49 sec.	
14.6 sec.	
53.4 sec.	
52 feet 1 inch	
179 feet 8.4 inches	
155 feet 3 inches	
218 feet 6 inches	
25 feet 4 1/4 inches	
6 feet 6 inches	
50 feet	
13 feet 9 3/4 inches	
8053.29 points	

REQUIREMENT

11 sec.	
22.5 sec.	
49 sec.	
1 min. 58 sec.	
4 min.	
15 min. 20 sec.	
35 min.	
10 min. 20 sec.	
3 hrs.	
55 min.	
15 sec.	
55 sec.	
47 feet	
150 feet	
140 feet	
193 feet	
23 feet 6 inches	
6 feet 2 inches	
46 feet	
13 feet	
7000 points	

SWIMMING

100 Meter Free Style	
200 Meter (for relay)	
400 Meter Free Style	
1500 Meter Free Style	
100 Meter Back Stroke	
200 Meter Breast Stroke	

58.6 sec.	
2 min. 20 sec.	
5 min. 1.6 sec.	
19 min. 51 sec.	
1 min. 8.2 sec.	
2 min. 48.8 sec.	

1 min. 1 sec.	
2 min. 30 sec.	
5 min. 15 sec.	
21 min.	
1 min. 11 sec.	
3 min.	

Fancy and High Diving Awarded on points. (Past performances must be considered).

The Tenth Olympic Games will be held at Los Angeles, California, 30 July to 14 August, 1932. The Secretary of the Navy has given the Department's endorsement to the participation of the Service in these games and has directed the Bureau of Navigation to supervise all necessary arrangements.

It is planned to assemble all Olympic candidates, Navy and Marine Corps, at the Naval Academy during January, 1932, for training and coaching preliminary to the tryouts for the American Olympic Team. Past experience indicates that a shorter period of training is a serious handicap.

It is desired that all Force Commanders, Commandants of Naval Districts, and Commanding Officers of independent activities, appoint boards of officers for the selection of candidates. It is of utmost importance that only candidates who are of assured amateur status and whose previous records indicate that they are of championship caliber be nominated. To assist the boards in selecting candidates, a list will be furnished giving the minimum performance in each event which the candidates should be able to equal or excel to be considered eligible. This restriction is necessary from the point of finances.

The Bureau of Navigation publishes the following information relative to the 1932 Olympic Games:

In order that there may be standards by which preliminary boards ashore and afloat may judge candidates, the following table is published for track, field and swimming events, showing the present Olympic records and the minimum performance that candidates should equal or excel to be eligible for a place on the Navy Olympic squad:

As fixed standard cannot be set for boxing, wrestling, fencing and gymnastics, the selection of candidates for these sports must be based on past performances. All candidates should submit their records to the board for consideration, giving in detail the meet and events in

which they participated and the results. Only those who have met and performed creditably against leading national contenders or who have demonstrated outstanding ability should be considered by local boards in making their nominations.

Nominations should be made as soon as possible and in accordance with instructions contained in reference (a). Prompt action will be necessary in order to permit the transfer of candidates prior to the departure of the Scouting Force from the east coast.

The Board for Olympic candidates at the Naval Academy will arrange for payment of travel expenses and will advance funds for this purpose as required for all candidates selected.

Bowling

Strikes to Spare

There is hot rivalry in the Marine Corps Institute these days. Our bowling league went into action the week of November 16 to 20 with five teams represented: Quartermaster's, Registrar's Office, Academic, Industrial, and Business Schools.

The formation of the league met with the approval of the entire personnel. Its organization was a simple matter. The expenses are small and such as there are, are divided equally among the players. The prize fund is helped along each month by a collection instituted among the members. The actual cost of bowling is negligible. We have two good alleys in the recreation room, and having paid for themselves are now serving the league gratuitously. It is going to take sixty games to determine which team shall claim the title of "Champ" and which team shall be known as "Chump." The playing season is divided into two halves, each one containing thirty games; the winner of the first half opposing the leader of the last half in a series of three games. Although not one-third of the games have yet been played, the enthusiasm of all concerned has reached

a high pitch and we expect a great measure of success for our efforts. Here's hoping.

The first games were played November 16. At the end of the first week scramble the Quartermaster team was clinging to first place by reason of their pinfall. The Registrars were tied with them in number of games won and lost. The Academicians, though bowling six games, could only secure third place, breaking even. Industrial and Business managed to win one each and, like the Braves and the Red Sox, tied for the cellar.

Everyone started with the idea that he was going to make a record score; but after the returns were in it was found that Corporal Fike of the Registrar's held high game. The most surprised person was Corporal Fike.

Delving into the records of the second week's competition, we find that Gunner Sergeant Ahern of the Business School now holds high game distinction jointly with Fike; both have made 120. Corporal McPike of the Industrialites has high set with 314.

Somebody greased the skids for the Quartermasters and they slipped into third place, allowing the Registrar's team a monopoly on first place honors. The Academic School is hanging to second place while the Business team swung away from last place and gave the Industrialists a copyright on that position.

Standings to November 27 reflect little of the closeness by which some of the games were won; but due credit must be given the leaders; here goes:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	Pinfall
Registrar ..	4	2	.666	2782
Academic ..	5	4	.555	3875
Q't'rmaster..	3	3	.500	2837
Business ...	3	3	.500	2719
Industrial ..	3	6	.333	4073

Bill Kapanke of the leaders is high with an average of 110.1.

Our big team in the Marine Corps League slipped a trifle to allow the Inspectors first place by a two-game margin. Paymasters and Marine Barracks are tied for second position. Teams representing Quartermasters, Adjutants, and Commandants follow in order.

Record for high team set goes to the Marine Barracks—1597. Quartermaster holds high team game with 554.

Corporal McElroy of the MB's team is holding the limelight with 146 for individual game, high strikes with 13, and has an average of 108.15 for the twenty-seven games played. That's mauling the maples in any league.

Data to November 24 gives the Inspectors the edge.

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	Pinfall
Inspectors ..	17	10	.630	12874
Marine Bar..	15	12	.556	13715
Paymasters..	15	12	.556	13094
Q't'rmasters.	13	14	.481	13154
Adjutants...	12	15	.444	12690
Command'ts..	9	18	.333	12750

Positions change quickly due to three games being played by each team each week, and we expect to see some upsets in the next meetings. So, if you are placing any bets, keep your eye on the Marine Barracks aggregation. We'll keep you posted.—Earland J. Lakin.

Basketball

Pacific Basketeers

After a month of intense practice the Marine Team from these headquarters have rounded into mighty fine shape and from all indications will be a mighty hard contender for the honors of the coming season.

The so-called first string are Graves and Quinn, forwards; Conyers, center; and Davis and Hulett, guards; with several good substitutes who have shown the necessary stuff several times when needed.

After losing to the Spaulding Ramblers of Burlingame and a lot of brushing up on defense work they showed a complete reversal of form and won five straight games including one against a strong Police Department team of San Francisco, who were all tall, rangy men compared to the Marines, but the team work of all concerned finally showed to the front and the Police team was on the short end of the score of 21-13 at closing time.

The basket shooting of Graves and Conyers have kept the old fighting spirit awake and several games have been drawn from the fire by their uncanny long shots coming at the right moment. On defense the guarding of Hulett at the critical moments have more than helped those hard-working forwards. Teamwork has been the keyword of these boys and it shows well in the past games and is expected to keep them at the top of the pile for the coming season in the service league of the bay district.

QUANTICO BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec. 20—Cardinal Preps, home game.
Jan. 6—George Washington Univ., home game.
Jan. 9—Saks, Clothing Co., home game.
Jan. 11—George Washington Univ., Washington.
Jan. 13—Potomac Boat Club, home game.
Jan. 14, 15—Campbell College, home game.
Jan. 16—Bliss Electrical School, home game.
Jan. 17—Clover Athletic Club, home game.
Jan. 18, 19—Campbell College, home game.
Jan. 26—Potomac Boat Club, home game.
Jan. 30, 31—Edgewood Arsenal, home game.
Feb. 3, 4—Langley Field, Langley.
Feb. 5, 6—Fortress Monroe, Fortress Monroe.
Feb. 12—Bliss Electrical School, Washington.
Feb. 14—Clover Athletic Club, home game.
Feb. 15, 16—Fortress Monroe, home game.
Feb. 17—Gallaudet College, home game.
Feb. 19, 20—Carlisle Barracks, home game.
Feb. 23, 24—Camp Meade, Camp Meade.
Feb. 25, 26—Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md.
Mar. 1, 2—Langley Field, home game.
Mar. 4, 5—Camp Meade, home game.
Mar. 11, 12—Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa.
Other games tentative.

Baseball

Port au Prince, Haiti

The local service baseball league ushered itself out in a blaze of glory by virtue of two hard-fought contests in which the champion Brigade Field Hospital team, undefeated through the season, lost two straight to an All-Brigade team, ably chosen and directed by Chief Marine Gunner Laitsch. The scores were 2-1 and 5-4.

The pitching of Marley for the winners, Sams for the losers and the all-round playing of Captain Bill Whaling at shortstop for the All-Brigade team, featured both contests. The box scores:

First Game

ALL-BRIGADE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Belton, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	1
McInery, lf	3	0	2	2	0	0
Murphy, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Whaling, ss	4	1	2	1	0	1
Reynolds, cf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Glover, c	3	1	2	7	0	1
Noell, 1b	2	0	0	4	0	0
Ruggerio, 3b	3	0	2	1	1	0
Marley, p	3	0	1	1	1	0
Totals	28	2	10	21	4	3

FIELD HOSPITAL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Westbrook, lf-2b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cason, 2b-3b	2	0	0	0	4	0
Houk, c	3	1	1	6	0	1
Roberts, ss	3	0	0	3	0	0
Sams, p	4	0	1	0	1	0
Lavaty, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Mitchell, 3b	2	0	0	0	2	0
*MacDonald, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Bendertt, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	27	1	2	21	9	1

*Batted for Mitchell in 6th.

Summary: Struck out—Marley, 8; Sams, 6. Base on balls—Sams, 1. Hit by Pitched Ball—Sams, 1 (McInery). Sacrifice—Reynolds. Two-base hit—Whaling. Left on bases—All-Brigade, 7; Field Hospital, 5. Umpires—Beall and Halla.

Score by innings:
All-Brigade 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —2 || Field Hospital | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

Second Game

FIELD HOSPITAL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Westbrook, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Cason, 2b	4	1	1	0	3	0
Houk, c	3	1	0	7	1	0
Roberts, ss	3	2	3	2	1	0
Sams, p	4	0	1	0	1	0
Lavaty, 1b	3	0	2	7	0	0
MacDonald, lf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Mitchell, 3b	3	0	2	0	3	0
Hoffernon, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Bendertt, cf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	31	4	12	20	10	1

ALL-BRIGADE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Belton, 2b	3	0	0	1	0	0
McInery, lf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Lendo, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Reynolds, rf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Whaling, ss	3	0	2	0	0	0
Glover, c	2	0	0	5	1	0
Murray, 1b	3	0	1	11	0	0
Ruggerio, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	0
Cantor, p	0	0	0	1	0	0
Carpenter, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Marley, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
*Noell	1	1	1	0	0	0
**Morten	1	1	1	0	0	0
***Haberski	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	5	10	21	11	0

†Two out when winning run scored.

**Batted for Marley in 7th.

***Batted for Belton in 7th.

***Batted for Lendo in 7th.

Summary: Struck out—Marley, 2; Sams, 6. Base on balls—Cantor, 1; Marley, 3; Sams, 2. Hit by Pitcher—Marley, 3 (Houk, Lavaty, Bendertt); Sams, 1 (Ruggerio). Hits—Cantor, 3 in 1 2-3 innings; Carpenter, 5 in 1 1-3 innings; Marley, 4 in 8 innings. Three-base hit—Reynolds. Sacrifice—Ruggerio. Double play—Cason-Roberts-Lavaty. Umpires—Beall and Halla.

Score by innings:
Hospital 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | —4 || All-Brigade | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | —5 |

The final standing of the Port au Prince Baseball League was as follows:

	W.	L.
Field Hospital	14	0
Garde d'Haiti	11	3
Aviation	7	8
Brigade HQ	7	8
Second Regiment	3	12
Mot. Transport-Signal	2	13

Sams, Field Hospital, was credited with winning 14 games for his team. Roberts, shortstop of the same club, smacked the nugget for a .500 average. Bukowy, Garde, led the home run hitters with 3.

Reorganization

For the last several weeks there has been a rumor of the reorganization of the Signal Battalion, and now it has come and gone. We are once again the well-organized, well-trained organization of the past. Never once was a man of this organization at a loss as to what company he was in. Only by the expert manner in which our office force handled this reorganization was it possible for this to go through as it did.

The Signal Battalion of Quantico, Virginia, is composed of the Headquarters Company, Signal School Company and the First Signal Company. The First Signal Company teaches code, procedure and typing. After a student has completed this he is transferred to the School Company and takes up practical work in the theory of radio and telephone. He is then sent out, upon graduation from the School Company, to the numerous Marine Corps radio stations.

The mission of the First Signal Company is as follows: To provide all signal personnel, commissioned and enlisted, together with all signal equipment for an independent expeditionary regiment of the East Coast Expeditionary

Force. To operate and maintain all the communication activities at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. To furnish signal personnel replacements, commissioned and enlisted, for all Marine Corps radio stations under the East Coast signal unit.

The training of the personnel will be continued and shall cover all phases of signal communication. The First Signal Company will train radio operators, telephone operators and visual signal men. Instructors, maintenance and repair men will be trained for the First Signal Company by the Marine Corps Signal School, Quantico, Virginia. Non-commissioned officers assigned for instruction will be trained in the subjects required in their present grade and the next higher grade.

The qualified signal personnel now in the Signal Battalion in excess of the new complement will be transferred to the Marine Corps Base, NOB, San Diego, Calif. The men who are transferred must have at least two years to serve on their current enlistment and be qualified radio operators.

The initial complement of the Signal personnel of the Second Marine Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua, and Brigade Signal Company, First Marine Brigade, Port

au Prince, Haiti, are considered a part of the First Signal Company.

These men will be the prospective signal personnel of the Second Signal Company. The Field Platoon First Signal Company, will consist of men who have sufficient time to serve on current enlistment to be available for immediate expeditionary or foreign shore service. The First Signal Company must have on hand all signal equipment required for an expeditionary regiment on independent duty. This does not include the signal equipment now in use in the Signal Battalion.

The First Communication Platoon have complete signal equipment, which they use every day. There is a visual section, which consists of blinkers, semaphore and wig-wag flags. The telephone section sets up switchboards and field telephones. The men of the Communication Platoon are completely trained in all signal work and can work equally well with blinkers, semaphore, radio, and telephone.

The mission of the Signal Company is for the purpose of conducting the Marine Corps Signal School as a means for the higher and more specialized training and procedure in all phases of the signal service; and to conduct re-

search in signal communication methods applicable to Marine Corps requirements and submit recommendations of the improvement of the signal service.

In the School Company weekly reports will be submitted to the Major General Commandant on all students assigned to the Signal School. Quarterly reports are submitted on all non-commissioned officers, covering his particular kind of communication duty. This also covers recommendations for promotion to a higher grade, if the personnel is qualified to carry on the work.

Corporal F. Greenbaum is NCO-in-charge of the Radio School. In the different studies are Privates H. E. Perrault, E. Shaw and Humphries, teaching code; L. M. Smith, teaching procedure; L. F. Freeman, typing instructor; W. Gillette, teaching E & M, and Vogelsand, teaching mathematics. Pfc. Wolford is teaching the theory of radio. Sgt. Pope is in charge of the message center.

In the Field Section are Pfc. H. V. Jones, Oglesby and Fuller. The Field Section sends sets out every afternoon for the practical experience in radio communication. These sets are taken out, set up and put in operation with NZY, by the students.—L. F. Freeman.



Short on Sports

Season's greetings to all Marine Corps athletes! With the advent of the year 1932 we find three large athletic centers where formerly an All-Marine team reigned supreme. Let's make this new year a banner year for service athletics. The final season of All-Marine baseball was splendid and now we can show the Far West and the South the same brand of ball that the East has seen for years. So, come on, Quantico, Parris Island, and San Diego, let's go! Here's to a great record in all major athletics!

As we go to press we notice that there has been no response to our plea of last month for a mythical All-Marine football team. Why not wrack your football mind and try your hand at picking one? If it's shyness that causes the hesitation, we'll cure it by choosing one for you to tear to pieces with pro and con comments. Please remember, though, that this is purely theoretical and not an actual opinion since we were able to see only two of the teams in action. Well, here goes.

Left end, STOVALL, San Diego.
Left tackle, DUDA, Quantico.
Left guard, EVANS, Parris Island.
Center, HOSTAD, Quantico.
Right guard, STUCKWISCH, Quantico.
Right tackle, BURGER, Quantico.
Right end, GLICK, San Diego.
Quarterback, PIERCE, Parris Island.
Left half, GOTKO, Parris Island.
Right half, ROBERTSON, Quantico.
Fullback, ZEHR, Quantico.

We give Glick and Stovall the call over Shumway of Parris Island on seasonal records; our tackles could be replaced by Lambert of San Diego with no loss of strength; both the guards were outstanding men in their respective lines, Evans in particular; Hostad is a fine pivot man; but the headache started with the backfield, we base our choices on records and competition of the past season, although Lloyd of San Diego, and Bell of Parris Island were hard to keep from the lineup. All right, there you are, what is your opinion? The ball is rolling, now keep it so with your own thoughts and comments.

Lest we forget the detachments, all news of intra-post, ships detachments, etc., is requested from embryo sports writers. Tell us about your Booths, Cobbs, and Groves.

A last minute flash from the Marine Corps Bowling League in Washington shows the Marine Barracks team three games in the lead with Inspectors, Paymasters, Quartermasters, Adjutants, and

Commandants following in order. The Barracks teams holds high game with 559 and high set with 1,618. Corporal McElroy, Barracks star, holds high game with 146; high average with 109.25; high strikes with 19, high spares with 76; leaving only high individual set to Sergeant Dupris who has a score of 368.

The Anting - Anting at Bushubusug

(Continued from page 13)

"Oh, it's you, Captain, with the company," he said. "Fine. Excellent. I wanted them all to see for themselves—come!"

The now worshipful Macabebe helped him to his feet, and he led us a short distance across the mountain's top and to a point from which we beheld the sea on the side of the island opposite Busubusug. Standing there, he showed us a little fleet of crudely-built vessels, with queer sails bellying lazily in the slack mid-day breeze, down on the blue-green sea.

"There go Emilia Malinga and his Moros in their prahu boats," McAllister said proudly. It was the supreme moment of his triumph. "We will therefore presume that my charm was successful; eh?"

An odd smile flickered about his lips as he went on: "I'm a 'mamma's boy,' am I? A 'nursie's pet,' am I? But—oh, what's the use, you boobies!"

That's how he came through, a real soldier. Though we'd made a bitter-hard hike for nothing more than to see the departing vessels, we cheered him roundly, and the company's commander didn't have to start it, either.

On the way back, McAllister explained to Captain Peyton: "Braulio found out that Luk Ban was making Busubusug his secret headquarters, and I went to Luk Ban first. He'd heard of my anting-anting, and seemed glad to see me. I insisted that he take the native men—soldiers of his, they are—and help us drive Malinga and the Moros back, but he wouldn't; he said Malinga was fighting for the same cause that he himself was fighting for. Then I thought of a better plan.

"With a great deal of bal-bal talk, I scared him into going with me to Malinga. There wasn't time to ask permission to go, Captain; I was afraid Luk Ban would change his mind, you see. We intercepted the horde in the jungle, at daybreak this morning, just when they were ready for an attack. The anting-anting scared those Moros almost out of their wits! I made believe, you see, that the hill gods were terribly wrought up.

"All the natives left Busubusug," McAllister pursued wearily, "because they feared a battle—the women and children,

that is; the native men simply went with their leader, Luk Ban. You needn't bother to look for any of these insurgents, Captain, by the way; they left the island on the prahu. I believe that's all, sir, except that I wish you could have seen Malinga's face when a hill-god talked to him out of the sky! Remember, sir, you promised to keep the secret for me."

Captain Payton did keep it, too. As I said in the beginning, I learned only a short time ago what it was, and it seems quite simple now, this odd hold that Thompasy had on those superstitious natives.

Little McAllister was a ventriloquist.

THE BROADCAST

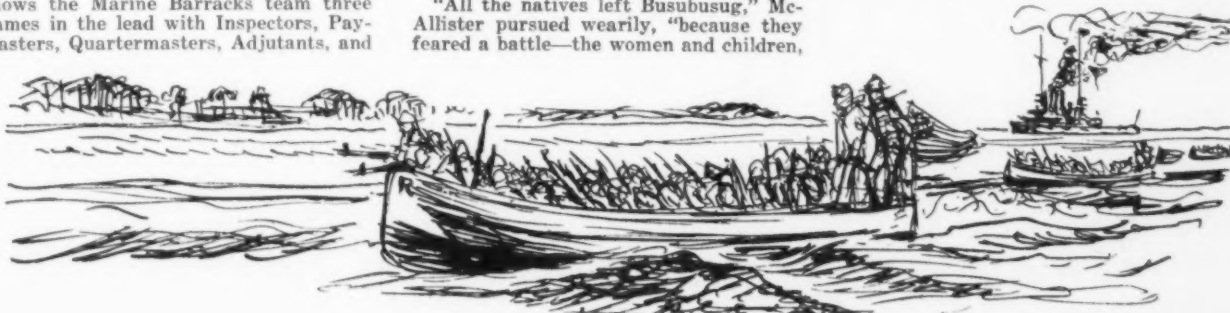
(Continued from page 27)

praise. An ex-Army man, now a prominent business man in Shanghai, who has done duty in Tientsin, Peiping and the States, said that the dance was one of the finest ever attempted by a service organization and officers and old timers were kind enough to agree and amplify his statement. Future dances are being planned as the friends and members of the Regiment are enthusiastically calling for a repeat.—Frank Burton.

Sea School Detachment

Well, here we are again! The sea school is on the air. Things are very quiet in the navy yard these days, especially as far as the sea school is concerned. We haven't much news for the radio public this month, but here goes for what there is: We are glad to report that there have been no changes in officers at the school since last you heard from us. That is to our gain, as we have fine officers and are not ashamed to admit it. As for the instructors, we are sorry to say we had to lose one of them. Everything was running along smoothly after our return from Yorktown last month, when out of a clear sky Sergeant Koliniski, who is otherwise known as Ski, was transferred to the U. S. S. "Idaho" for duty. Ski was the Romeo of the detachment and well liked by all hands. I wonder what could have been the matter, Sarge? We hear that the sergeant of the guard made his inspection on the "Idaho" in a Ford sedan. What about it, Ski?

Our chief instructor, Gunnery Sergeant McKenna, is still present and accounted for and right on the job as usual. We often hear that famous cry around time for troop inspection in the



morning, "Take your hands out of your pockets." Believe me, the gunny sure knows his stuff when it comes to expressing himself. The learned instructors of this sea college are finding it quite a job to keep busy these days on account of a shortage of material to work on. The powers that be finally managed to scrape together enough old timers, boots, plank owners and what have you to make a section down in Parris Island. They were sent to us with the blessings of someone and were received and created into the 19th section by none other than our own Tecumseh Kelley. We say our own because we are quite proud of him and besides, according to official count, he is the only one in captivity. The 19th section is well on the way on the course of instruction and you may be sure that if they don't know their stuff after Kelley gets through with them they never will.

The casual section is getting smaller and smaller every day. The U. S. S. "Augusta" called for five of the Portsmouth finest the other day and we sent them some of our oldest casals. We wish the boys many pleasant cruises and much good chow during their tour of duty with the cruisers.

The last time you heard from us we mentioned the fact that Sergeant Kelley was going around with a far-away look in his eye. When anyone mentions Philadelphia these days he doesn't have that look. We wonder what the matter is. Has the mail service gone on the blink, Sergeant, or has she changed her mind?

Corporal Cotterman, who is otherwise known as Cotton Top, is rather what you might call off his feed these days. We haven't decided just what is wrong as yet, but we can make a safe guess that he has strained his thinking machine. His big problem is trying to figure out just what should be done to a cedar chest to make it properly attractive to the eyes of a certain fair one. Cheer up, Cotton Top, old boy, maybe the lady isn't hard to please and will like it no matter how it is fixed.

Sergeant Thompson, who has the casual section, is also rather restless these days. It wasn't like this on the "Texas," was it, Sergeant?

Listening to the radio in the afternoon seems to be getting our section

leader down. The latest reports have it that Thompson is intending to get one of those short-wave sets with which you can tune in on London, Paris and all those other little villages close by. We sea school Marines will sure start to hold our heads up when we are able to tune in on the after-dinner speech of the Prince of Wales and some of those other small spuds over there. Well, it's the way of the world, as Sergeant Dettenbach would say. Dettenbach, who is otherwise known as Ditty Box, is rather hard up for something to do as he has no section to guide in the straight and narrow path. He spends most of his time these days trying to figure out whether he would rather be from Georgia or Alabama. He hasn't decided as yet, but will generally answer to either one when spoken to.

The quarter hour that was allotted to us for this broadcast is about over, so we expect we had better leave you now before we bore you to tears, exclamations of disgust or something worse. And we sign off the air.

Guam

Sumayograms

Marine Corps birthday was celebrated in Guam at the Sumay Barracks by one of the best smokers ever seen in Guam. Our Amateur Radio Station, through the courtesy of Mr. Scott Douglass' Amateur Radio Station of Carmel, Calif, had complete football returns for past Saturday games. The Band rendered collegiate selections, including songs of leading universities. The curtain raiser of the evening was between Tim Koch and Toby Franks. The bout was won by Koch on a foul when Toby landed a low one in the second round. The second bout was in the true Dempsey style. "Slicker" Denson kayoed Tommy Jones in the third round. It was one big slugging match until Denson finally landed the right punch to Jones' jaw, which ended the scrap. The third bout, between "Flash" Nicolle and "Slugger" Foster, was hard fought. Both fighters were good and ready to show battle. Good, clean blows were landed all through the fight. In the second round Nicolle dropped Foster for a short count which was the deciding factor in the de-

cision. Nicolle won by a very close margin. The fourth event of the evening the Marines were shown two of the snappiest little fighters on the rock. "Bad Boy" Jones and Fisher King. Fisher kayoed "Bad Boy" with a clean, straight left to the jaw. A special native gift to the pugilistic realm brought forth two sun-tanned natives of Guam in a battle royal. The fight ended in a draw between the well-known Aga Terror and the Prince of Guam. The semi-final event was of three two-minute rounds between "Mauler" Sorrell and Batt Chickacz. The fight was a continued exchange of heavy blows. Sorrell's reach took him to an advantage and won him the decision, although it was a fierce fight. The main event of the evening featured Jimmy Brandt vs. Joe Duguay. It was a fine exhibition of skill, condition and endurance. Duguay won the decision on points. This was a fight that has been looked forward to for the past year and proved to be a very excellent bout.

This was received at Station W6FEY, owned and operated by Scott Douglass at Carmel, Calif.

Miscellany

Corporal Martha Discovers War Is Terrible

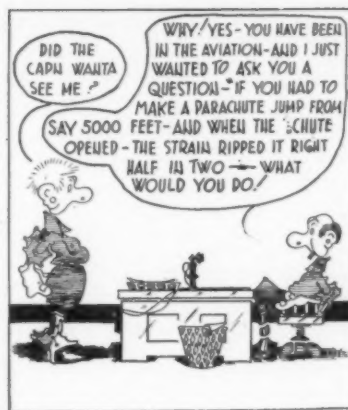
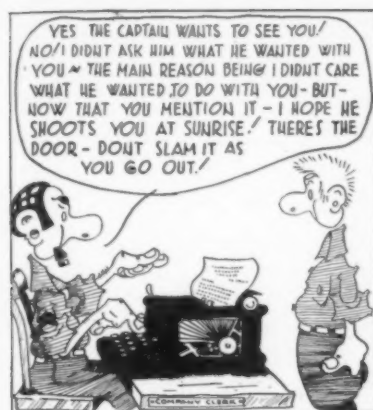
In looking over my old magazines the other day, I came across a copy of The Marines Bulletin, published in December, 1918, by the U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Publicity Bureau, New York City, in which it tells of the experience of a certain young lady in correspondence with a friend who is supposed to be in France; here is the letter:

New York, December 6, 1918.

Dear Bill:

Well, Bill, I'm still leading this hectic life—drills and inspections and every thing. And if it wasn't enough to keep me on the jump I've got a new worry—salutes. I'm supposed to salute all officers. I spend my nights studying how to tell a Third Class Ensign in the Coast Guard Balloon Corps from an Assistant Stenographer in the Knights of Columbus Reserve, and spend my days saluting every doorman and Jewish Welfare Board secretary from Madison Square to Columbus Circle. I tell you, Bill, it's wearing out my nerves. I'm getting so that an ordinary guard on the new subway looks like an admiral in the Persian navy to me. I've got semper salutis of the right arm. It's a terrible disease. It means that every time you see anything in uniform, from a messenger boy to a traffic cop, your right arm shoots up to meet your eyebrow. There's no cure for it; it's a hopeless case. I guess I'll be discharged soon for permanent disability. Being in the Marines is like joining the Masons—only more so. It has a language all its own, with high signs and everything. If you don't know the code, you're lost. If you cross your thumbs, roll your eyes to the left at the same time extending your right hand, it means "Lend me five." If you nod your head up and down at the same time making a noise like a hungry horse, it means "When do we eat?" Then take the word "payroll." If you weren't in the secret you'd say right off the bat that





it had something to do with payday. But you'd be wrong. You sign the payroll all right—but getting paid, that's something else. It doesn't take you long to learn that. This peace business hits me pretty hard, Bill. You know I joined the Marine Corps so I could get my clothes for nothing. And just as I was handing it to myself for being prepared for a good cold winter, the war stops and it's all off. That shows you can't depend on anything—even a perfectly good war. I had a narrow escape the other day, Bill. I took a ride in an official car. You know one of those little motorcycles with a side car—the kind that go shooting up the street while all the civilians who aren't busy getting out of your way stand on the sidewalk and think you're doing it for your health and say "Pretty soft!" Well for everybody's benefit who thinks there's anything soft about it I'd advise them to hit the concrete sidewalk as often as I did. Paul Revere was as dead as a one-horse hearse at a Chinese funeral compared to us. When I saw how we were headed I said good-bye to my insurance, made my peace with the world, shut my eyes, and waited for the end. Bill, you haven't been away from New York long enough to forget what the streets look like. You know there's always something the matter with the gas main on Broadway or if things get slow they can always pull up one of the subways. Well, if there was a crater or shell hole on Park Ave that we missed, it was because we didn't see it. I have a hazy recollection of getting back—whether it was all in one piece or several sections I don't remember. There was a strange ringing in the back of my head. My tonsils were where my ears should have been. My spine had parted company in four places. The joy of life had gone out of my heart. I'll never be the same again, Bill. I'm sending you a Christmas package, Bill—there's an apple pie in it and a chocolate cake. I'm telling you now, Bill, because you may not be quite sure about it when you get it. I got that German helmet you sent me at last, Bill. So did the four other girls you sent one to. I guess General Pershing must have appointed you wholesale distributor or something. How many girls are you engaged to anyway? Not that it's anything in my life, only I'd just like to know my number, so I don't lose my place in the line. You ought to go out to the Great Salt Lake or wherever it is they keep those

Mormons. I guess they could use you as Prime Minister or something. Well, I won't quarrel with you, Bill, because it will soon be Christmas and we ought to be peaceful, but there's no law against my telling you what I think of you on the day after. You're going to get a letter from me dated December 26th that won't make you sorry there's three thousand miles of ocean between us. I suppose you'll spend Christmas walking down the Rue de Salami or wherever it is those wild women hang out, holding a piece of mistletoe over your head. Oh, I know you all right, Bill. Well, here's the good wishes anyway of the

LITTLE CORP.

P. S. Whoever told you I got helmets from three other fellows in France made a mistake. It wasn't three, it was six.—H. C. Edgerton.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 29)

Message for the New Year.

"Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings
And Clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And Common Folks like you and me,
Are Builders for Eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules;
And each must make, ere life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

May we be good Builders.

Marine Corps Reserve

(Continued from page 34)

conference with Major A. B. Miller, USMC, Inspector-Instructor and the battalion officers congratulated the First Battalion on its fine work.

Company "A" took part in the Armistice Day parade in Inglewood under the command of Marine Gunner W. F. Whitney, USMCR. Company "B" was invited by the city officials of Pasadena to participate in the exercises in that city but were unable to do so because of the lack of uniforms. Again we say, welcome to the First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, and keep up the excellent spirit.

—Lieut. Owen E. Jensen, USMCR.

Nothing Exciting

(Continued from page 14)

Jacques had been ordained, they shone in his mother's face; and once he had seen them in the radiant face of a nursing mother. Beside him, Bertrand stretched, knocked the ashes from his pipe and, yawning, said:

"Might as well turn in . . . Nothing else to do."

Cailler, too, arose, echoing:

"Pas vrai! nothing else to do . . . Damn these dreary outposts! Nothing exciting ever happens! Coming Bouchard?"

Scamp Was Surprised

(Continued from page 9)

his face into the tunnel and sniff around?"

Scamp felt himself over and put out a hand in the dark. He certainly had laid that shot all right, and there had been nothing more to do but wait for Lazarus to enter and then pull the wire to the switch box. That was all there was to it, but while waiting for the victim Scamp had gone in back to give the roost a once-over. He had been back here in the cave to make sure there was no other way out when he had seen the brute's head in the faint light at the opening. That was all, but when Lazarus turned outside again the shot went off.

"He must have tripped over that wire or pawed the switchbox or something! Doggone, it's him that's outside and me that got hibernated. Well, say, the luck some guys have—me gone and got myself hibernated up like a damn' woodchuck."

He rubbed his skinned elbows and felt his way toward the exit. Bumping his head on the rock, he humped over and crawled. No light was visible, and after a few moments of feeling the big chunks of shale and slate Scamp concluded that he had done a good job of it. He tried to drag out a few pieces of the fallen tunnel roof and then went back and sat down where there was more room.

"I smelled hair burnin'," he announced. "I'll bet he gota back kick out o' that shot. In fact, I expect I used more juice than I needed holin' this animal up, and mebbe I scared him clean over in the

next county. Mebbe he'll take after Jim and old man Caley, or mebbe he's now foggin' around after Mr. Lunt for a back door handout. I told them guys they'd be surprised."

Scamp struck one of his few matches and looked around. Gray jagged rock with fissures running back and down. It was no use hoping that he could dig out the way he had come in. So Scamp crawled on back where the rocks were cleaner and smelled less of bear and ancient garbage. The air was better here and he dusted his clothes, wiped his hairless eyebrows and considered. Jim Rand would not be back until tomorrow night from the elk picture shooting trip. Even then Jim would not dream that his comrade was holed up in this ill-smelling cavern. If the hotel bear was roaming free around the grounds, Jim might think that Scamp had got tired of the pastry cook's company and pulled down the mountain to the foresters' station.

"Well, mebbe, I hope so. I would like to get out and fade out o' this Western country before folks hear I been framed like a citified fool. No, sir, there ain't room for me and that animal now on the same map. Our careers don't need to mix none."

Then Mr. Franey stopped his reflections, and reached for a loose chunk of rock. Somewhere he had heard a stealthy shuffle. He got to his knees and waited.

Somewhere he imagined he saw a moving shape, nad Scamp heaved his rock that way. It ricocheted on the wall and bounded into some distant space. That seemed strange. Scamp listened to something mighty like a surprised grunt. Then he heard the swish of a missile over his head. A rock struck on rock there and showered him with splinters.

"Hey, there!" yelled Scamp. "Try this one on the old bean!"

There was another smash of stone, and then a shuffle off there in the dark. Mr. Franey started that way. Whatever this retreating mystery was, he felt he could go where it went.

He staggered into a jumpoff, fell five feet and bumped into a rock wall. So he felt cautiously for some yards, discovered a sharp turn nad groped on-

ward. Somewhere he thought he heard footsteps echoing hollowly as if speeding across wood.

"Hey—you!" yelled Scamp. Then he hurried on. A hundred feet of this descending tunnel and faint blur of light was visible. It was shut off once by a shadowy form, but Scamp hastened the pursuit. If that was a lady bear, or any sort of unholy scandal which Lazarus had been conducting up here and worrying about so he couldn't sleep, still Mr. Franey felt it offered a way out. He yelled again and started to run. He kept his eyes on that distant glimmer so he was unprepared for striking the end of a plank runway which conducted this long-abandoned mine tunnel across a hidden underground water-course. In fact, Scamp didn't know there was anything of the sort so he loped clear across the planking and went down six feet head first.

He closed his eyes, and then his mouth with a gasp, for both of them went under what appeared to be the upper crust of a custard pie. Scamp flailed out with both arms, got his feet on a rock bottom and came up still gasping. He was above the waist in something that clung around him soft and grainy underneath, and at once he turned and waded for the shore. Not till he had climbed up on the narrow slimy planking and had shaken some of the stuff out of his hair and clothes did he begin to consider the business in a true light.

"I'm the only man in Wyoming that ever prospected a vein o' breakfast food and dives into it up to his ears," he ruminated. "Yes, sir, if this stuff hadn't soured I could pipe it out and to Denver and Cheyenne, and load it on tank cars and peddle it in Omaha. But it's soured, so who in heck wants it? I see now why that bear couldn't sleep. He was puffed half the time and so'll I be if I don't shake a foot somewhere."

Scrap ripped a soggy way on across the mysterious underground river.

"I'll bet it's that damn pastry cook," murmured Mr. Franey aloud. "Down in Georgia they'd call it dip corn bread, and up in Washington they'd call it a crime. I call it a sin not to stick up a handrail so's a guy could know there was a bridge. Gosh A'might, this leads right into the hotel basement through that door, and I'm goin' to see what the cook is cookin'."

He opened the door and a breath of warm air greeted him. There was a big bakery range in this room and pots and kettles hung about. The fire was going merrily, but the cook wasn't cooking anything. Not just now. He sat by the sink peeling spuds, and he was breathing harder than the job called for.

There was mud on his trousers, under a dirty white apron, and when Mr. Lunt saw Mr. Franey looking at this he showed no emotion.

"There was no use chunkin' rocks at me," complained Scamp. "You might have knocked me flat."

"Every night I chunk rocks in there." "I know you do. You've sneaked up that tunnel and chunked so many rocks that there ain't a loose thing left to get a hand on."

"I know it. It's so now I got to lug 'em clean from the outside. But I'm goin' to break up that bear's roost before Easter." Then the cadaverous cook looked young Mr. Franey over from head

to foot as he dripped on the kitchen floor.

"You went to foggin' around in that tunnel and you fell into something. If you go off anywhere now that way you'll be pinched."

"Brother," murmured Scamp, "there may be truth in what you state. No man keeps chinkin' a bear out of his lawful and legal winter roost without good reason."

"Well, the reason is stickin' all over you. Now, my mammy didn't bring me up to lie when a man comes in sudden on me with the evidence. You fell into that crack where I been dumpin' the tumpin's all winter. It's got soured some—you smell like you'd been tryin' to reason with a polecat, and it never was nothin' but cornmeal and molasses. Mebbe you could stagger a drink to ease off on?"

Mr. Franey pulled up a chair, sat down and began to scrape himself.

"No," he said emphatically. "Nothin' that ever came outside o' your mash barrel is goin' inside o' me. And Brother, I can't understand yet about this Lazarus bear. I aimed to hole him up to bring peace on this mountain."

"And I aimed that he wouldn't hole up till I could run my stuff out o' that den. Two hundred and twenty-six gallons o' popskull I made along last fall, with my night cookin' for the hotel, and this animal never would let me run a demmyjohn out. No, sir, he got this dinged affection for me somehow, and I couldn't stick my head out the door without him pawin' me over."

"Why didn't you run it out this way down the highway?"

"He wouldn't let me. I used to feed him doughnuts and stuff last fall, and so the old cattowompas just sniffed after me everywhere I'd go. Mebbe you see now how I come to hate and despise and get riled up at that bear? Any time I goes up into my likker cache he was on top me tryin' to lick my chin. The stuff is buried right under his old bed in the sticks and stuff. I thought nobody'd ever go snoopin' in there."

"Nobody will twice," reported Scamp, "unless it was the health officer. But nobody will now. I bumped down the roof at the entrance. That animal is homeless as a picture shooter. Say, there he comes now, hoofin' back up the drive!"

Mr. Lunt went to the basement window and shook his fist through the dirty panes. Lazarus ambled across the dead grass up close to the back hotel porch and sat down.

"He'd be surprised if he knew I was here," said Mr. Franey thoughtfully. "He thought he'd hibernated me, and here I goes and makes Jim a good bet it would be him. Take him away before I get insomnia myself. Somebody's all the time pickin' on me."

"Well, think o' me," added Mr. Lunt. "More'n two hundred gallons o' corn laid away, worth eight dollars a gallon on the hoof, and until they pen up that animal for the summer business it ain't safe for me to peddle a pint package out o' here. Well, it'll get a chance to age some now, won't it brother?"

"It's me that's aged, retorted Scamp. "Ten years since I met up with that animal—the big bum. How'm I goin' to explain this to Jim?"



Questions and Answers

Q.—Referring to your last list of first sergeants in "The Leatherneck," I would like to get the following information.

I noticed that several of the gunnery sergeants promoted to the rank of First Sergeant in recent years show on your list, not with the date of promotion to First Sergeant but the date of promotion to their previous rank, that of gunnery sergeant. Then, too, some of the men on this list are shown from the date of their promotion to First Sergeant.

Reference MCM 6-24 (11). "FIRST SERGEANTS WILL BE SELECTED HABITUALLY FROM THE LIST OF GUNNERY SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS WILL BE APPOINTED WITHOUT EXAMINATION." On the muster roll an appointment as the above would be shown as a PROMOTION, not as a change of rank.—FIRST SERGEANT JAMES C. NOBLE.

Answer: On October 26, 1931, the Major General Commandant placed the following policy involving seniority of non-commissioned officers of the ranks of sergeant major, first sergeant, gunnery sergeant and staff sergeant in force:

- (1) If a man is advanced in grade, his date of rank will be shown as the date the appointment is effected.
- (2) If a man is issued a change in the same pay grade, such as gunnery sergeant, his date of rank as first sergeant will be considered as the date of his appointment as gunnery sergeant.
- (3) If a man is advanced to a higher pay grade and is subsequently reduced (except for cause), his date of appointment in lower rank will be the same as date of that rank when last held by him.
- (4) If a man is reduced from a higher pay grade for cause, the date of rank will be the date of his reduction.

Future seniority lists submitted by Headquarters Marine Corps for publication will be corrected to agree with the foregoing.

Non-commissioned officers who have their rank changed in the same pay grade should be shown on the muster rolls under the heading of "Promotions."

Q.—Will you please notify me at your earliest convenience what campaign medal I am entitled to wear for the China Expedition in 1927? I was in Shanghai from May 2nd to June 2nd, 1927, and in Tientsin from June 7th to December 15th, 1927.—HARRY EPSTEIN.

Answer: An Expeditionary Medal No. 1709 has been awarded you for your service in China during 1927. It was forwarded you on December 1, 1931.

Q.—Marine Corps Order No. 5, dated 18 March, 1926, states that the allowance of 45 cal. pistol ammunition for firing the qualification course is two hundred fifty rounds per man. Has there ever been any change made in this order, and if so, when?—COMPANY CLERK, SAN DIEGO.

Answer: There has been no change in MCO. N. 5, with regard to the allowance of pistol ammunition.

Q.—Is an enlisted man of one of the first three grades, a widower, with a dependent child or children, entitled to the same consideration as married men, of the same grade, in regard to quarters and commutation of rations?—FIRST SERGEANT.

Answer: A widower is not entitled to quarters and commuted ration allowances under the provisions of the Marine Corps Manual.

Q.—My previous service is as follows: April 18, 1919, to April 1, 1923; April 19, 1923, to April 30, 1927; November 21, 1927, to November 20, 1931. Am I eligible for Class II, PMCR., after the completion of sixteen years service?—SERGEANT, PEARL HARBOR.

Answer: Yes.

Q.—Are commissioned warrant officers eligible to sit as members of summary courts-martial?—CAPTAIN, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT.

Answer: Yes. See A. G. N. No. 27 and Courts and Boards 926, n(4).

Q.—What is an approved definition of (1) colors; (2) standards, as referred to in general orders of a sentinel?—CAPTAIN.

Answer: Army Regulations, 260-10, defines the terms as follows:

Four different names for the flag of the United States, also known as the Stars and Stripes, are in use in the military service, viz: Flag, color, standard, and ensign. In general, the term "flag" is applicable regardless of size, relative proportions, or manner of display, but the other three terms have certain well-defined usages of long standing, as follows:

- (1) A color is a flag carried by unmounted units.
- (2) A standard is a flag carried by mounted or motorized units.
- (3) An ensign is a flag flown on ships, tenders, launches and small boats.

Q.—"A" was appointed gunnery sergeant, temporary warrant on 8 May, 1918; rank changed

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to first sergeant 21 June, 1918; was reduced on 8 April, 1919, by reason of transfer to hospital, not due to misconduct. He is again appointed first sergeant. What is his seniority date as first sergeant?—FIRST SERGEANT, SAN DIEGO.

Answer: The following routine is followed in arranging seniority of noncommissioned officers of the first three pay grades:

- (1) If a man is advanced in grade, his date of rank will be shown as the date the appointment is effected.
- (2) If a man is issued a change in the same pay grade, such as gunnery sergeant to first sergeant, his date of rank as first sergeant will be considered as the date of his appointment as gunnery sergeant.
- (3) If a man is advanced to a higher pay grade, and is subsequently reduced (except for cause), his date of appointment in lower rank will be the same as date of that rank when last held by him.
- (4) If a man is reduced from a higher grade for cause, the date of rank will be the date of his reduction.

No. 1 applies in your case.

Q.—While at drill in the manual of arms, the platoon being in platoon front and at the order, the command was given: (1) Rifle; (2) Salute. The first half of the platoon, in executing the command, came to the first movement and held fast; the second half of the platoon executed both motions. Which was correct?—FIRST SERGEANT, MARE ISLAND.

Answer: The second half of the platoon was correct.

Q.—The company was ordered to fall out, without arms, for inspection. The company was formed in company front. At the approach of the inspecting officer the company commander gave the command: (1) Hand; (2) Salute. The company held the first motion until the inspecting officer, faced about and commanded "Two." Should the company commander have given the command as above, or should the command have been: (1) By the numbers; (2) Hand; (3) Salute?—FIRST SERGEANT.

Answer: The command should have been (1) By the Number; (2) Hand; (3) Salute; (4) Two.

(b) If the command above had not been given: (1) By the numbers; (2) Hand; (3) Salute; would the company have been correct in executing both motions without stop, unless having been otherwise directed beforehand?

Answer: When an incorrect command is given, it does not seem practicable to designate a correct way of carrying it out.

General Information

ENLISTED MEN HAVING KNOWLEDGE OF SPANISH

The Major General Commandant desires the names of all enlisted men who are familiar with the Spanish language, have good records, and an equivalent of an eighth grade education for duty in Nicaragua with the coming Electoral Mission between June, 1932, and December, 1932.

Circular Letter No. 112 addressed to all officers of the Marine Corps directs that commanding officers forward to Headquarters the names of enlisted men considered qualified for this duty, with a statement about their proficiency in Spanish. It is essential that the men detailed have a working knowledge of Spanish, so any who may be capable of qualifying for this duty should be encouraged to perfect their Spanish by taking the course in the Marine Corps Institute, or elsewhere, during the next six months.

APPOINTMENT OF OFFICERS

On 3 November, 1931, the Commandant issued the annual circular letter to all general and field officers, commanding officers, and officers in command of companies and detachments, regarding the opportunity to recommend for advancement to the grade of second lieutenant worthy enlisted men of the grade of corporal, or higher, who are single, citizens of the United States, of such an age that they will be more than 21 but less than 27 years old when commissioned (about Feb. 1933), and who will have completed two years of enlisted service by July 1, 1932.

The examination includes United States history, English grammar and composition, general

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history, geography, algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond) geometry, plane and solid; trigonometry, plane and spherical; physics, elementary. Also two subjects to be chosen by the candidate from the following: Calculus (differential and integral), electricity, English and American literature; and exemption may be granted in the two added subjects, provided the candidate presents a certificate of proficiency from a recognized educational institution.

In addition to this annual circular letter of 3 November, 1931, Article 2-1, Marine Corps Manual, refers to this subject.

RETIREMENTS

On November 16, 1931, the Major General Commandant gave notice and approved of the request of Sergeant Major Nichol Mihnowski, U. S. Marine Corps, to be placed on the retired list of enlisted men on December 1, 1931. On November 30, 1931, Sergeant Major Mihnowski will have completed thirty years, one month and nine days service in the U. S. Marine Corps.

On November 20, 1931, the Major General Commandant approved of the request of Staff Sergeant Claude Turner Lytle, U. S. Marine Corps, to be placed on the retired list of enlisted men on December 1, 1931. On November 30, 1931, Staff Sergeant Lytle will have completed thirty years, one month and twenty-five days service in the U. S. Marine Corps.

MARINE CORPS SIGNAL SERVICE

The Major General Commandant has announced the adoption of the following policy relative to the Marine Corps Signal Service:

"To organize, equip, and maintain in the Marine Corps an adequate signal service which shall provide, at all times, highly trained personnel and serviceable equipment for two separate reinforced regiments on independent missions and provide a continuous flow of replacements for, and the maintenance and efficient operation of, signal activities at permanent post and stations. The Marine Corps radio facilities shall be considered as an adjunct to the Naval Communication Service, and shall not parallel its service."

Note.—THE LEATHERNECK will be glad to accommodate anyone desiring a complete outline of the reorganization of the MARINE CORPS SIGNAL SERVICE.

REVISION OF CIRCULAR LETTER NO. 106

The Major General Commandant announces the following revision of Circular Letter No. 106, dated 26 September, 1931:

"(c) Should the man fail to reenlist immediately in accordance with his expressed intention, OR RETRACT SUCH EXPRESSED INTENTION, the second check for additional travel allowance will be returned for cancellation, together with the original final settlement, N. M. C., 423 P. M., appropriately endorsed to show such refund, to the disbursing officer concerned. Identical endorsement being shown on the copy of final settlement furnished to the discharged Marine. COPY OF FINAL SETTLEMENT FURNISHED THE DISCHARGED MARINE WILL IN NO CASE BE DELIVERED UNTIL HE HAS REENLISTED OR STATED THAT HE RETRACTS HIS INTENTION TO REENLIST."

ISSUANCE OF ORDERS OR TRANSPORTATION REQUESTS INVOLVING TRAVEL ON SHIPS FLYING A FOREIGN FLAG

The attention of all officers of the Marine Corps is directed to the provisions of Section 601 of the Merchant Marine Act of May 22, 1928 (45 Stat., 697), as follows:

"Any officer or employee of the United States traveling on official business overseas to foreign countries, or to any of the possessions of the United States, shall travel and transport his personal effects on ships registered under the laws of the United States when such ships are available, unless the necessity of his mission requires the use of a ship under a foreign flag: PROVIDED, That the Comptroller General of the United States shall not credit any allowance for travel or shipping expenses incurred on a foreign ship in the absence of satisfactory proof of the necessity therefor."

In the application of the above-quoted law, the Comptroller General of the United States has rendered numerous decisions to the effect that reimbursement for expenses of transportation on ships under a foreign flag for officers or employees of the United States traveling on official business is illegal except where the issuance of such transportation is a "necessity of the traveler's mission" or where no ships of American registry ply between the ports involved either directly or by means of transshipping at intermediate ports. He has further held that the question of economy to the Government is not for consideration in the application of this law.

In view of the above-quoted law and the Comptroller General's construction thereof, no orders will be issued by officers of the Marine Corps directing, nor transportation requests issued involving, travel on ships under a foreign flag, without the specific prior approval of the Major General Commandant, except where such orders or transportation requests are issued by direction of the Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Fleet. If necessary, the radio may be used in this connection. (B. H. FULLER.)

LANGUAGE QUALIFICATIONS

Hereafter the Navy Register will indicate the qualifications of officers as interpreters of foreign languages. All officers having such qualifications should notify the Major General Commandant by letter, stating the language or languages, in order that such information may be shown in the Register.

EXEMPTIONS ON PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS

It has hitherto been the practice when a student at the Marine Corps School failed in one or more subjects, to issue him a certificate showing the subjects in which he made passing marks, which certificate, subject to the limitations prescribed in Article 6-2, Marine Corps Manual, 1931, has been accepted in lieu of examination in such subjects on his next examination.

Beginning with the school year 1931-32, no diploma or certificate will be issued to any student at the Marine Corps Schools who fails in one or more subjects of the prescribed course. However, certificates covering partial completion of courses at the Marine Corps Schools, issued prior to the school year 1931-32, will continue to be accepted in lieu of examination in the subjects satisfactorily completed on next examination for promotion.

Beginning with the class of probationary officers appointed on 10 February, 1931, the method of conducting the competitive examination at the end of their probationary period will be as prescribed in Article 6-3, MCM, 1931. Under this method, no exceptions on examination for promotion to first lieutenant will be allowed as a result of passing marks made in this competitive examination.

However, probationary officers of classes appointed prior to 10 February, 1931, holding certificates issued by the Marine Examining Board covering the result of their competitive examinations, will be allowed exemption upon examination for promotion to first lieutenant in subjects

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(except general efficiency) in which a mark of 2.5 or over was made.

SPANISH LANGUAGE COURSE

It is probable that a certain number of officers will be ordered to Spain in 1932 for the purpose of perfecting their knowledge of the Spanish language. Officers in the grade of captain and below who are not over thirty-eight (38) years of age will be given preference.

Completion of a course in Spanish from some recognized college, institution, or the Marine Corps Institute and a present thorough working knowledge of the Spanish language are essential. The cost of instruction, books, and tuition while in Spain will be paid by the officer concerned.

Officers desiring to be considered for this detail will submit application to the Major General Commandant, and will state therein their proficiency in the Spanish language and the name of the college or institution in which the course in Spanish was completed.

COMMENDATION

The following officers and enlisted men have been given special letters of commendation for their services in Nicaragua:

Brig. Gen. Frederic L. Bradman.
Lt. Col. Franklin B. Garrett.
Lt. Col. Calvin B. Matthews.
Lt. Col. William C. Wise, Jr.
Captain Warren C. Barnaby.
Captain John H. Fay.
Captain Claude A. Phillips.
1st Lt. Roy W. Conkey.
1st Lt. William R. Hughes.
1st Lt. Maxwell H. Mizell.
Sgt. Henry G. Goldmeyer.
Private William E. Pine.

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed letters of commendation to the following officers:

First Lieutenant W. M. Mitchell, for his performance of duty in contributing to the high

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Issue for Information

degree of efficiency attained by the Sixteenth Naval District in winning the Radio Traffic Competition for Shore Stations for the year ending 30 June, 1931.

Second Lieutenant J. Lyman, F. M. C. R., for obtaining the highest score with fixed machine guns in the Observation and Scouting Squadrons while attached to the Observation Plane Squadron Six-M, during the gunnery year 1930-31.

The Major General Commandant has commended Captain Otto Salzman for his interest and zeal in furnishing valuable intelligence data to Headquarters, while on duty in Nicaragua.

The President of the United States has awarded the Navy Cross to the following named enlisted men for their service in Nicaragua:

Sergeant Russell White.
Sergeant Paul Kerns.

SEA DUTY

Due to the discontinuance of recruiting, the normal supply of students for the sea schools at Norfolk and San Diego has become exhausted. There will be no recruits available for these schools until about nine weeks after recruiting is resumed.

To provide replacements for ships detachments, applications are desired from men of good record who are sixty-seven or more inches in height, and who have two or more years to serve on their current enlistments. Extensions of enlistment for one year will be authorized in cases of suitable men who have not the required time to serve. All these men will be given a course of instruction in one of the sea schools before being ordered aboard ship.

Men serving in the Department of the Pacific should address their applications to the Commanding General, Department of Pacific, who will direct the transfer of men found suitable to the sea school at San Diego.

PAY ACCOUNTS OF GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL PRISONERS

In his third endorsement of 6 November, 1931, to the Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, concerning the method of handling the pay accounts of certain general court-martial prisoners, the Secretary of the Navy rendered the following decision:

"Whenever the Secretary of the Navy in taking final action upon the sentence of a general court-martial in any case involving confinement directs that the period of confinement adjudged to be served at a place which is not officially known as a naval prison or which has not theretofore been regularly designated for the confinement of naval prisoners, such place is considered by the Navy Department as a naval prison in the particular case within the meaning of the Acts of February 16, 1909 (35 Stat. 622), and March 3, 1909 (35 Stat. 756), and the accounts of the general court-martial prisoner concerned shall be handled in accordance with the general instructions contained in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, Article 2153."

The Act of 16 February, 1909 (35 Stat. 622), provides for the allowance of general court-martial prisoners of not to exceed \$3.00 per month during confinement for necessary prison expenses and upon discharge suitable civilian clothing, where needed.

The Act of 3 March, 1909 (35 Stat. 756), provides for transportation of prisoners to their homes or places of enlistment upon discharge and for furnishing suitable civilian clothing, where needed.

Article 2153, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, contains instructions concerning naval prison accounts.

**THE FOLLOWING-NAMED MEN HAVE ATTAINED
A SCORE OF 325 OR BETTER OVER THE
RIFLE QUALIFICATION COURSE
DURING 1931**

2nd Lt. Paul Drake	330
ChMO. Theodore G. Laitsch	330
Gy-Sgt. William F. Pulver	330
1st Lt. Pierson E. Conradt	328
Pfc. Ernest L. Wood	328
Gy-Sgt. Leo M. Jennings	327
Capt. William W. Ashurst	326
Sgt. Rodney E. Barwick	326
Cpl. Aubrey D. McCauley	326
1st Lt. John D. Muncie	325
Sgt. Robert E. Schneeman	325
Pvt. Vernon C. Gullickson	325

**THE FOLLOWING-NAMED MEN HAVE ATTAINED
A SCORE OF 93 OR BETTER OVER
THE PISTOL QUALIFICATION
COURSE DURING 1931**

1st Lt. George D. Hamilton	99
Capt. Wesley W. Walker	97
ChMO. Calvin A. Lloyd	97
Sgt. Rodney E. Barwick	96
Pvt. Salvatore J. Bartlett	96
1st Lt. Louis E. Marie, Jr.	95
Gy-Sgt. Abraham C. Mandel	95

Contents Noted

Second Division

Mr. Christy Borth of Detroit, Michigan, tells us that he can furnish the address of "Dick" Kennedy, who played a prominent part in the Second Division show across the pond, as also that of Father Darsche, former Marine Chaplain with that division.

Letters addressed to Mr. Borth, care of "The Leatherneck," will be forwarded to him.

No Rebuke

Our attention has been called to the article on page 12 of the December issue of "The Leatherneck" relative to the tragic passing of Colonel Thomas C. Turner with particular emphasis on the statement, "His last act, that of getting out of the mired plane and doing the job of the enlisted pilot in inspecting the conditions on a muddy field, was an example of his every day life."

While in a literal sense, this statement may be taken as a silent rebuke to the enlisted pilot of the plane, it is only that in a very round-about way and very far-fetched. Colonel Turner was not the type of man who would sit back and have another do his work. In his eagerness to ascertain, both as commanding officer of the ship and as a true pilot, the conditions of the field, he was the first to leave the plane. For this reason and this only did the Colonel seem to do what may have been the routine task of enlisted personnel.

"The Leatherneck" meant no rebuke but merely a tribute to a man's man in printing the above-quoted statement. We are grateful that our attention was directed to this for if there are more of our readers who may have misconstrued the meaning, we take this opportunity to make ourselves more clear.—EDITOR.

Lost—A Keg of Beer

Dear Sir:

Yours of a recent date at hand and contents noted. Received the two issues of "The Leatherneck" and was much interested in them. Located in "Contents Noted" my old drill sergeant, "Whiskers" Rikeman, of only about thirty-three years ago.

Many thanks for the small emblem you so kindly sent me. I am only too proud to wear it with my Spanish War Veteran Button. Those who see it will know that I was a good man once anyhow.

In regard to the addresses of those old-timers you mentioned, I am only too glad to send them and a few more in addition (all Leathernecks, of course): John H. Clifford, 301 Aldrich Road, Portsmouth, N. H.; John Regan, Portsmouth, N. H.; Alfred S. Henderson, 11 Sullivan Street, Keene, N. H.; Martin Roarke, Police Headquarters, Manchester, N. H.; R. B. Cokell, 1516 Victoria Street, Chicago, Ill.; Frank C. Andrews, Soldiers Home, Togus, Me., and Charles M. Wolfe, P. O. Box 3822, Honolulu, T. H. Perhaps I can dig up a few more for you.

I will be only too glad to write of a few things which might be of interest to some of the younger members of the Corps and I am sure would bring back a few recollections to many of the old fellows.

I would like to have you print a letter written me by General Neville in reply to a letter I wrote him several years ago when he was a Major General. I was in his first command. I think that his letter would show to outsiders who read it the real reason, or rather what makes the splendid spirit shown by the Marines. It is rather lengthy, written in his own handwriting, tells of members of his old company and goes on to praise his command in France. I would like the boys who followed him in France to know just what he thought of them. That letter shows just what makes the Marines what they are—the most efficient and loyal body of troops on God's green earth. If you will find space, I will gladly copy this letter and send it when ever you can handle it. Since that time I had several letters from him, but that first one should be printed, now that he has gone on his last great adventure.

I wonder if there is any enlisted man now in the outfit who remembers the time that a keg of beer was found in the Old Marine Headquarters and was taken to the O. D.'s office, and the next morning was found to have turned to water? I could give you a little write-up on

that. Then, too, there was the time that a Marine Private cussed out a Major General in the Army and got away with it. I know that last one, for I happened to be the Private. Maybe you think I didn't pass a bad minute or two?

CLAUDE E. ROCKWOOD.

Troy, N. H.

Do You Want to Live Forever?

There has always been a legend that a Sergeant of the Marines, during the attack at Belleau Wood, shouted to his men, "Come on, you sons of B—s: do you want to live forever?" Carl Sandburg wrote a poem about it. Frederick the Great said something of the same sort to his men during a battle.

The Historical Section, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., would like to know the name of the Marine who made the above-quoted exclamation. If you can help them out on this matter, communicate with the Historical Section direct.

Leech Tennis Trophy

Dear Sir:

As an interested reader of "The Leatherneck" and being interested in tennis, I wish to correct an article in the November issue. The article bewailed the fact that there were no Marine representatives on the Leech Cup tennis team which played the Army for the trophy in July, which is lamentable indeed. However, the correction I wish to make is that the Army did not win the matches—the Navy "taking home the bacon," seven matches to two.

But my object in writing this is to boost one of my shipmates on the U. S. S. "Maryland" for a trout on next year's team (Pfc. Fred Wilkinson). If a transfer would be effected and Wilkinson permitted to try out on the East Coast next year, his ability and experience are certain to land him a position on the team.

Wilkinson tried hard to get his entry accepted this year, but had learned of the event after the entries closed on May 20. Being aware of it this time, there should be no slip and I want to boost him to represent the Marines next year.

My belief that he is capable of making the team lies in the fact that he has played in every tournament of importance on the West Coast for the last few years. He received professional and friendly lessons from Frank Ragan, former Stanford University tennis coach, and was the doubles partner of John Murio, former champion of the Hawaiian Islands and now eighth ranking player on the Pacific Coast. In addition he formerly captained and played for the Golden Gate Tennis Club of San Francisco, a member of the Bay Counties Intra-Club League; and, most important of all, Wilkinson now plays with Lieutenant (Jg) George Huff, who has been a member of this team several years, and Ensign Robertson, last year's Naval Academy captain and No. 1 player. I believe it would be a tremendous boost for the Marines to place this enlisted man on the team or at least give him a chance to try out for it.

This probably seems like a lot of boosting for a friend, but since you published an article deploring the lack of tennis players in the Corps, it should be known that we do have at least one Marine of outstanding and proven ability. I, for one, am pulling for him and hope that he will be permitted to try out for the team next year.

TPR, PFC, D. H. KETCHUM.

MD, U. S. S. "Maryland,"
c/o Postmaster, San Pedro, Calif.

Oh! Oh! and Oh!

Dear Sir:

I am an ex-Marine and know how some men become disgusted in the service. I'd like to give them some advice on that subject through "The Leatherneck."

You active Marines don't know how lucky you are. I have been discharged since 1926. Since then I have married and am the father of two children. Times have been hard and are getting harder.

You have good clothing and good shoes. Your chow is wonderful and your bed is better than none at all. Listen! My clothes are ragged and so are my shoes: so are those of my wife and children. Everything I ever made went for food and now I get that wherever I can. My youngest child, a boy, is in the hospital and I have no money to pay the doctor bills. Until a good friend took us in recently we did not even have a home. The next time you start knocking the Marine Corps, think of yourself in my place.

I saw General Smedley Butler the other day and had a long talk with him. It certainly made me think of old times in the Corps.

I can truthfully tell you that you do not experience hard times like the working man who has no job and a family to provide for.

MR. FREEMAN MIZE.

636 Perkins Avenue,
Sandusky, Ohio.

Chaw Brennan Is Chaw Brennan and Spud Murphy Was a Pig

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to the letter from John W. Knox, ex-Quartermaster Sergeant, USMC, in regard to "Chaw" Brennan, which appeared in the November issue of "The Leatherneck." I laughed until my sides hurt when I read the above-mentioned letter, not because of the letter itself but because it brought back many memories of the past of similar arguments which I recall while in the service. There are many things a Marine will fight for besides his country and one of them is a title bestowed on a comrade who has passed on. The titles of Crowned Heads, such as "Peter the Great," "The Black Prince," or "The Iron Duke" are like illustrations from the Ladies Home Journal as compared to some of the titles handed down to Corporals and Sergeants of Marines in the past decades.

In fairness to "Chaw Brennan," alias "Mickey-the-Beast," I feel that it is up to me to make amends for Geoffrey Brennan as well as to the friends of John P. (Chaw) Brennan. Perhaps I violated a confidence when I mailed Geoffrey Brennan's letter to "The Leatherneck"—my apologies to the ex-First Sergeant Brennan, alias "Mickey-the-Beast."

If you boys will read Brennan's letter over again you will notice that he did not say that he was the original "Chaw" Brennan; in fact, he is not laying claim to the title at all for no doubt he recalls the John P. (Chaw) Brennan as well as you. He simply stated in his letter that he was the "Chaw" Brennan that I had referred to in my previous letter to "The Leatherneck" and used the name then as I had referred to him as "Chaw."

As mentioned in that letter, Geoffrey Brennan, as it turned out to be, was "Chaw" Brennan to we rookies in 1905. Just how we came to look upon him as "Chaw" I can't recall. I imagine, however, that we must have overheard some of the old warhorses of that time mention the name of "Chaw" Brennan, and knowing it to be a breach of etiquette bordering on an offense for a recruit to deliberately address a Corporal, much less a Sergeant, except in the most urgent line of duty we did not ask any question but simply accepted our master of the parade ground as none other than "Chaw" Brennan.

It was not until a number of years after I left the service that I learned the difference. In fact, not until some three or four years ago when I was talking with Captain McGan at the Mare Island Navy Yard did I learn that there were two Brennans. McGan told me at that time all about John P.'s death in China and it tallies with what John Knox tells us in his letter. After Captain McGan described the two men to me I knew then, and for the first time, that I had been worshipping a false "Chaw." However, he resolved, you boys can do as you like but after all these years I refuse absolutely to accept Geoffrey Brennan under the title of "Mickey-the-beast." He is "Chaw" Brennan to me and that goes to the other recruits at Bremerton in 1905 who are not here to speak for themselves. So there, damn you! I don't mean the above as an affront, John W., you old Hide-binder, or you, QM, Sergeant at Bremerton who has Geoffrey's picture in your rogue's gallery. I for one sure enjoy hearing from you old-timers and I am sure others will read it and will also let us hear from them. So come again, Lieutenant Hall is giving us a real magazine; let's give him a hand and help him make it interesting to more of the old-timers. I have a lot of stuff up my sleeve that I am going to hand you old-timers after awhile, or rather, as soon as I can get to it. There are a lot of old-timers living in California whom I have been getting a line on and you will hear from us in due time.

Speaking of titles. How many of you served with a "Spud" Murphy? Here is the low-down on the original "Spud" Murphy, taken from the memoirs of Admiral Farragut. It seems that the Marine Guard of the U. S. F. "Essex" back in 1814 had a pet pig. While that ship was cruising off the coast of Chile, she ran aground in a storm near Valparaiso and before Captain Porter could get her off, she was attacked and captured by two British ships of war, the "Cherub" and the "Phoebe." Admiral Farragut was then a Midshipman attached to the U. S. P. "Essex." Quoting from his memoirs:

"I was so mortified at our capture that I could not refrain from tears. While in this uncomfortable state I was aroused by hearing a young reefer call out—'A Prize. A Prize: Ho, boys, a fine grunter, by Jove!' I saw at once that he had under his arm a pet pig belonging to our ship's Marine Guard, called Murphy—Spud Murphy. I claimed the animal as my own—etc."

Understand now, I was not a member of that guard. I am only quoting the above from the memoirs of Admiral Farragut. You will have to hold him responsible for its truthfulness.

THOMAS J. KINGSLEY.

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RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 5)

EDWARDS, Clarence M., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 11-2-31, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 EHRENDREICH, Alvin F., at Puget Sound, 10-28-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 KEITER, Orville, at Keyport, 10-24-31, for MB, Keyport, Wash.
 PRUVOTT, Fred, at Puget Sound, 10-20-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 HAM, William P., at Chicago, Ill., 10-28-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 RUIZ, Eugene J., at San Diego, 10-25-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HANEY, St. Elmo M., at San Diego, 10-25-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 VOYTEN, Frank, at San Diego, 10-25-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 HUNTER, Aubrey P., at Parris Island, 10-30-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 GEORGE, John "L.", at Philadelphia, 10-31-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 RIGDON, Jessie C., at NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 10-30-31, for Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
 LEIFER, Sydney A., at Puget Sound, 10-23-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 KASPAK, John J., at Puget Sound, 10-25-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
 TORNER, Hilmer N., at San Diego, 10-26-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.

DEATHS

ELLIOTT, George Frank, Major General Commandant, retired, died November 4, 1931, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Annie F. Elliott, wife, Jefferson Apartments, Washington, D. C.
 MURPHY, Paul St. Clair, Colonel, retired, died November 9, 1931, of disease, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Ella C. Murphy, sister-in-law, 51 Clark Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 NOTT, Joel Benedict, Second Lieutenant, Marine Corps Reserve, on active duty, was killed in a plane crash November 21, 1931, at Newbern, N. C. Next of kin: Mr. Charles C. Nott, Jr., father, 136 East 67th Street, New York, N. Y.
 KLEY, Thomas Martin, First Sergeant, died November 19, 1931, of subdural hemorrhage, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: Mr. Maurice Kiley, father, 3033 Walnut Street, Chicago, Ill.
 WILSON, Frederick, Corporal, died November 27, 1931, of tuberculosis, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Mrs. Carver Smith, sister-in-law, 16 Antone Street, Atlanta, Ga.
 GLENDON, Richard, Private, died November 30, 1931, on board the U. S. A. T. "Grant," at sea. Next of kin: Mr. Thomas Glendon, brother, 2 Curtis Avenue, West Somerville, Mass.
 DALY, John Thomas, Sergeant, Class II-d, F. M. C. R., died October 6, 1931, at Weymouth, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Catherine S. Daly, wife, 25 Drew Avenue, Weymouth, Mass.
 STROUD, Ramey Roseborough, Private First Class, Class III, F. M. C. R., died September 20, 1931, at Hot Springs, S. D. Next of kin: Mr. Franklin T. Stroud, father, 715 East Center Street, Searcy, Ark.
 MARTIN, James Francis, First Sergeant, retired, died November 12, 1931, at Woburn, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise Richardson, niece, 19 Canal Street, West Medford, Mass.
 MAIR, Walter, Gunner Sergeant, retired, died November 3, 1931, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Mrs. Lee Jackson, relationship unknown, 129 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

RECENT GRADUATES MARINE CORPS
INSTITUTE

Major Gray, John A.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Captain Winter, Robert W.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 1st Lt. Kimes, Ira L.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Levensky, Sol Earl—Spanish.
 2nd Lt. Wardbrook, Charles G.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Ch-Car-Gr. Farragher, John J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 QM. Chk. Ledoux, Landreville—French.
 Sergeant McPike, Arnold C.—Marine Internal Comb. Eng.
 Sergeant McPike, Arnold C.—Stationary Internal Combustion Engines.
 Sergeant Pope, Albert L.—C. S. General Clerical.
 Corporal Connors, David R.—Stationary Firemen's.
 Corporal Connors, David R.—Refrigeration.
 Corporal Harris, James A.—Accountant-Secretarial.
 Corporal Harris, James A.—Railroad Office.
 Corporal Hoppe, Fred—Automobile Mechanics.
 Corporal Lakin, Earland J.—Salesmanship.

Corporal Long, Roy F.—Immigration Patrol Inspector.
 Corporal Merman, Charles—Elementary Electrical Engineering.
 Corporal Nettle, Owen B.—C. S. Post Office.
 Corporal Nettle, Owen B.—C. S. Bookkeeping.
 Corporal Sharak, Michael T.—Bookkeeping & Accounting.
 Pvt. Icl. Caldwell, Thomas W.—C. S. General Clerical.
 Pvt. Icl. Emberger, William S.—Internal Combustion Engines.
 Pvt. Icl. Evans, Thomas F.—Internal Combustion Engines.
 Pvt. Icl. Garofolo, Dominic F.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. Icl. Hall, John W., Jr.—Aviation Engines.
 Pvt. Icl. Heister, Clarence F.—Elementary Electrical Engineering.
 Trumpeter Russell, Wilbur D.—Salesmanship.
 Private Arndt, Elbert H.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
 Private Flzer, William D.—Cost Accounting.
 Private Galoostian, Yervand—Aviation Engines.
 Private Hotard, Carroll J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Private Lancaster, Edward E.—Complete Radio.
 Private Margolis, Allen—Complete Radio.
 Private Martin, Raymond G.—Aviation Engines.
 Private Naudus, Paul J. Reading Architects' Blueprints.
 Private Rome, Charles F.—C. S. Clerk Carrier.
 Private Smith, Carl M.—Complete Radio.
 Private Tupper, Harold M.—C. S. Bookkeeper.

PROMOTIONS

GUNNERY SERGEANT Robert F. Harris—to First Sergeant.
 SUPPLY SERGEANT George E. Elms—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
 STAFF SERGEANTS Harry D. Goode—to Gunner Sergeant.
 Edgar E. Irwin—to Supply Sergeant.
 SERGEANTS Olin L. Beall—to First Sergeant.
 John A. Miller—to Staff Sergeant.
 Roy M. Fowel—to Gunner Sergeant.
 Harry D. Hill—to First Sergeant.
 Otie H. Holstine—to Gunner Sergeant.
 Robert L. Jennings—to Gunner Sergeant.
 Claude T. Lytle—to Staff Sergeant.
 Napoleon Ruell—to Gunner Sergeant.
 Barton W. Sergeant—to First Sergeant.
 Charles E. Stuart—to Gunner Sergeant.
 CORPORALS William I. Berry—to Sergeant.
 John C. Blodgett—to Sergeant.
 Harry E. Coffman—to Sergeant.
 William A. Easterling—to Sergeant.
 Weldon E. Jenkins—to Sergeant.
 Elliott E. Stallings—to Sergeant.
 PRIVATES FIRST CLASS Charles R. Boyer—to Corporal.
 Robert L. Kenaston, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Lawrence O. Kyler—to Corporal.
 Joseph A. Lavadiere—to Corporal.
 Zelma Matthews—to Corporal.
 Raymond G. Mize—to Corporal.
 James D. Morgan—to Corporal.
 Marvin G. Myers—to Corporal.
 John W. Premo—to Corporal.
 Orrie D. Smith—to Corporal.
 Burl Wilson—to Corporal.
 Jerome L. Winkler—to Corporal.
 PRIVATE EDWARD V. SEESER—to Corporal.

RESERVE PROMOTIONS

Pfc. Arnold, Jesse P.—to Corporal.
 Pfc. Bunn, William F.—to Corporal.
 Corporal Ellsworth, Norris W.—to Sergeant.
 Pfc. Flood, John F.—to Corporal.
 Pfc. Mieritz, Harold C.—to Corporal.
 Pfc. Morton, George E.—to Corporal.
 Corporal Pardee, George E.—to Sergeant.
 Pfc. Saunders, Clifford A., Jr.—to Corporal.
 Private Schade, Frederick—to Corporal.
 Sergeant Seale, Henry H., to Gunner Sergeant.
 Pfc. Spencer, Harold G.—to Corporal.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Corinto 29 Nov. for San Diego. Due San Diego 10 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 12 Dec., leave 14 Dec.; arrive San Francisco 15 Dec., leave 5 Jan.; arrive Honolulu 12 Jan., leave 13 Jan.; arrive Guam 24 Jan., leave 25 Jan.; arrive Manila 30 Jan., leave 1 Mar.; arrive Guam 6 Mar., leave 7 Mar.; arrive Honolulu 16 Mar., leave 17 Mar.; arrive San Francisco 24 Mar.
 HENDERSON—Sailed Chinwangtao 1 Dec. for Shanghai. Will leave Manila 22 Dec.; arrive Guam 28 Dec., leave 29 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 9 Jan., leave 11 Jan.; arrive San Francisco 19 Jan., leave 26 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 27 Jan., leave 28 Jan.; arrive San Diego 28 Jan.
 KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 25 Nov. Will leave Hampton Roads 5 Dec. for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 10 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Dec., leave 14 Dec.; arrive Guantanamo 15 Dec., leave 16 Dec.; arrive Hampton Roads 21 Dec.

Will leave Hampton Roads 6 Jan. for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 11 Jan., leave 12 Jan.; arrive Port au Prince 13 Jan., leave 14 Jan.; arrive Cape Haitien 15 Jan., leave 16 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 21 Jan.

NITRO—Arrived Yorktown 30 Nov. Will leave Yorktown 9 Dec. for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 13 Dec., leave 14 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 17 Dec., leave 19 Dec.; arrive Corinto 21 Dec., leave 21 Dec.; arrive San Diego 29 Dec., leave 30 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 31 Dec., leave 2 Jan.; arrive Mare Island 3 Jan., leave 10 Jan.; arrive Puget Sound 13 Jan.

Will leave Puget Sound 16 Jan. for the East Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 19 Jan., leave 20 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 21 Jan., leave 23 Jan.; arrive San Diego 28 Jan., leave 1 Feb.; arrive Corinto 9 Feb., leave 9 Feb.; arrive Canal Zone 11 Feb., leave 13 Feb.; arrive Guantanamo 16 Feb., leave 16 Feb.; arrive Hampton Roads 20 Feb., leave 29 Feb.; arrive Philadelphia 1 Mar., leave 8 Mar.; arrive Iona Island 9 Mar., leave 14 Mar.; arrive Newport 14 Mar., leave 15 Mar.; arrive Boston 16 Mar.

RETIRED ENLISTED MEN

Abbott, Albert M.—First Sergeant, June 1, 1929.
 Agnew, Henry F.—First Sergeant, August 15, 1920.
 Albert, Herman H.—Private, October 31, 1925.
 Allen, John E.—Sergeant Major, June 1, 1931.
 Allen, Joseph A.—Staff Sergeant, July 1, 1929.
 Allen, Wheeling J.—Sergeant Major, August 15, 1929.
 Ambrose, James—Sergeant, March 15, 1923.
 Anderson, Samuel—Gunnery Sergeant, October 31, 1923.
 Arbogast, Owen—Sergeant Major, October 31, 1928.
 Arnold, Ernest—Sergeant Major, October 31, 1931.
 Aubinger, George, Jr.—Sergeant Major, June 30, 1930.
 Ayling, James—First Sergeant, May 15, 1926.
 Bahr, Henry G.—Musician 1st Class, May 24, 1931.
 Bain, Albert R.—Gunnery Sergeant, June 1, 1931.
 Baptista, Frank—Principal Musician, April 1, 1924.
 Barnes, Charles K.—Staff Sergeant, September 1, 1931.
 Bartlett, Charles G.—Staff Sergeant, August 15, 1928.
 Batchelor, Frank—Staff Sergeant, January 31, 1930.
 Bates, David—First Sergeant, July 1, 1921.
 Baust, Walter E.—Sergeant Major, September 1, 1931.
 Bazell, Earl M.—Sergeant Major, March 31, 1925.
 Bennett, William B.—Staff Sergeant, March 1, 1929.
 Benoit, William—Staff Sergeant, August 1, 1931.
 Berlinquet, Frank E.—Gunnery Sergeant, December 15, 1923.
 Bisler, Charles E.—First Sergeant, September 30, 1925.
 Bilek, Louis A.—Principal Musician, January 21, 1929.
 Blake, William—Sergeant Major, December 15, 1924.
 Boettcher, John F.—Principal Musician, February 4, 1930.
 Borghart, William—First Sergeant, August 11, 1919.
 Bouffard, Charles J.—First Sergeant, September 30, 1926.
 Boyce, Edward C.—Q. M. Sergeant, September 29, 1923.
 Boyd, William J.—Sergeant Major, May 31, 1921.
 Brae, August—First Sergeant, July 10, 1909.
 Bramer, Charlie—Staff Sergeant, April 22, 1930.
 Brennan, Geoffrey P.—Gunnery Sergeant, February 3, 1924.
 Brandl, Frank—Sergeant, June 30, 1923.
 Brennan, Geoffrey—First Sergeant, June 15, 1921.
 Brooke, William H.—Q. M. Sergeant, November 4, 1919.
 Brorts, Frank—Sergeant, April 25, 1927.
 Brown, James W.—Sergeant Major, December 31, 1920.
 Brown, James W.—Gunnery Sergeant, March 31, 1918.
 Browne, Charles H.—Sergeant Major, May 1, 1931.
 Bryant, William L.—Gunnery Sergeant, March 15, 1923.
 Buerser, Charles J.—Sergeant Major, September 15, 1920.
 Burger, John—First Sergeant, April 12, 1915.
 Burke, Thomas—Gunnery Sergeant, October 15, 1923.
 Burns, James C.—Q. M. Sergeant, April 15, 1925.
 Burns, John—First Sergeant, March 14, 1930.
 Cahill, James—Gunnery Sergeant, July 15, 1922.
 Caldwell, Walter K.—Gunnery Sergeant, November 1, 1928.

Callaghan, John J.—Sergeant, December 28, 1912.
 Callan, Edward A.—Sergeant Major, September 10, 1926.
 Cameron, Alexander A.—First Sergeant, October 9, 1919.
 Campion, George T.—First Sergeant, February 27, 1926.
 Carlos, Patrick J.—Q. M. Sergeant, October 9, 1915.
 Carr, Edwin—Gunnery Sergeant, October 1, 1922.
 Cabrigan, Robert—Staff Sergeant, July 20, 1927.
 Casey, John P.—Gunnery Sergeant, August 31, 1920.
 Cassels, James—Q. M. Sergeant, November 11, 1929.
 Chute, Clinton W.—Sergeant, November 11, 1925.
 Clapp, Howard D.—Musician Second Class, November 16, 1929.
 Clark, Jethro K.—First Sergeant, July 16, 1927.
 Clayton, Robert A.—First Sergeant, February 15, 1920.
 Clevelstone, Walter E.—Sergeant Major, June 16, 1924.
 Colby, Earl W.—Q. M. Sergeant, May 11, 1921.
 Collier, John P.—Gunnery Sergeant, September 15, 1920.
 Collins, Albert B.—Sergeant, January 15, 1923.
 Collins, Dennis D.—Sergeant, February 1, 1913.
 Collins, George—Private, July 1, 1914.
 Collins, John—Sergeant, May 20, 1912.
 Colohan, Michael—Gunnery Sergeant, September 30, 1921.
 Connors, William J.—Sergeant, February 15, 1922.
 Coogan, William H.—Sergeant, April 30, 1918.
 Cook, Thomas R.—Sergeant, April 16, 1922.
 Coombs, Charles E.—Staff Sergeant, October 7, 1929.
 Copeland, George—Gunnery Sergeant, July 15, 1915.
 Corbett, Lawrence F.—First Sergeant, February 15, 1922.
 Corcoran, Richard—Corporal, January 27, 1914.
 Cordeau, Arthur—Staff Sergeant, August 21, 1928.
 Cordrey, George M.—Corporal, November 30, 1925.
 Cornwill, Montroville M.—Q. M. Sergeant, April 30, 1921.
 Cosby, James E.—Q. M. Sergeant, December 1, 1920.
 Cosgrove, James J.—Gunnery Sergeant, October 19, 1922.
 Courtney, Peter—First Sergeant, February 14, 1925.
 Coy, Charles L.—Principal Musician, February 18, 1919.
 Crosby, Archie D.—Corporal, April 1, 1914.
 Culleton, James L.—First Sergeant, June 15, 1919.
 Curtin, John—First Sergeant, July 2, 1923.
 Daly, Daniel—Sergeant Major, February 6, 1929.
 Daly, James—First Sergeant, August 31, 1931.
 Dancause, Alfred—Gunnery Sergeant, November 20, 1923.
 Daniel, J. Daniel—Staff Sergeant, October 22, 1928.
 Davey, James G.—Gunnery Sergeant, January 1, 1923.
 Davis, James M.—First Sergeant, May 13, 1924.
 Davis, John—First Sergeant, June 20, 1920.
 Dean, Fred J.—Sergeant Major, October 31, 1923.
 De Cew, Frederick S.—Q. M. Sergeant, September 29, 1923.
 Delmore, Lawrence—Q. M. Sergeant, December 15, 1906.
 De Luca, William S.—Principal Musician, August 7, 1926.
 De Marco, Arthur—Principal Musician, January 10, 1927.
 Dene, Monckton—Q. M. Sergeant, January 1, 1911.
 Devins, William—Sergeant Major, September 15, 1924.
 Dininger, Henry F.—Sergeant Major, June 1, 1928.
 Dixon, Ballard F.—Sergeant Major, January 30, 1924.
 Dixon, John R.—Gunnery Sergeant, February 15, 1921.
 Doherty, Dennis F.—Corporal, December 15, 1916.
 Donnelly, Hugh F.—First Sergeant, June 15, 1926.
 Dow, David M.—Corporal, December 10, 1928.
 Downes, Robert T.—Sergeant Major, October 15, 1925.
 Doyle, John—First Sergeant, February 28, 1917.
 Duffy, James—First Sergeant, August 15, 1919.
 Duncan, James—Sergeant, November 20, 1911.
 Dunlap, Frank—Sergeant Major, July 1, 1930.
 Durrant, Clarence R.—Q. M. Sergeant, July 1, 1923.
 "The Leatherneck" will be glad to accommodate anyone desiring the home address of any of the above listed men.

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15.00 for 12 Months	183.30
20.00 for 12 Months	244.40
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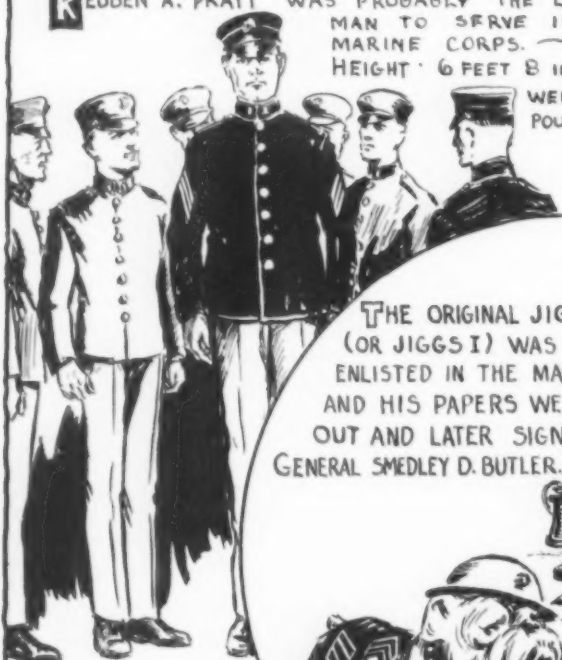
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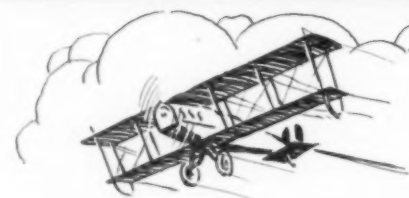
REBUBEN A. PRATT WAS PROBABLY THE LARGEST MAN TO SERVE IN THE MARINE CORPS. HEIGHT 6 FEET 8 INCHES. WEIGHT 287 POUNDS.



THE ORIGINAL JIGGS (OR JIGGS I) WAS REGULARLY ENLISTED IN THE MARINE CORPS AND HIS PAPERS WERE FILLED OUT AND LATER SIGNED BY GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.



"THE NEWS LETTER," LITERARY ORGAN OF THE 15th REGIMENT OF MARINES, PUBLISHED IN SAN PEDRO DE MACORIS, SANTO DOMINGO, IN 1922 WAS PRINTED IN A NATIVE PRINT SHOP BY DOMINICANS WHO COULD NOT SPEAK, READ OR WRITE ENGLISH. THIS PAPER WAS EDITED BY MARINES AND WAS PRINTED IN ENGLISH.



THE FIRST ENLISTED MARINE TO FLY ALONE WAS GUNNERY SERGEANT (NOW CAPTAIN) WALTER E. McCAUGHTRY, THIS FEAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN MAY 1916 AT THE NAVY AERONAUTIC STATION PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.

13 THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF MARINES WHICH SERVED OVERSEAS IN THE WORLD WAR, LEFT FOR OVERSEAS DUTY ON SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918; TOOK 13 DAYS TO REACH FRANCE; TWO BATTALIONS LEFT FOR BREST FOR MOBILIZATION ON JULY 13, REMAINED IN BREST 13 DAYS BEFORE BEGINNING PREPARATIONS FOR RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES, WHERE IT WAS DEMOBILIZED AUGUST 13, 1919.



SAN DIEGO MARINES VS. NAVAL TRAINING STN. AT NAVY FIELD, SAN DIEGO 1926

FOURTH DOWN - FOURTH QUARTER - MARINES BALL - SECONDS LEFT TO PLAY - THREE ATTEMPTS HAD FAILED AND THE MARINES NEEDED A TOUCHDOWN TO WIN. HALFBACK WOODS GETS THE BALL, THE TIMEKEEPER'S GUN ENDS THE GAME, THE PLAY MUST BE PERFECTED OR THE GAME IS LOST. MARINE SPECTATORS GO "NUTS" AS WOODS SLIDES THRU TACKLE AND GOES OVER FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN.

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